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Nine Immigration Myths

NATIONAL REVIEW

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Paul Craig Roberts, Lawrence M. Stratton Jr., and Stephen Moore on the Income Tax

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NATIONAL REVIEW

APRIL 17, 1995 VOL. XLVII, NO. 7

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What if we abolished the income tax—and, not incidentally, the IRS? It's no longer a matter of idle speculation, reports **Stephen Moore**. . . . **Paul Craig Roberts** and **Lawrence M. Stratton Jr.** trace the history of the hated levy and show how it grew from a modest tax on "the rich" to a heavy burden on Americans of all income levels.

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Letters

Fetal Regulations

Stephen C. Meyer and David K. DeWolf, in calling for the Republicans in Congress to enact limitations on abortion ["Fetal Position," Mar. 20], mistakenly assume that Congress has the constitutional authority to regulate abortion.

They find congressional jurisdiction in the enforcement clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, under which Congress may protect the life, liberty, and property of "persons." However, since the Fourteenth Amendment imposes limits only on the states, there must be some kind of state action before Congress may act. Abortions are not performed by states. They are performed by private parties.

Federal civil-rights laws that regulate private conduct are grounded in the Commerce Clause, not in the Fourteenth Amendment. I would prefer that abortion be limited by "piecemeal state legislation" rather than by the assumption by Congress of another power it does not have constitutionally.

William T. Barrante
Watertown, Conn.

Mr. Barrante correctly identifies a state-action requirement in the Fourteenth Amendment, but incorrectly characterizes abortion as a purely private matter. State laws allowing private persons to kill viable infants are *state actions. The Commerce Clause has been used in previous civil-rights legislation, but is unnecessary here. Finally, only congressional action, as opposed to piecemeal state legislation, can successfully replace the real assertion of unconstitutional power, namely the Supreme Court's abortion jurisprudence of the last 25 years.* —SM & DDW

Black Success?

The *Ruby Green Singing* cover illustration of radiant innocence [Mar. 6] and the balmy title "How Black America Can Succeed" no doubt sparked newsstand sales, but the issue delivered little more than a sermon aimed at a choir of concerned conservatives.

William Tucker's "All in the Family" reveals the not so shocking news that welfare reduces, among young African American mothers, the already fleeting incentive to marry after birthing a baby or three. His alternative to paying 14-year-olds a per-capita natal fee is "'opportunity grants' for poor married couples . . ." We should use tax money to encourage the right sort of fecundity. Amen.

Barbara Lerner documents that raising the academic bar encourages students to jump higher—even those assumed to be permanently grounded by their class history. We should use test scores to encourage the right study habits. Amen.

Mr. Tucker's and Miss Lerner's prescriptions offer some hope for a brighter tomorrow—perhaps we can save the next generation. But what about today? How do we deal with pridefully concupiscent, adamantly illiterate teens who have neither the interest nor the ability to become educated, responsible adults? There are millions of such—white, black, Hispanic—swallowing relief money and issuing progeny with the coddling consent of an entrenched Welfeaucracy that perpetuates the subclass and itself. The kids aren't the problem—it's the adults.

Which educationists will persuade today's urban gang cadres that a job, a mortgage, and a paid-for color TV are just a few hundred hours of homework away? Which selfless federal administrators will plead with leaders of the black civil-rights and religious establishment to demand the end of enslaving handouts from the liberal white establishment?

A reasonable objective is to end welfare addiction in America. Idealists such as Miss Lerner and Mr. Tucker rhapsodize over Methadone analogies. Fine. Perhaps a future NATIONAL REVIEW issue will lead with a cover illustration of a cold turkey.

Peter A. Burkhard
Orlando, Fla.

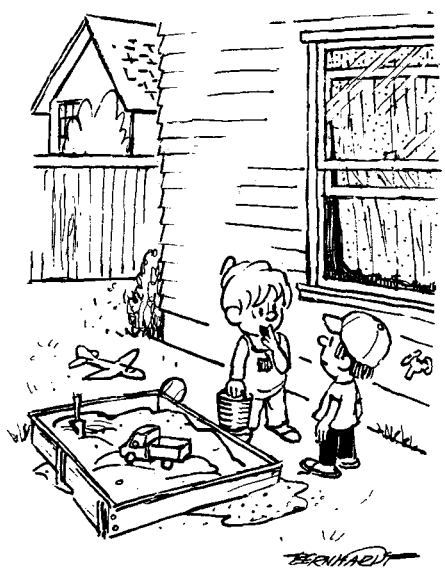
I agree with Peter Burkhard that "the kids aren't the problem—it's the adults" in what he calls the Welfeaucracy. That's why I'm calling on the states to set mandatory minimum standards for graduation from grade school and high school. Mandatory standards make it impossible for ed-biz bureaucrats to keep imposing their "coddling consent" to illiteracy on our schools. They give good teachers the backing they need to make all our kids learn the basics in grade school, and enough more in high school to give them a future. Mr. Burkhard says that won't tempt hardcore teen gangbangers, and of course he's right. But criminal gangs are a problem for the police, not an excuse for failing to educate the vast majority of inner-city kids who would surge ahead, intellectually and socially, if real educational and disciplinary standards were imposed on their schools. —BL

Welfare Woes

NATIONAL REVIEW has fallen into its own "welfare trap" ["The Week," Mar. 6] in thinking that Washington has the answers to America's social problems. Far from "gutting" real reform, changes the governors have insisted be made in the House GOP plan give the states the ability to institute far tougher and more meaningful reforms.

Last November, America didn't vote to trade liberal micromanagement for conservative micromanagement. Voters were disgusted with a bloated and arrogant Washington that only made problems worse. As my Republican colleagues who were re-elected with huge majorities can attest, most Americans trust governors to get the job done.

In Michigan, more than three out of four parents on welfare either work, go to school, or perform community service at least 20 hours a week. More than one in four hold jobs and have made the critical first step toward getting off welfare rolls by getting onto private payrolls. And as a result of our reform efforts, 55,000 have left the welfare rolls altogether in the last two years.



"We have to be real quiet. I'm taking my nap."

Editor's note: Letters of 300 words or less have a greater chance of being published.

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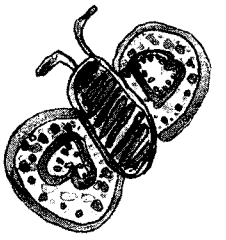
Today's children need role models who stimulate, motivate and encourage. That's why The Prudential Foundation has awarded a grant to the New York University Reading Recovery program.



"Our Children Have More Need Of Models Than Critics."

–Ancient Proverb

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Shameana Bowman

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Welfare recipients who fail to sign Michigan's "Social Contract" and refuse to work have their grants reduced after ninety days and eliminated after one year. In addition, welfare moms who refuse to identify the fathers of their children are sanctioned immediately.

While our reforms have been successful, Michigan's strategy might not be right for other states. Governors, state legislatures, and voters in those states ought to have the freedom to enact reforms that best meet their needs. We do *not* oppose work requirements or efforts to curb illegitimacy. What governors oppose are *federal* work requirements and anti-illegitimacy mandates, along with the hundreds of pages of rules and regulations that would go with them.

We estimate that with strict limits on spending, entitlement reforms that allow states to determine eligibility could save American taxpayers nearly $140 billion over the next five years. If that qualifies as falling into a trap, we clearly need to fall into more such traps. NATIONAL REVIEW was quite clever in presenting the governors with a Hobson's choice: either take advantage of opportunities to maximize federal dollars and be branded as hypocrites or reject such federal largesse and shortchange our own taxpayers. After all, it is Michigan taxpayers' money. We are simply getting it back after an expensive night on the town in Washington.

In bashing the nation's most innovative and successful welfare reformers, NATIONAL REVIEW has fallen into the "Washington knows best" trap. Good luck in getting out, for it took Congress forty years to see the light. Luckily, the governors will continue to fight the battle to end welfare as we know it, and I invite NATIONAL REVIEW to get back on our side.

Governor John Engler
Lansing, Mich.

HHS shows much lower participation rates for Michigan, but whichever set of rates is used, Governor Engler has more than exceeded the minimum national work standards that conservatives are seeking in Washington. This raises the question of why his staff has so persistently opposed those standards. —ED.

On Mighty Morphs

As someone whose pastoral duties include regular appearances before grade-school children, I read with interest Maggie Gallagher's "The Mighty Morphin Power Rangers" [Mar. 20] until I came to the sentence referring to Norway, Sweden, and Denmark as "these once-orderly republics."

Gadzooks! We will have to boost the power of the Editorzords! Wasn't that Norway's *King* Harald opening the recent Olympic Games? Isn't it Denmark's *Queen* Margarethe II who hosts an annual Fourth of July party in Copenhagen in gratitude to America? And wasn't that Sweden's *King* Carl Gustaf and *Queen* Sylvia a few years ago visiting Delaware to celebrate the short-lived Swedish colony there? The last I looked, those "once-orderly" states were constitutional monarchies, not republics.

However, I did find the rest of the article quite on target, not to mention ironic. The official words of the Danish national anthem describe the national hero King Christian wielding a sword in battle to such effect that "through Gothic helm and brain it passed." Then again, the Scandinavian goo-goos have probably already banned the singing of such a "harmful" sentiment.

Rev. Robert S. Hewes
Hicksville, N.Y.

The Big Lie

I appreciated David Kopel's "Knock, Knock" [Mar. 20]. The disastrous raid on Waco was appalling. But perhaps the worst aspect of the entire affair was the BATF's distortion of the situation. With willing accomplices in the media, they embellished their version of the story until a fringe religious group became the greatest menace to national security since the Red Scare. Thus, many people seem to think they deserved to die, and Janet Reno's ineptitude was transformed into heroism. The comparisons to Jim Jones and Jonestown are simple. Both Jones and Koresh withdrew themselves and their followers from the world, had apocalyptic world views, and helped themselves to members' wives. But in the aftermath of the disaster, one last comparison presents itself: both tragedies were ultimately sparked by the intrusion of outsiders who didn't comprehend what they were getting into. Instead of learning from Jonestown, the BATF in their arrogance created one of their own, and in the bargain managed to convince Americans from Bill Clinton ("a bunch of religious fanatics murdered themselves") to Rush Limbaugh that the cultists got what was coming to them. I am pleased that NATIONAL REVIEW hasn't bought the lie.

Felecia Barbaro
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Bacchus Is a Regular Guy

When Linda Bridges stated, "The idea of wine as a normal part of a meal came late to this country" ["In Vino Delectatio," Feb. 20] she hit upon a truth, one that many in the American wine industry continue to stumble over without noticing it: *Wine is food*. And to steal a line from Hugh Johnson's *Vintage: History of Wine*, "A food more simple than bread, for you don't even need a recipe."

The idea that with every glass we must pay homage to the "art" is balderdash. Toast to one another's health with it, commemorate our good fortunes with it, celebrate the births of our children and salute the lives of our dead with it. Drink and enjoy.

David J. Bridges
Ballentine Wines
Napa, Calif.

'We the people . . .'

"The Week" of March 6 made me think of the results we might see if liberals actually read the Constitution, instead of using it as a prop. First would come the shock of seeing that it says, "We the people," and not, "We the liberal elite." Next would come the disappointment of discovering "promote the general welfare," not "provide the general welfare." Those strong enough to get all the way to Article I, Section 1, would read: "All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and a House of Representatives." To legislate means to mandate, order, or decree. Imagine the consternation this would cause! All those federal regulatory agencies would have to cease decreeing, and their (clearly unconstitutional) legislation be rescinded. Perhaps Senator Byrd, that staunch defender of the Constitution, would take this on—if he ever stops waving it around long enough to read it.

Merry B. Quinson
Gaithersburg, Md.

More than a Fund

While George Tobin's account of the ethics charges against Newt Gingrich ["Mud Path," Apr. 3] is mostly accurate, I take exception to his description of GOPAC as "the fund for Republican congressional candidates."

GOPAC's goal is to build a farm team of local candidates across the country. In 1994 alone, the GOP gained 8 state Senate chambers and 10 state House chambers, which gives Republicans control of 25 state Senates and 24 state Houses. This is the most we've held since the 1952 election. We are proud of our accomplishments in educating and training political activists and look forward to a positive outcome with regard to the current charges.

Lisa B. Nelson
Executive Director, GOPAC
Washington, D.C.

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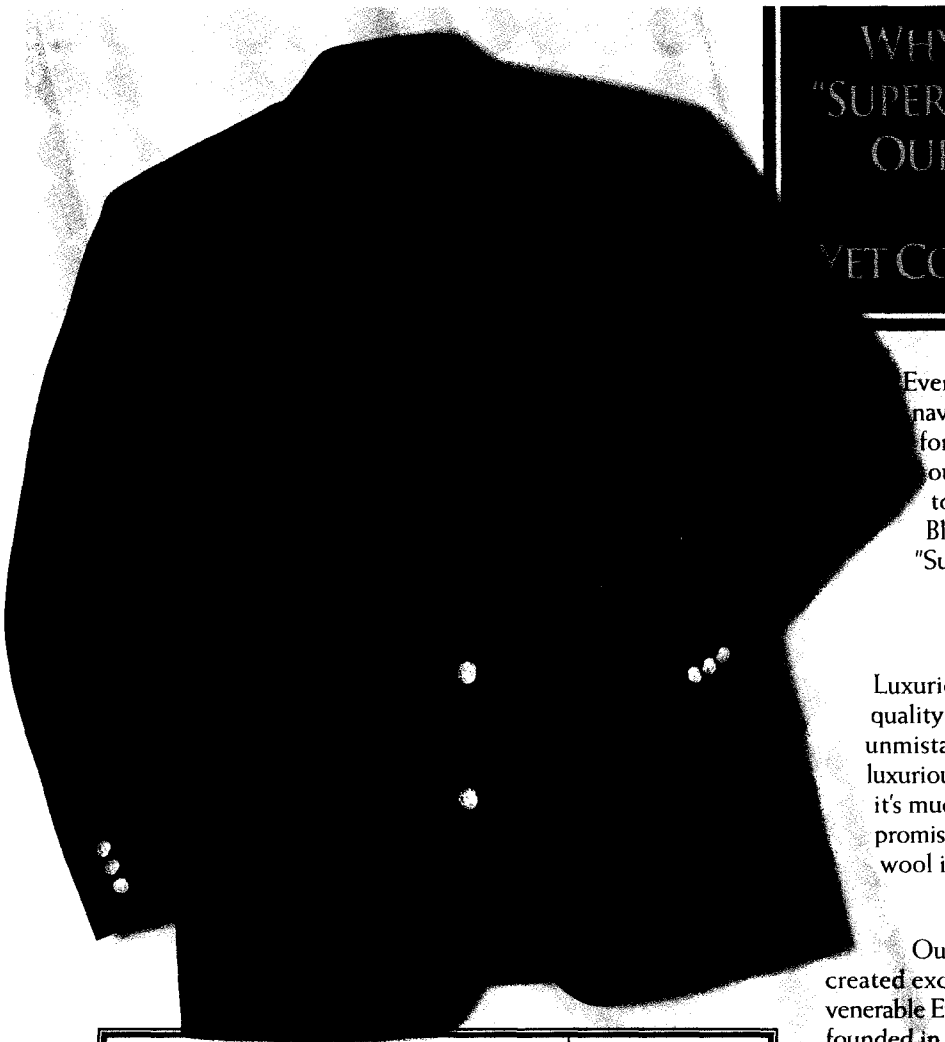

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FROM THE EDITOR

With Friends like These

■ At a National Review Institute forum on "Sexual Politics," Hadley Arkes, making the point that it was foolish to reduce someone's entire personality to his sexual drives, asked rhetorically: "Who among us would not prefer to have dinner with Noel Coward rather than with Al Gore?"

As it happens, I have just spent a beach vacation reading Noel Coward's superbly entertaining diaries. So I can report that anyone dining with Coward could expect not only wit and common sense galore, but also a shrewd conservative analysis. Here, for instance, is an entry for October 1942:

"It appears that the Russians despise us for not starting a second front. I don't think it would matter nearly so much if the Press hadn't been so busy this last year building them up into being the finest race alive and our beloved and staunch allies, etc. . . . I am convinced that the world upheaval would probably never have occurred at all if it hadn't been for their damned Comintern activities since 1917. This, of course, is merely hypothesis, but what is not hypothesis is that the bastards signed a pact with Nazi Germany in 1939 . . . . They are not fighting for us but to defend their own land, very bravely and effectively, but not for us, and I am sure that if they are not utterly crippled by the war for many years to come, we, with the rest of so-called Western civilization, are going to have a hell of a time with them."

After 53 years which saw Coward's prophecy fulfilled in triplicate, Bill Clinton is going to celebrate V-E Day in Moscow. And the poor British end up having dinner with Al Gore.

■ It seems a bad time for Anglo-American relations all round. But I have little sympathy with the British government in the Gerry-Adams-at-the-White House controversy. They have talked to Gerry Adams themselves. Once they did that, Mr. Clinton could hardly be more Protestant than the Queen.

In fact, Adams is the key to peace in Ireland only in the sense that a man striking me with a hatchet is the key to my life. If he refrains from murdering me—say, after the fifth blow of the hatchet—then I am obliged to him for my survival. But since I may have lost several limbs by then, my gratitude will be very moderate indeed.

The Clinton–Adams handshake is defended as a reward for the IRA ceasefire. More subtly (and more powerfully), however, it was a reward for the IRA's murders. For it testified to the power of murder.

Who would invite Gerry Adams to a White House reception if his sole calling card was the 10 per cent of the vote his party wins in Northern Ireland? Adams's really glittering credentials are that he is thought to be influential in murdering circles. When President Clinton met Adams, he shook hands, if not with Murder itself, then with its duly accredited plenipotentiary.

The British government can't complain about this; everyone else should.

■ One of my more malicious pleasures is reading explanations of why the liberal bias in the media does not exist and is, moreover, justified. Thus, Walter Goodman of the *New York Times* welcomes the arrival of Bill Moyers, the mellifluous Texas preacher, now giving a twice-weekly commentary on NBC.

"Critics on the Right," laments Mr. Goodman, will cite this to prove that "network news is a swamp of leftishness." At this point, Mr. Goodman's irony seems to suggest that network news is *not* a swamp of leftishness.

But wait; he goes on: "But with talk radio now a Bedlam of conservative yakkers, there is rough justice in having a strong national voice on the other side." Thus network news *is* a swamp of leftishness—and a good thing too.

As for myself, I applaud Bill Moyers's liberalism under the guise of commentary. It makes a welcome change from liberalism disguised as news.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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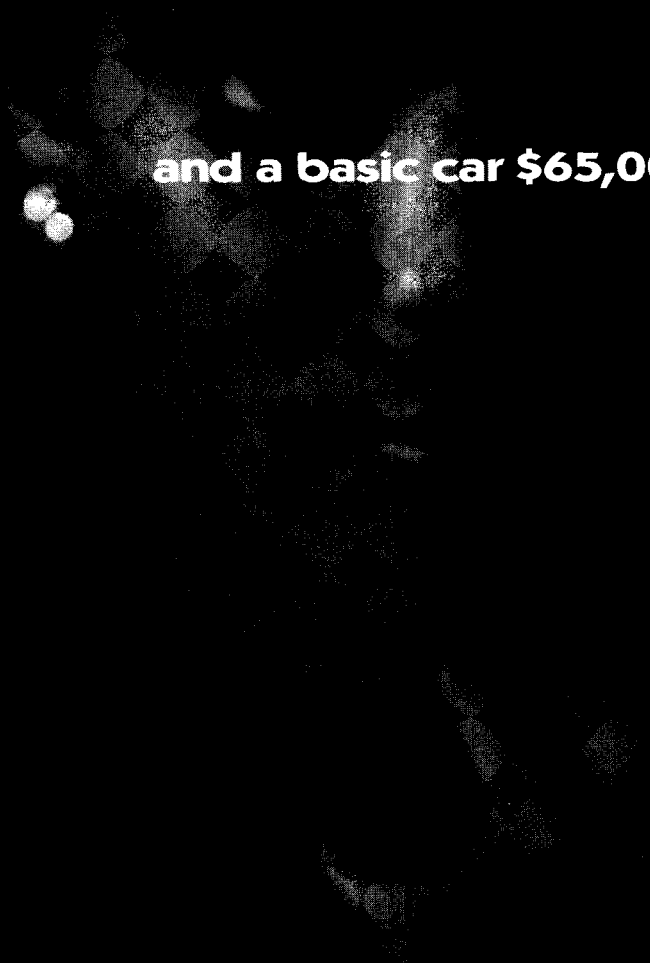
and a basic car $65,000.



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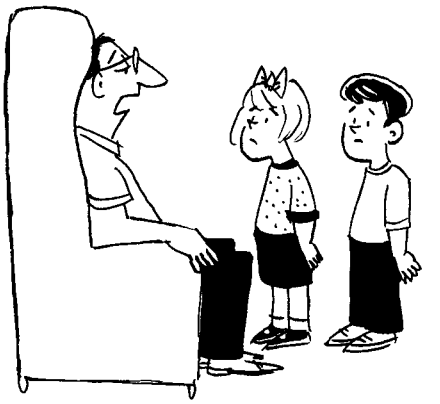
FOR THE RECORD

■ White House Press Secretary **Mike McCurry**'s blast at presidential hopeful **Pat Buchanan** shows Dems committed to same anti-GOP strategy that failed badly in '94 mid-term elections. Evoking GOP's 1992 convention in Houston and its "oh-so-vitriolic call for a religious war on America," McCurry compared Buchananites to "*mutaween*" (Islamic religious police who beat unveiled women). . . . **Hillary Clinton** has different villain—**Haley Barbour**. GOP Chairman's crime is daily fax service (well written and super-factual), which Hillary says conservative talk-show hosts actually quote on air: "Every morning . . . they get their instructions from the Republican National Committee." . . . Overwrought First Lady may be reacting to *L.A. Times* poll showing 53 per cent of Americans now saying they won't vote for **Bill Clinton** in '96, up from January's 48 per cent. (Only 37 per cent say they'll vote for him.) . . . And columnist **Ben Wattenberg** sees a "potential party-splitting horror show for Democrats" after talk with **Jesse Jackson**, who may be Clinton primary opponent. . . . **Nancy Reagan** also did damage to Dems with appearance before House Government Reform and Oversight Committee. *Newsweek* Periscope column says "Clinton aides concede" her blast at Administration for dropping drug war was effective; it quoted one who said, "She scored a lot of points."

■ Pollster **Bill McIntruff** about media attacks on **Newt Gingrich**: "Newt has spent 15 years of his life willing to be the person who takes the arrows so that everyone else can advance. He's always put himself in the position of saying: 'I'll provide the cover, you take the foxhole.'" . . . House GOP's next big target may not be Clinton or congressional Dems but last remaining prop of liberal power—network news outfits. Apoplectic over success of Contract with America, TV newsmen are now being driven completely out of liberal closet. CBS's **Dan Rather** describes GOP regulatory reform as ". . . their agenda to rip up or rewrite government programs going back to the **Franklin Roosevelt** era. It is a bill making it harder, much harder, to protect health, safety, and the environment." NBC anchorman **Tom Brokaw** also pitching in by noting that "some see" Balanced Budget Amendment as "political cowardice." Meanwhile, NBC's newly hired "balanced and fair" commentator, **Bill Moyers**, is spouting usual homiletic twaddle in endless attacks on conservative agenda. Moyers, the Parson Grim of the American Left, served in times past at CBS and PBS as ground control for air assaults on **Reagan–Bush** years. . . . Future House GOP attacks on TV news may focus on Washington's Big No-No—talking about the "revolving door" between networks and Democratic Party. Moyers is a former **LBJ** press secretary; NBC's D.C. bureau chief, **Tim Russert**, is former high-level Democratic Party functionary with no prior journalistic credentials; recently departed CBS News President **Dick Burke** now actively hires out to Democratic political candidates; and ABC nightly-news chief **Rick Kaplan** served as informal advisor to Clinton during '92 campaign. . . . Print media not escaping conservative wrath. AP Washington bureau continues to take fire for Contract coverage as *Washington Times* editor **Wes Pruden** uses his column to accuse wire service of substituting commentary for news coverage.



"About your allowance . . . In order to cut the family budget, I've decided to cut entitlements."

■ On the pop-culture front, two highly rated TV cop shows are causing surprise and worry among police officials. Creators of shows are super-rich Hollywood types who now view themselves as spiritual leaders. NBC's *Law and Order* is brainchild of **Dick Wolfe**, who builds plots around politically correct sermonettes (pro abortion, pro gay rights, anti capital punishment). On ABC's *NYPD Blue*, **Steven Bochco**, despite criticism from Christian groups, continues nudity push with claim that bringing bare backside of chubby Emmy-award-winning actor **Dennis Franz** into American living rooms is important artistic breakthrough. Recent episodes showing both programs' heroes routinely roughing up suspects appear to be sanctioning police violence.

■ Hanoi's finance minister told **Jack Kemp** that North Vietnam lifted rent control after war because it did more housing damage than U.S. bombing. . . . Wounding of son in assassination attempt is **Saddam Hussein**'s latest travail; CIA reports two failed coups against him in recent months. . . . In talks with Saudi **King Fahd**, U.S. Defense Secretary **William Perry** used satellite photos to show Iraq's rush to rebuild chemical-warfare and rocket-engine plants. . . . Highlight of **Fidel Castro**'s trip to Paris was not rare appearance in business dress but announcement by French President's wife, **Danielle Mitterrand**, that bearded one was "not a dictator." . . . Congress Party's attempt to move India away from socialism encountering trouble as it loses elections for two critical state governments, including center of Indian free enterprise, Bombay.

■ Capitalism catching on in Soviet Union and even at PBS. **Grigory Sonis**, chief engineer of Russia's cash-starved Baikonur Space Center, told U.S. journalists he wants to send up big rockets "if you could just help us find some rich guys to pay for them." And donations to PBS's Atlanta station doubled after it ran fund plea by Newt Gingrich.

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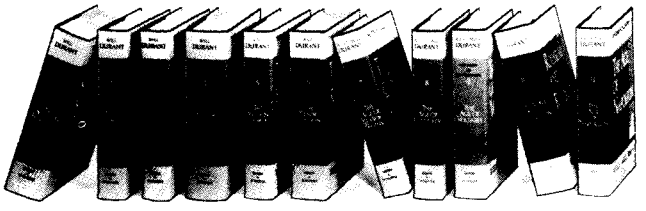
Permanent Pleasures



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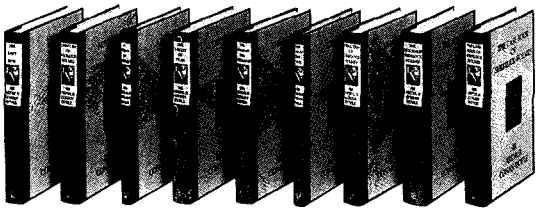

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THE WEEK

■ Miz Hillary says conservative radio talk-show hosts spread untruth across the land because they get marching orders from the Republican National Committee, in the form of a fax every morning. Miz Hillary is very, very jealous.

■ Some of the 102 Republicans who signed a letter to Newt Gingrich asking for a vote to scale back the $500-per-child tax credit are backing off. The Contract says the credit will apply to families making up to $200,000 a year; the letter-signers suggested setting the limit at $95,000. Such a retreat would, of course, concede the principle that the purpose of tax policy is redistribution. If a $95,000 cap is better than a $200,000 cap, isn't a $30,000 cap better still? And wouldn't it be even fairer to raise taxes on families making over $200,000 so as to hand additional benefits to the under-$30,000 group? This is exactly the bankrupt game Republicans are supposed to be ending. A related criticism of the tax credit comes from deficit hawks who say we "can't afford" it. What they really mean is that they don't want to find the $200 billion in savings to make up for the lost revenue. (Agriculture Committee Chairman Pat Roberts, impresario of the letter to Gingrich, no doubt hopes that some of the revenue ends up in the pockets of farmers.) But deficit reduction is sustainable only if voters see that money the government doesn't spend stays in their wallets. Otherwise the GOP becomes the party of uninspired austerity, handing the tax-relief issue to Bill Clinton. George Bush can attest to the effectiveness of that formula.

■ The RNC doesn't have a daily fax, but Miz Hillary was never one to be bothered with, uh, the fax.

■ New York moderate Republican Susan Molinari is using her new leadership post to great effect—for the home folks, if not for Republican principle. *Roll Call* reports that Representative Molinari had an anxiety attack when the $17-billion rescission bill seemed to cut funds for the Staten Island Ferry. This surely is what the Democrats mean when they talk about "going too far." So the newly muscular Miss Molinari prompted Frank Wolf (R., Va.), chairman of the relevant subcommittee, to offer an amendment making it clear that the Staten Island project and several others with nearly completed contracts would be exempt from the rescissions. Mr. Wolf couldn't get the amendment, but in order to reassure his colleague he leaned on the bureaucrats of the Federal Transit Administration. The ferry project would probably have survived without these exertions. But when you're vice chairman of the Republican conference, it is best to leave nothing to chance.

■ Memo to the RNC: Please let us know how you do it. We have a fax machine and scads of untruths ready to march. Thank you.

■ "They're coming for your children, they're coming for the poor, they're coming for the sick, the elderly, the disabled," said Georgia Democrat John Lewis, comparing the Republican welfare proposal to the persecutions of Nazi Germany. Missouri Democrat William Clay asked of the GOP effort to limit illegitimate births: "If this doesn't work, what's next? Castration? Sterilization?" Florida Democrat Sam Gibbons merely exhorted his colleagues across the aisle to "Sit down and shut up!" Not exactly Lincoln–Douglas, but the rhetoric over welfare reform on the House floor had its significance: as an index of Democratic bankruptcy. Shrillness is a cover for emptiness. If you can't argue from principle, argue from circumstance. If you can't argue from circumstance, argue from principle. If you can't do either, condemn the Nazis.

■ When Bill Clinton said he'd create millions of new jobs, no one realized he meant for special prosecutors.

■ Strike time: Wednesday, March 22, at sunrise. The target: the LeDroit Park Crew, a gang of black drug dealers living at the Kelly Miller public-housing complex just a mile or so from Capitol Hill. The G-men: 200 agents of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms (BATF), backed by Secret Service officers and U.S. marshals. They gathered in darkness at Bolling Air Force Base, agents flown in from up and down the East Coast. They had driven a special com-

"Excellent work, Cosgrove. And you say you caught this just as it was being dropped in the shredder?"

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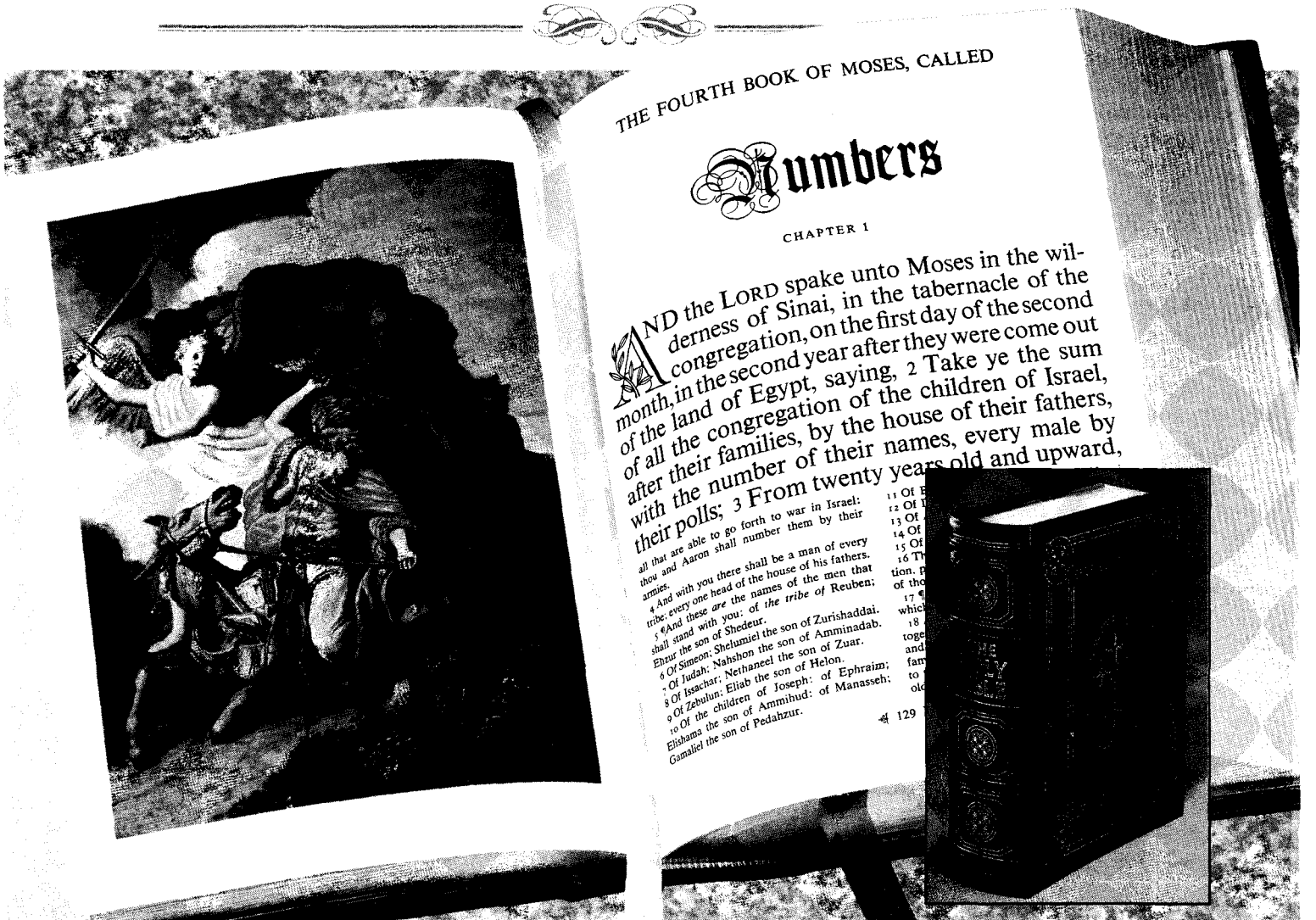
THE FOURTH BOOK OF MOSES, CALLED
Numbers
CHAPTER 1
AND the LORD spake unto Moses in the wilderness of Sinai, in the tabernacle of the congregation, on the first day of the second month, in the second year after they were come out of the land of Egypt, saying, 2 Take ye the sum of all the congregation of the children of Israel, after their families, by the house of their fathers, with the number of their names, every male by their polls; 3 From twenty years old and upward,
all that are able to go forth to war in Israel:
thou and Aaron shall number them by their
armies.
4 And with you there shall be a man of every
tribe; every one head of the house of his fathers.
5 ¶And these are the names of the men that
shall stand with you: of the tribe of Reuben;
Elizur the son of Shedeur.
6 Of Simeon; Shelumiel the son of Zurishaddai.
7 Of Judah; Nahshon the son of Amminadab.
8 Of Issachar; Nethaneel the son of Zuar.
9 Of Zebulun; Eliab the son of Helon.
10 Of the children of Joseph: of Ephraim;
Elishama the son of Ammihud: of Manasseh;
Gamaliel the son of Pedahzur.
129

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munications van to D.C. from Dallas. There had been drug purchases since last August by an undercover team infiltrated into the complex. They had pictures of the drug dealers, which were distributed to agents. A fistful of search and arrest warrants had been obtained. As the final pre-dawn briefing began, one of the officers said he'd heard about the imminent raid on the radio while he was driving there. "Our cover's blown. It's off," announced Patrick Hynes, the BATF agent in charge, amid groans from the assembled agents about irresponsible reporters. Turns out the Untouchables had put out a press release announcing the raid the evening before.

■ Boston had no St. Patrick's Day Parade in 1994, because one judge ruled that the parade could not exclude gay Irishmen, but it had a parade in 1995 because another judge ruled that non-gay Irishmen could parade in protest against the first judge's ruling, and we're not making any of this up.

■ Should the Federal Government be subsidizing housing-project security guards from the Nation of Islam? It now does so to the tune of $30 million per year, not exactly walking-around money. HUD Secretary Henry Cisneros is pondering the issue. The Nation of Islam does seem to produce good behavior in many of its members. But it is vociferously anti-white, its blood-curdling rhetoric backed up by a comic-book "theology," and it murdered Malcolm X in a factional fight. The question of federal subsidies is hardly a close call. The security guards would not be subsidized if they were Klansmen or Nazis. The government should not shower favors on kooky splinter groups—not even on an affirmative-action basis.

■ Fresh signs of restless natives: Of the People is a new group pressing for a parental-rights amendment ("The right of parents to direct the upbringing and education of their children shall not be infringed") to state constitutions. The idea is to create a firewall against future state encroachments on the family. In just one year Of the People has become active in two dozen states. The growing backlash against federal power-grabbing has also generated a "Conference of the States." Led by Governors Mike Leavitt (R., Utah) and Ben Nelson (D., Neb.), the Conference—scheduled for October—will be a pow-wow of state delegations meeting to revive the Tenth Amendment via a "States' Petition." Launched just two months ago, the Conference has been endorsed by 13 state legislatures to date. Godspeed to both efforts.

■ Daliberti and Barloon alive, or we finish the job.

■ Early in March, U.S. troops covering the United Nations pullout from Somalia stumbled upon boxes of classified U.S. intelligence documents in an abandoned UN office in Mogadishu. On March 16, Newt Gingrich, Bob Dole, and nine other outraged congressmen wrote to the President demanding immediate suspension of intelligence-sharing with the UN. The House and Senate were already legislating tighter restrictions on such activity, but the Mogadishu fiasco reveals (as the letter to the President put it) "a problem of far greater proportion and urgency than previously acknowledged." The problem is not only lax procedures at the UN. It is lax procedures in the State Department, Pentagon, and CIA. Some of the materials found were labeled "NOFORN," meaning not intended for release to foreigners. Any American official who thinks the UN is not FORN should be NOEMPL (not employed).

■ It has recently come out that a unit of the Japanese Imperial Army vivisected prisoners and experimented with plague bombs, though the Smithsonian points out that the Japanese did so only in self-defense.

■ When Alphonse Daudet wrote a story called "*La Dernière Classe*" ("The Last Class") about the return of Alsace–Lorraine to Germany, he meant to instruct his readers in French patriotism and moral superiority. We hope we have had our *dernière classe* in the latter subject after Fidel Castro's visit to Paris. The Western Hemisphere's last dictator was received in Paris as a hero, fêted by Mme Mitterrand (a leftist of long standing, closely linked to types like Régis Debray), and applauded by thousands, all amid denunciations of the "immoral" American trade embargo of Cuba. Not a word about prisoners, free elections, freedom of the press . . . *Eh bien.* Soon Mitterrand and his wife will be gone, almost certainly replaced by a conservative government less likely to find Castro a romantic figure. Meanwhile, we will try very hard not to compare collaborating with Castro today to collaborating with other dictators, 55 years ago.

■ California governor Pete Wilson is in the presidential race. His first goal is to develop as much charisma as Arlen Specter.

■ Sheldon Hackney, chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities, believes that we Ameri-

At the Rose Law Firm

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Webb Hubbell's double-billing biz
Was really practiced by all three
(That's Hubbell, Vince, and Hillary),
A factoid Mr. Starr will soon
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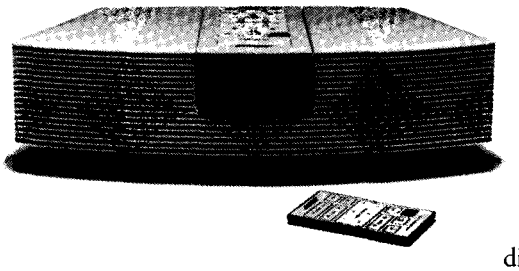

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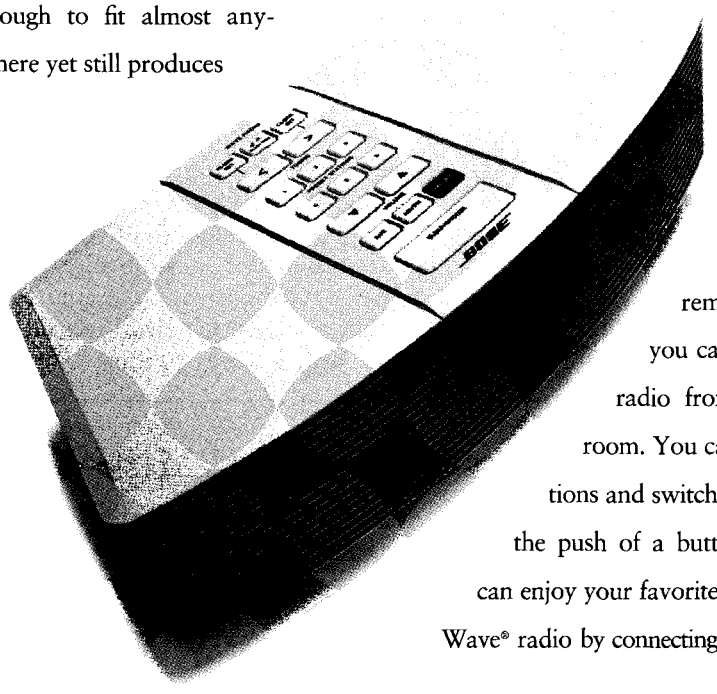

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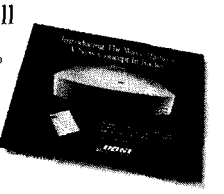

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cans aren't talking enough about diversity. So the NEH has assembled a set of "conversation starters —book and film lists, documents, essays—to help spark the conversations." The readings run from Aristotle to Maya Angelou, which certainly gives evolution a black eye. "Consider having each session at a different location, allowing each racial, ethnic, or cultural group to play host," the material suggests. "If your community has little racial or ethnic diversity, look for other kinds of diversity. You might find people of different ages, religions, political affiliations, socioeconomic levels, professions, or neighborhoods." Or you might find gullible folk with little else to do. Just when we thought we were getting nothing for our money.

■ The *New York Times* reports that "in a continent-wide ecological revolution, earthworm species from Europe and Asia are taking over North American soil with potentially serious but still unclear consequences." Maybe *that's* the giant sucking sound.

■ According to liberals, America is so intolerant that many people lie about their sexual preference, saying they're straight when they're really gay. No one told "supermodel" Rachel Williams, who announced that she was coming out of the closet as a lesbian, then weeks later admitted that she was pregnant and considering a marriage proposal from her, uh, boyfriend. Oscar Wilde put it best in *The Importance of Being Earnest*: "I hope you have not been leading a double life, pretending to be wicked and being really good all the time. That would be hypocrisy."

■ Accepting the Academy Award for Best Picture, one of the producers of *Forrest Gump* avowed that the film, and presumably its commercial success, have "nothing to do with conservative politics." Maybe not with politics, per se, but surely *Gump* didn't take off like a rocket *despite* the fact that it's wholesome, patriotic, and speaks plainly about what went wrong in the Sixties. Get used to it, Hollywood. You made a conservative movie, and if you want to keep pulling in audiences, you'll be wise to make more of them.

■ Meanwhile, the makers of the movie *Priest* can't understand why Catholics would be offended by a film depicting one Catholic priest who cruises gay bars, another who's a drunk, another who's demented and violent, another who's sleeping with his housekeeper, and one respectable fellow who's a villainous hypocrite. The distributor, Miramax, says that when it held preview screenings for clergymen, it never dreamed the Catholics in the audience would object. Nor, says marketing president Mark Gill, did Miramax choose Good Friday as the nationwide release date (since amended to April 19) to provoke a hubbub; that day simply seemed to be "a time of the year people are most attuned to spiritual issues." When the Catholic League held a press conference to denounce the film, Miramax faxed notices to the media—not intended, the company assured reporters, to further exploit Catholic outrage. "Frankly," Mr. Gill explained, "we are a little surprised by the vehemence of the [Catholic League's] reaction." None of *Priest*'s priests are sanctimonious publicity hounds, maybe because all those roles have been taken by filmmakers.

■ Who runs the colleges? Ask Lee Bass, a young Yale alumnus who made his university a gift of $20 million to fund an elective sophomore program in the history of Western Civilization. Yale accepted the $20 million but, early on, decided not to implement the program. Four years dragged by, as Yale explored "other ways" to use the $20 million, without informing the donor that "other ways" were being explored. The reason for the default was that, for a powerful faction of the Yale faculty, the term "Western Civilization" is a lie. One Yale professor asserts that "the greatest export of Western Civilization is violence." When Bass, who had shown the patience of Griselda, finally became inquisitive, Yale's president, Richard Levin, offered to "negotiate" with him. Yale's story (its alumni magazine will be a collector's item) is that Mr. Bass was demanding control over the staffing of the program. But the program had *already* been mostly staffed, just not implemented. If Yale had been "negotiating" in good faith, it could easily have reassured Bass. President Levin, clearly, would rather cough up the $20 million—and probably a great deal more from prospective donors—than offend the noisy radical faction of his faculty. Yale has given us an excellent course in the sociology of American universities.

■ A Mr. Octavio Rodriguez, using stationery from the Los Angeles suburb of Bradbury, opened a bank account in the city's name and appointed himself city treasurer. He then directed the state to fill his account—which is what states are supposed to do, from all we have been able to learn—and it did, to the tune of $700,538, although Mr. Rodriguez returned the funds directly to the private sector, namely himself, instead of squandering them on some bureaucratic boondoggle. Now he has been indicted on some silly "fraud" charge and his public-service career has come to an end. He will be missed. He was, when all is said and done, cheaper than the average bureaucrat.

A Plague of Gypsy Moths

REPRESENTATIVE Chris Shays (Conn.) says Republican congressional leaders are losing "the moral authority to run this place." Shays questioned the morality of his own party after a bitter battle over the $17-billion House rescission package.

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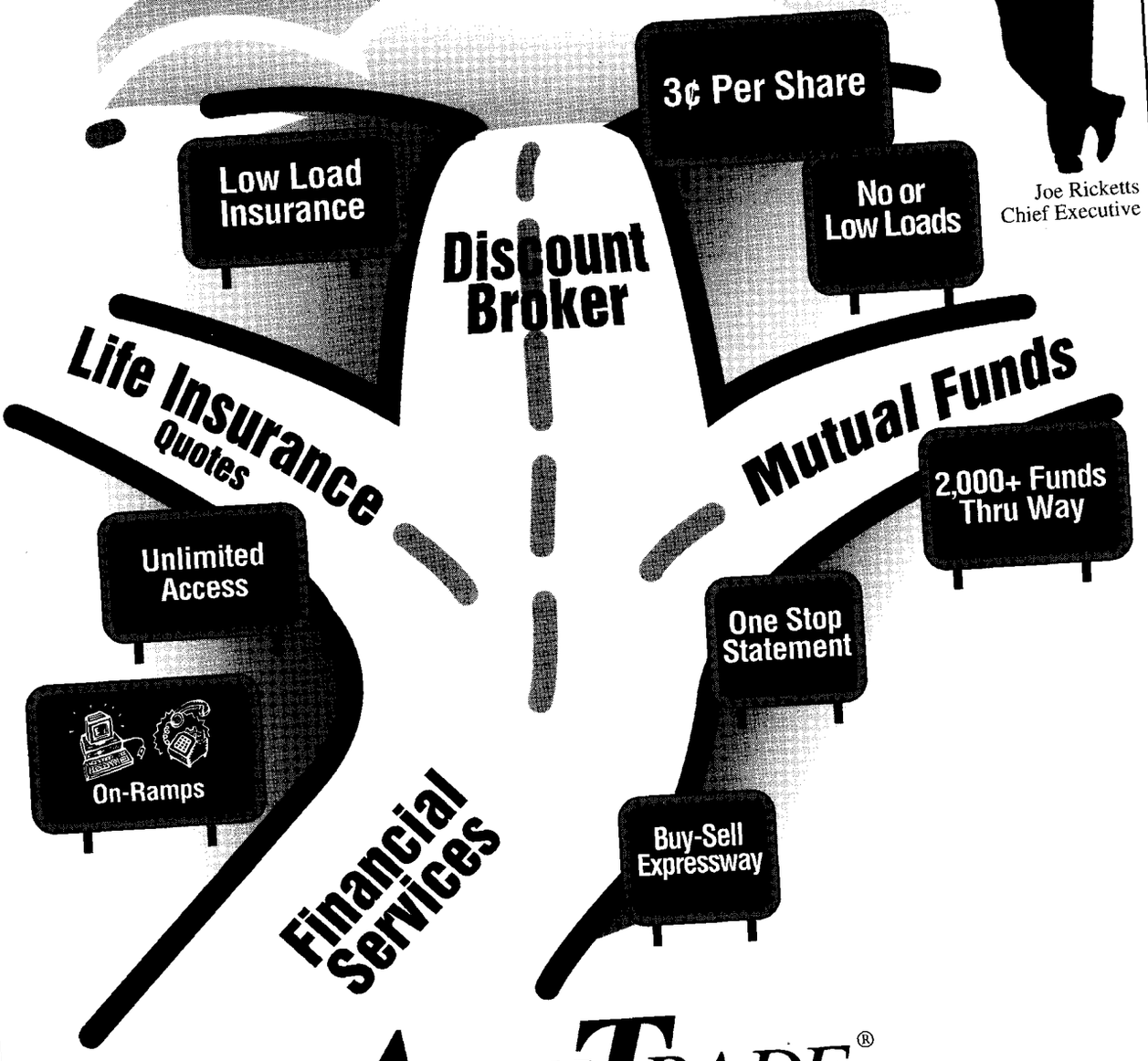

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Ernest Istook (Okla.), a principled and energetic lawmaker, had added language to the package to reassert the right of states—abolished in 1993 in a brazen bit of Clinton Administration overreach—to refuse to use Medicaid dollars to fund abortions in the case of rape or incest. This should be a pro-life provision even pro-choicers can accept: it involves the federal funding of abortion, which even most moderates say they oppose, and would overturn an Executive Branch action of dubious legality.

But Representative Jim Greenwood (Pa.) garnered signatures from about twenty of the moderates who meet over pizza every Tuesday—the "Lunch Bunch"—opposing the Istook amendment. "It is a wedge," warned moderate Nancy Johnson (Conn.). "And if you drive a wedge deep enough, it may splinter the party." So the leadership—which has made every effort to accommodate the moderates, to the point of giving one of them, Dave Hobson (Ohio), a seat at leadership meetings—backed off. Only to get blasted by Shays anyway when the rule setting the terms of debate on the rescission package prevented him from restoring funding for housing for AIDS patients.

The leadership cave-in on Istook seems, on one level, to make sense. Why endanger a crucial package of spending cuts over a social issue that was supposed to be put off beyond the hundred days? But there's every indication that the leadership action has only emboldened the moderates. Istook played by the rules, winning a vote at the subcommittee level, then winning again in the full Appropriations Committee after getting the support of Chairman Bob Livingston and, eventually, Speaker Newt Gingrich. Istook was willing to let an amendment be proposed on the floor to strip the bill of his language. But moderates weren't clamoring for an up-or-down vote. They wanted Istook declared out of bounds *a priori*. Now some of them are making similar noises on the tax-cut bill, threatening to stop it from even reaching the floor unless its implementation is pegged to deficit reduction.

The larger problem with these maneuvers is the message they send to voters on the Christian Right. James Dobson, head of Focus on the Family, recently sent a letter to RNC Chairman Haley Barbour warning that Republicans "will not be able to double-talk, sidestep, obfuscate, and ignore the concerns that burn within our hearts." Barbour himself has done little to deserve this blast, but Dobson, and millions like him, legitimately worry that if the Republican congressional leadership can't deliver the mild pro-life provision offered by Istook, what can it possibly mean to call the GOP pro-life? Chris Shays, or several million committed and activist voters? Take your pick.

Not Exactly Mount Olympus

Though Dole picks up endorsements
  While Gramm's resources swell,
There's boredom in the boonies
  And yawns where slickers dwell;
Moreover, backward glances
  Where Wilson's shadow grows
Cause sweating and require
  A frequent change of clothes.

W. H. VON DREELE

Party Animals

PETE Wilson, governor of California and all-but-announced candidate for President, is the archetypal moderate Republican. A tax-raiser and an abortion-supporter, Wilson split the state GOP, thus helping to elect two Democratic senators in 1992. He salvaged his own re-election only by fastening onto the immigration issue. That shrewd move, plus his state's early primary, makes him a man to watch.

Pat Buchanan, who announced his second candidacy, is the exuberant opposite of Wilson, particularly in the way of temperament. (If you put Buchanan and Wilson in a blender, you would get a normal person.) Buchanan speaks out on a range of issues—abortion, immigration, protectionism—ignored, only sometimes rightly, by the GOP establishment. A foe of the Gulf War, he nevertheless said that America should consider force to release William Barloon and David Daliberti, the two Americans sentenced to eight years for trespassing into Iraq. Buchanan is no longer the lone rebel against George Bush, but his strength will be greatest precisely where the field will be largest, in New Hampshire. Indiana senator Richard Lugar and black conservative radio talk-show host Alan Keyes round out the field—so far inside and outside respectively that if they were to shake hands, they would probably disappear.

The activity on the Republican side reinforces the point made in the last issue ("Battle of the Big Ones," April 3) that conservatives have many options, and many months to consider them. One option is outside the GOP, as former Pennsylvania governor Bob Casey nears an announcement. Casey was prevented, while a sitting governor, from making the pro-life case at the Democratic convention that nominated Bill Clinton. Denied a microphone in Madison Square Garden, he will seek them in Des Moines and Dixville Notch. The press has put the early focus on his health, *Newsweek*'s Eleanor Clift going so far as to suggest that Casey used political clout to jump to the head of the line for heart and liver transplants. In fact it was state law that jumped Casey ahead, as a double organ recipient.

Casey's presence on the other side of the fence will keep the Republicans from tilting to Wilsonism. If the

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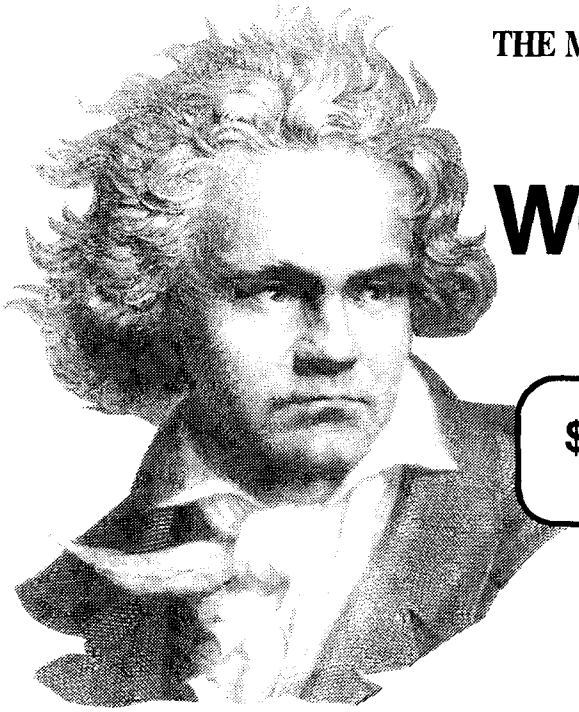

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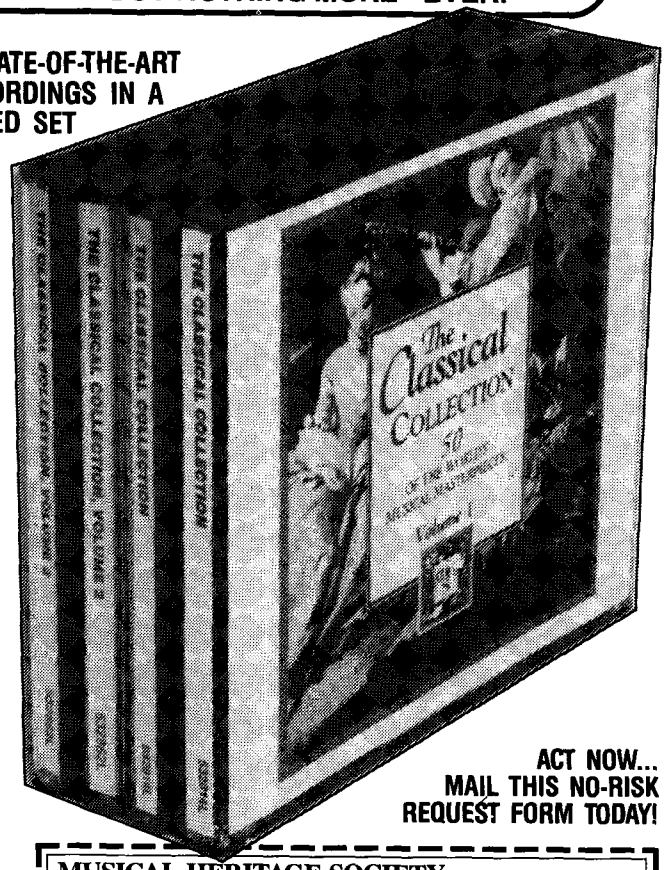

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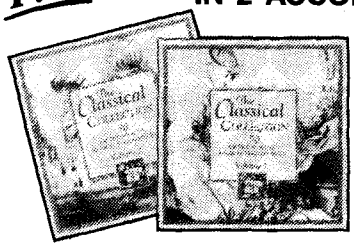

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Wilsonians look strong, Casey will give social conservatives somewhere to go. Let a hundred pols flourish, let a thousand schools of sound bite contend.

Welfare-Reform Rescue

JUST a few weeks ago conservatives saw the prospect of real welfare reform slipping away, but the House, after a raucous debate, passed a bill that honors the promises of the Contract with America and that, if enacted, will be a moderate first step in the right direction. The bill does not—despite the hue and cry—cut aggregate welfare spending, but it does reduce the rate of growth. It also gives greater flexibility to the states, while instituting serious national standards aimed at increasing work and reducing illegitimacy.

What went right? At the last minute, the Economic and Educational Opportunities Committee (formerly Education and Labor) toughened work requirements that had been watered down at the behest of governors. As passed in the House, the bill requires states to have 50 per cent of their caseloads working by 2003. And in a departure, states would get credit for moving people off the rolls and into real jobs—instead of placing them in make-work jobs or self-esteem programs. The committee also strengthened the anti-illegitimacy provision of the reform. The Contract with America would have permanently barred from AFDC any girl who had a baby out of wedlock under the age of 18. As the bill moved along, that provision became only a temporary cut-off until the single mother reached 18—an almost meaningless gesture. The final version includes an "illegitimacy ratio" that, if cumbersome, at least moves toward stigmatizing out-of-wedlock births; states will get higher block grants as they reduce illegitimate births without a corresponding increase in abortions.

Abortion was one of the larger obstacles to passage of the bill. Behind the scenes, the National Right to Life Committee (NRLC) sought to kill all elements of the bill intended to reduce illegitimacy, contending that such provisions would encourage young mothers to have abortions. This curious argument put the NRLC alongside some very strange bedfellows—pro-abortion liberal Democrats—such as Patricia Schroeder (Colo.) and Pete Stark (Calif.)—and the Catholic bishops, grateful for an excuse to attack welfare reform. But most pro-life and pro-family groups—such as the Christian Coalition, the Family Research Council, and Concerned Women for America—took the sensible position that the anti-illegitimacy measures were the bill's crucial feature. The Heritage Foundation supported this case with a study showing that those states with higher rates of illegitimacy also have higher rates of abortion. By undermining moral norms the liberal welfare state promotes an increase in both. The NRLC lost this argument, but may still stain the records of pro-life, pro-reform Republicans by "scoring" the welfare vote as one against the pro-life cause.

The House bill, which wouldn't have gotten this good without the tireless advocacy of Jim Talent (Mo.), Tim Hutchinson (Ark.), and Jim McCrery (La.), could get still better by giving the states flexibility in how to spend their block grants (and it's preposterous that food stamps weren't included in a block grant). Yet it is likely to get worse in a Senate not yet contemplating reform of this magnitude. The only comfort is that the debate has been moving rightward, and that there's no more propitious ground than welfare for Bob Dole/Phil Gramm gamesmanship.

The Welfare Wars

Accused of starving toddlers
  And shouting, "Bon voyage!"
At Grandma on an ice floe,
  While out in the garage
Sis writhes in early labor,
  Republicans rammed through
Welfare reform as goo-goos
  Sobbed over a prie-dieu.

W. H. VON DREELE

Whelmed in Deeper Gulfs

DAVID Daliberti and William Barloon, two American aircraft workers in Kuwait City, went to visit a friend in the UN compound near the Iraq border, and maybe hoist a few beers. A wrong turn took them into Iraq—and into jail, with an eight-year sentence. The Administration answered this outrage with "quiet diplomacy," when what was called for was Teddy Roosevelt: diplomatic messages backed by a threat of severe punishment if the two weren't released immediately. This is the same Administration that sent troops into Haiti and reinforcements into Somalia. Why can't it show some concern for Americans? Every day the two are held represents a failure of the Administration's credibility.

That credibility was already fraying, across the border in Iran. The Administration says it is determined to "contain" Iran. The U.S. Central Command treats Iran as the major long-term threat in the Mideast; Secretary of State Warren Christopher has tried to enlist our allies in a policy of denying Iran credits and advanced technology; U.S. law prohibits imports of Iranian oil. But foreign subsidiaries of American firms have long been engaged in a lucrative trade with Iran,

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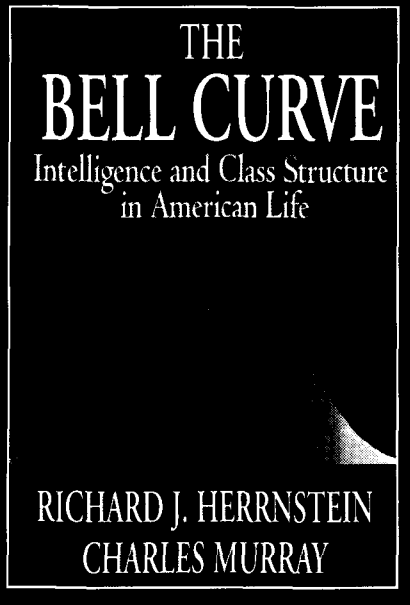

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buying as much as 30 per cent of Iranian oil exports for resale in the world market. Only when a European subsidiary of Conoco went a step further—signing a billion-dollar contract to develop an offshore oil field in the Persian Gulf—did President Clinton step in, invoking emergency powers to block the deal.

The President did well to intervene. But his action makes even less explicable the Administration's waffling on Senator Al D'Amato's bill to impose on Iran the same sanctions that we impose on Cuba. Some American companies gripe that the bill would hold them back while Europeans and Japanese rush in to pick up the business. But much of the technology Iran wants is available only from American (and British) firms. Clearcut U.S. policy must precede any effort to establish a common policy among the allies.

Meanwhile, the Administration persists in declaring that it is ready for a "dialogue" with Iran, and that it regards the revolutionary regime as "deeply rooted" in Iranian society and a "permanent feature" of the re-

Right Data

Point of Agreement

BENEATH the struggle over taxes lies a broad consensus: the tax code is an ungodly mess. Americans paid $1,268 billion in federal taxes in 1994. Merely complying with IRS regulations cost another $197 billion, according to the Tax Foundation. In effect, the time and money spent deciphering the tax code, keeping records, filing forms, and so on, represents an unlegislated 15 per cent surtax.

For most of us this means paying an accountant or spending a few weekends at the adding machine. Big companies, on the other hand, report to the IRS throughout the year. Some are under continuous audit—the 1993 return for one giant company ran to 21,000 pages and 30 volumes. Yet small firms bear far heavier relative burdens.

Because of economies of scale, companies valued at less than $1 million—that is, more than 90 per cent of all U.S. corporations—spend far larger asset shares on tax compliance than big corporations. Indeed, Arthur P. Hall, a Tax Foundation economist, estimates compliance costs for these corporations at $15.9 billion in 1990, or nearly four times their $4.1-billion combined tax liability. In other words, every $1 Uncle Sam collects from a small company costs the company about $3.87.

A TILTED PAYING FIELD: BUSINESS TAX COMPLIANCE

Asset Size ($Millions)	Estimated Compliance Cost	Compliance Costs as a % of Assets
$ 1.0	$ 7,400	0.74%
50.0	200,000	0.40
250.0	350,000	0.14
1,000.0	900,000	0.09
5,000.0	2,000,000	0.04
10,000.0	3,000,000	0.03

Source: Tax Foundation

It gets worse. Many companies end up paying sizable sums to the IRS even when they lose money. The culprit is the Alternative Minimum Tax (AMT). Installed as part of the 1986 tax act, the AMT was created to ensure that even corporations and individuals with large depreciation deductions would pay at least some tax.

Most AMT revenue comes from large corporations. The airlines, for example, have lost more than $13 billion over the past five years but have ponied up more than $500 million in AMT payments to the Federal Government. But even small start-up firms find themselves paying a large AMT tab. Many have had to borrow money in order to do so.

The AMT's major achievement has been to penalize companies that invest heavily in new equipment and then run into periods of low profitability. What's worse, it is a fiendishly complex section of the tax code, requiring companies to maintain an extra set of books. Combined with the equally monstrous rules governing the taxation of income from foreign sources, it accounts for fully half the cost of complying with the corporate income tax.

Are tax payments and compliance costs the whole story? Hardly. James L. Payne, an independent scholar who has taught at Yale and Johns Hopkins, defines tax burden as including such things as emotional stress, litigation costs, and the economic loss from business projects that are scuttled or done differently solely because of tax considerations. Once you include these hidden expenses, Payne says, every federal program costs the country about 65 per cent more than the announced budgetary costs. A congressman's $133,600 salary deprives the private sector of $220,440. Balancing the budget at, say, $1 trillion in revenues and spending would leave the nation $650 billion short.

Tax simplification is a major goal of Dick Armey's flat tax—a tax so simple that even business tax returns would fit on a postcard. Companies would pay a flat 17 per cent on receipts less expenses, including capital expenses. There would be no depreciation formulas and no shakedowns of unprofitable firms.

Of course, rewriting the tax code and unlearning long-standing inefficiencies will itself be costly and time consuming. Arrrrrgh! —ED RUBENSTEIN

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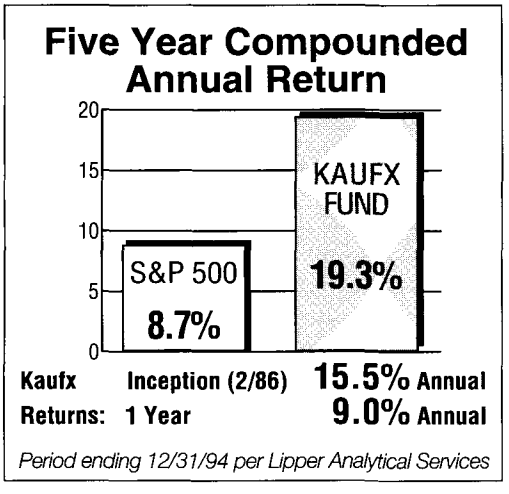

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gional landscape. Scholars and journalists report mounting unrest inside Iran; why should the U.S. Government be the most vocal champion of the regime's legitimacy and permanence? We should not maintain with one hand what we contain with the other.

But it is impossible for this President to maintain a consistent policy anywhere—unless it is consistent confusion about our honor, our friends, and our goals.

Stalin's Ghosts

LEON PANETTA has explained that President Clinton's plan to celebrate V-E Day in Moscow is intended to acknowledge for the first time what the Russians contributed to the war effort. In fact, numerous American Presidents, other politicians, and military leaders have noted with admiration the sacrifice of the Russian people during the war—even if we may sometimes have underestimated that sacrifice. (The figure of 20 million dead, long bandied about, was plucked out of the air by Nikita Khrushchev. After Soviet archives were opened in the late Eighties, a parliamentary commission given access to all the records concluded that the true death toll was closer to 27 million.) But retrospectives about the war and the causes for which it was fought cannot simply be reduced to comparative body counts. All the dead should be remembered in sorrow.

There are, however, other sides to the story. The Soviet Union was a co-conspirator with Nazi Germany in the invasion of Poland and the beginning of general hostilities in Europe, and much of the suffering endured by the Russian people was brought upon them by their own government. Through the Sorge spy ring Stalin was informed in October 1941 that Japan would attack south by the end of the year. On the basis of this intelligence, Stalin ordered the Siberian divisions facing the Japanese in Manchuria to move west immediately. They arrived in the Moscow vicinity in the first week of December 1941, just in time to repulse the Nazi attack on the capital city. Stalin never shared his information with his American benefactors, who confronted their own enemy during the first week of December at Pearl Harbor. Throughout the war, the Soviet Union and Japan were parties to a mutually comfortable neutrality agreement, and the Soviet Union did not enter the war against Japan until August 8, 1945, one day before the Nagasaki bombing. General MacArthur rejected any significant role for the Soviets in postwar occupation decisions.

Hence President Clinton's decision to accept Boris Yeltsin's invitation to Moscow for a V-E Day commemoration on May 9 is a serious blunder. The Kremlin that President Clinton will visit was the scene of the Molotov–Ribbentrop pact, which brought on the very war whose end we are celebrating. Nor is it possible to reflect on our wartime alliance with Moscow without recalling Stalin's betrayal of Yalta and other wartime accords—betrayals that triggered the Cold War, whose end we also celebrate. Yeltsin's claim to embody the democratic and peaceful post-Communist Russia—which would have made him a fitter partner for such a joint event—is badly tarnished right now, after the brutality in Chechnya. There were other ways Mr. Clinton could have paid tribute to the Russian people's sacrifice without sending so many wrong signals.

There is only one place the American President should be in Europe on V-E Day, and that is London, where the British government plans its own commemoration. The British are entitled to that honor. They earned it alone in 1940 and 1941 and as our steadfast ally in the years following. Snubbing the heirs of Churchill to clink glasses with the heirs of Stalin is an act of truly Rooseveltian foolishness.

But one of the Administration's most severe blind spots is its inability to distinguish between allies and adversaries. This has consequences. It was no surprise that foreign ministers of the European Union, meeting in Carcassonne, proposed a non-aggression pact between NATO and Russia. While some sort of long-term understanding between Russia and NATO may be a good thing—once Russia accepts the idea that NATO will expand to protect Central Europe and the Baltics—all this was outside the EU's jurisdiction. Nor had it consulted the U.S. before making the proposal.

What we are witnessing is the enfeebling of America as leader of the West. That's what Boris will be celebrating on V-E Day. We don't know about Bill.

Notes & Asides

Wm F. Rickenbacker, RIP

HE FIRST surfaced for us at NATIONAL REVIEW when he challenged the government of the United States. The Census Bureau had gone to work collecting its data in 1960, and Bill Rickenbacker received what they called the Long Form, designed to elicit detailed information, the better to complete the decennial inquiry into how many Americans were living where, earning what, doing what, living how. Bill looked at the form, put it in his wastebasket, and addressed one of his inimitable letters to the secretary of commerce, whom he addressed as Dear Snoopchief, denouncing the long form as an invasion of his privacy. C. Dickerman Williams, NATIONAL REVIEW's distinguished lawyer, undertook his defense. He lost, was fined $100 and, put on one day's probation: and at the end of the succeeding decade, tasted finally the fruit of his struggle when the Commerce Department announced that the long form would be completed only by those U.S. citizens who wished to complete it.

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Rickenbacker came then to NATIONAL REVIEW as a senior editor, and life was wonderful in his company. He retreated after eight years or so, went into business for himself, wrote eight books, and continued his studies of music, of languages, and of the canon of Western thought.

But he never lost touch with us, and in 1991, with Linda Bridges, he published the book *The Art of Persuasion*. A few years ago, responding to a rebuke for his failure to visit New York more often, he wrote me, "I too wish I could move around a bit more, but I seem to have simplified my life a good deal in recent years. Three or four hours a day at the old piano will nail a fellow down good and hard. But I have dreams, dreams in full color, not to mention aroma, of lunch at Paone's [the reference is to the restaurant around the corner, heavily patronized by NATIONAL REVIEW], which, by the way, why doesn't somebody burn it down and rebuild it up here in God's country?" The formulation of that last sentence is an inside joke, dating back to the opening sentence of an editorial written by the late Willmoore Kendall. It began, "Last week at Harriman House, which by the way why doesn't somebody burn it down . . ." There was some concern not over the sentiments expressed, but over the diction used, until Bill relieved us by declaring that Kendall had used an anacoluthon, defined as "an abrupt change within a sentence to a second construction inconsistent with the first, sometimes used for rhetorical effect; for example, I warned him that if he continues to drink, what will become of him."

Bill, in his letter, went on about his schedule. "Now I'm moving steadily through the 15 volumes of the collected utterance and effusions of Edmund Burke, and the more I see of him the less I trust him. He keeps reminding me of Everett Dirksen—not that Dirksen ever reminded me of Burke."

Bill was a professionally qualified pianist. "I've recorded," he wrote me, "to my satisfaction, four short pieces of our great teacher, the Bach of Bachs. Schubert comes next, and then a dollop of Chopin. I find this project far more difficult than it was 25 years ago. Two trends have been in play: my standards have risen, and my physical capacity has fallen. When I piled up my airplane and broke a dozen bones including my right wrist, I didn't advance the cause; my right hand, if I don't pay good attention, is still in danger of being shouted down by the unruly Bolshevik in my left—a faction that gathered its preternatural strength during ten years of intensive club-gripping on the golf course." He had been captain of the golf team at Harvard. And, like his father, Captain Eddie, he flew, until glaucoma stopped him.

His curiosity was boundless. "Did you see my Unamuno in the current *Modern Age*?" The reference was to an essay he had just published. "Next comes Ortega y Gasset. I've read 21 volumes of his and am now organizing my notes. I'll probably have sixty pages of notes in preparation for an eight-page piece. I don't think the name for that is scholarship; more like idle dithering."

It seemed endless, his curiosity. "I've been studying Hebrew *very* hard and loving it all the way. A wonderful language. Since college days I've wanted to read the Psalms in Hebrew; now I shall."

He was not altogether a recluse. A couple of years ago he consented to address my brother Reid's public-speaking school in South Carolina. Reid asked how he should introduce Bill's speech. He sent me a copy of Bill's suggested titles:

—How I Spent My Summer
—What the North Wind Said
—Counselor Said I Couldn't Eat Dinner Till I Wrote Home
—Why I Hate My Sis
—Legalization of Crime: Pros & Cons
—Was Mozart Queer?
—The Bartender's Guide to the Upstairs Maid
—Merde! Golfing Decorum in Postwar France
—Are Lasers Protected under the Fourth Amendment?
—Public Speaking Minus One: A Tape Cassette of Wild but Intermittent Applause, with Stretches of Silence to Be Filled with Remarks by the Apprentice Orator
—Sexual Repression in Emily Dickinson's Punctuation
—Why I Am Running for President (applause)
—Why Dead White Males Don't Laugh
—Do Hydrogen and Oxygen Look like Water? I Ask

Pencil drawing by Nancy Anfgell, 1992

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You!: Chemistry Disrobed and Shown to Be the Fraud It Is

He kept in touch with his friends. When NATIONAL REVIEW's ex-publisher Bill Rusher had his bypass operation, Rickenbacker wrote to me, "I heard from Claire [Bill Rusher's secretary] on Monday that his bypass was sextuple, which I thought pretty damned good for a bachelor, and look forward to sending him something cheerful as soon as they take the chopsticks out of his nostrils."

And his concern for public affairs was alive as ever. "There has been some talk of flying the flag at half mast," he wrote me, "until the Court's decision [permitting the burning of the flag] is nullified, but I don't think a gesture of mourning is in order when the battle has hardly begun. Instead, I'm flying my own flag at full mast, but upside down, in the international signal of distress. A flag that has been abandoned by its own country is certainly in distress, and I intend to fly mine upside down until the Court turns right side up."

He enjoyed always the exuberant flash of muscle that interrupted, and gave perspective to, his serenity. "I have been a grandfather for five days now and I am growing crotchety. I have told both my boys and both my stepsons that the first one calls me gramps gets a knee in the groin but I doubt if I'll be safe much longer."

THOUGH that was in 1990, he was right—not much longer. It was last fall that the cancer came. But after the operation, he wrote to soothe me. ". . . my moribundity is no more serious than anyone else's of similar time in grade. The so-called treatment, which is in reality, as I need not tell you, . . . a form of Florentine poisoning, offers the advective cruelty of the absence of wine. Anyway I now have two Sanskrit grammars, a matched pair, and will present one copy to [his doctor] when next I see her, which I fear will be on Monday. My hope is that she with her wise Velázquez-brown eyes will find a way to administer my Sanskrit intravenously, with a dash of curry and the faintest after-aroma of popadams. (Do you remember when our mothers could buy popadams in large flat tins from India, the cakes packed between green tobacco leaves?)"

And, only a week later, a letter describing his doctor, whom he much admired. But half way down the page, "EGGS ON FACE DEPT. When I sent you the copy of her letter, I failed to proofread her copy with care, and discovered only later that when she says she may extend a certain life span by two or three months, she means *years*. I double-checked her on this. So relax, mon vieux: it will be longer than you think before your life and property shall be safe."

The doctor was right the first time. But Bill went on with his work. "I've been having fun writing my study of three-letter words. Since the emphasis is on their history and not their definition or use, I have elbow room in the definitions. 'Gun' for instance, which has a very peculiar etymology, I define as 'A metallic pipe through which missiles, which have been excited by chemical explosions in their fundaments, are hurled airmail to their recipients.' For the kind of people who like that sort of thing that's the sort of thing those people will like. And although I have made it a rule to exclude proper nouns, I couldn't resist 'Eli,' but I think I shall stay my mighty arm and not tell you how I defined Eli until [his wife] Nancy is rich and famous."

Bill had for a while been reading religious literature, and now he wrote, "I'm reading the Pope's book. I bought a copy for each of my boys, gave one to Tommy, and held one back to read myself before giving it to Jamie. I should buy a third, because I want the book at my elbow always. It's so drenched in wisdom and experience and devotion that I can't take it in in one reading. I read sentence after sentence two or three times. What a man! Among the great souls of history, I say."

A MONTH later I spoke with Nancy on the telephone. She had difficulty in speaking, but told me Bill had been given three or four days more to live. I asked whether I should write to him. Yes, she said, giving me the fax number. I had never before written or spoken to someone on his deathbed, to whom circumspection was no longer possible. So I wrote to my dear and gifted friend,

"Wm, [This was our protocol, dating back three decades: All letters from one to the other would begin, Wm, and be signed, Wm]

"This is not the season to be jolly. Miracles do happen, Evelyn Waugh wrote in NATIONAL REVIEW, 'but it is presumptuous to anticipate them.' It will happen to us all, I brightly observe, but you should feel first the satisfaction of knowing that soon you will be in God's hand, with perhaps just a taste of Purgatory for the editorial you wrote when Bobby was killed, though I here and now vouchsafe you the indulgence I merited on declining to publish it. Second, the satisfaction of being with that wonderful Nancy in your tribulation; and third, the knowledge that those who have known you count it a singular blessing to have experienced you. I send my prayers, and my eternal affection. Wm"

In fact he lived three weeks more and, before losing the use of his writing hand, indited his own obituary, two paragraphs of biographical data, and the closing sentences, "A bug or two showed up last fall and began to do what a bug does best, namely, to make a joke out of life's spruce intentions, and to provide a daily wage or two for journalists, whose business it is not my duty as a Christian to inquire into. Sometime between when this ink and mine go dry the bugs will have had their day. He leaves behind him his wife and two devoted sons, two daughters-in-law, three grandchildren, a beloved sister, an unfinished manuscript or two, and a heart filled with blessings."

May he rest in peace. **—WFB**

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ON THE SCENE

The Big Squeeze

RICH LOWRY

Roberto Parada

WASHINGTON, D.C.

WILLIAM ROTH, chairman of the Senate Governmental Affairs Committee, is hardly a firebrand. With the notable exception, 15 years ago, of his co-sponsorship of the Kemp–Roth tax-rate-reduction bill, the five-term Delaware Republican rarely lifts his gaze above the status quo or the narrow interests of his constituents. But his committee, by reputation one of the least conservative in the Senate, so far has passed the Congressional Accountability Act, the unfunded-mandates bill, the Paperwork Reduction Act, a regulatory moratorium, and a comprehensive regulatory-reform bill. What's gotten into Roth? Majority Leader Bob Dole.

In the House, Republicans devoted to the Contract with America and deep spending cuts have been advancing with a pincer movement: the junior members push from below, the leadership from above. The result is a Republican conference that (at least until recently) moved with remarkable unanimity. In the Senate, junior members have been creating the same pressure for change as in the House. What has been lacking is the leadership from above.

That may be changing. "The Balanced Budget Amendment changed the world over there," says one observer of the Senate. "Dole and his people are now running scared. Dole realizes he needs to prove he can get it done." In the case of Dole's regulatory-reform bill, getting it done meant bypassing the Environment and Public Works Committee led by John Chafee and giving Roth a quiet push of encouragement. A piqued Chafee held an irrelevant hearing tilted toward opponents of reform, but Dole got his bill—and campaign talking point—from Roth, albeit somewhat weakened.

In the same vein, the majority leader recently sent letters to committee chairmen—many of them the oldest and least aggressive members of the Republican conference—outlining what legislation their committees must produce, with a rough schedule for doing it. This is the kind of discipline Republicans in the Senate have traditionally lacked and that Dole has been loath to impose.

Bob Dole may have a tough-guy reputation among the general public, but inside the Senate, fellow Republicans know him as a leader who hesitates to make tough decisions and who puts cordial relations with his friends (most of them the Senate's more moderate members) above politics or ideology. His leadership style shades toward the cryptic, with fellow Republicans often left just as much in the dark as Democrats about his intentions. Dole-led meetings rarely come to closure. His involvement in day-to-day Senate organizing has often been close to nil.

This style nearly sank Dole in the debate over health care. He relied heavily for political advice on his chief of staff, Sheila Burke, a former nurse with liberal sympathies, and most of that advice was disastrously wrong. Dole righted himself in time, and a team led by Senator Bob Packwood (R., Ore.) provided the organized opposition needed to beat the Clinton plan. But the health-care experience was the first warning sign.

THE next came soon after the Republicans took control of the Senate. Democrats happily stalled two weeks on an unfunded-mandates bill that almost all of them supported. They in effect filibustered the Balanced Budget Amendment for five weeks with nary a peep from a distracted Dole. When crunch time came on the BBA, Dole found his easygoing stewardship had gained him nothing with Democrats, who were unwilling to deal in good faith, or with his friend Mark Hatfield (R., Ore.), chairman of the Appropriations Committee, who was unwilling to grant any personal favors. The vaunted Dole "leadership" had failed—starkly and with potentially dire political consequences.

Dole has begun to awake and hear the rumblings of revolt emanating from the junior wing of the conference. "Impatient, frustrated, unhappy," is how one Senate aide describes the freshmen. Some are talking about dumping moderate committee chairmen after the 1996 elections. The public attack on Hatfield, the lone defector on the Balanced Budget Amendment, was just a symptom of broader dissatisfaction. Some freshmen have even suggested doing end-runs around certain committee chairmen by bringing conservative provisions directly to the floor through amendments, a step that would amount to a mini-revolt.

It's not just newcomers who are agitated. Georgia Senator Paul Coverdell recently sent a memo to Majority Whip Trent Lott and Idaho Senator Larry Craig—for them to pass on to Dole—warning that at the end of the hundred days, "the Senate as well as the House will be judged on the Contract." Not a happy prospect. "Most newspapers now run a daily chart showing action on Contract issues—lots of check marks in the House, almost none in the Senate." What to do? "Change the defeated/defeatist attitude . . . by pushing the envelope." Coverdell argues for

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picking up the pace on Contract items, and then—assuming Republican unity—blaming any defeats on the Democrats.

On the line-item veto, Dole embraced this strategy. At first it seemed Republicans were headed for an intra-party massacre. Senators Dan Coats (Ind.) and John McCain (Ariz.), longtime advocates of the line-item veto, had sponsored a version identical to the one that passed the House. But Budget Committee Chairman Pete Domenici (N.M.), who was worried about handing too much power to the President, jumped in with a weaker version eventually endorsed by West Virginia Democrat Robert Byrd ("like having the Mafia endorse your crime bill," says Coats). Dole seemed content to let both versions make it to the floor, dividing Republicans and muddling their message.

Until the defeat of the Balanced Budget Amendment, that is. Anxious to avoid another embarrassment, Dole helped forge a compromise that leaned toward McCain–Coats but was acceptable to Domenici. When the new bill hit the floor, he filed for cloture after a scant two days of debate. Dole made it clear that if Democrats resisted, they'd be staying up all night in an old-fashioned, continuous filibuster. Some senior Republicans balked at this approach. But after he was pressed at a meeting of the Republican conference by Texas Senator Kay Bailey Hutchison—a member of the new generation—Dole committed himself to the tactic. Republicans won the vote on the line-item veto, partly because they did not blur the lines of battle or do the Democrats any favors.

To ensure similar clear-cut fights on Republican issues, the more junior and more conservative parts of the Republican conference—the bottom pincer—will have to make enough noise to activate Dole—the top pincer—and put the squeeze on committee chairmen. The next test is tax cuts. The two chairmen with jurisdiction, Domenici and Finance Committee Chairman Packwood, are both skeptics. But a cadre of senators who think tax cuts are an indispensable part of the GOP agenda is working to ensure that the two chairmen can't bury them without a fight.

Dan Coats, with Minnesota freshman Rod Grams, has noisily reintroduced his "Families First" bill featuring a $500-per-child tax credit. Grams wrote a letter to Dole warning against backing off tax cuts, and he and Michigan freshman Spence Abraham have taken to the Senate floor with a similar message. "If we backtrack now," said Grams, "we'll have to face an American public that is tired of being led on by politicians who promise one thing . . . and never deliver." The Joint Economic Committee, led by Florida conservative Connie Mack, plans a hearing run by Grams to tout the tax credit—and send a message to Packwood and Domenici.

For Dole, the stakes on tax cuts and the rest of the Contract agenda are high. While he wrestles with committee chairmen and tries to strike the right balance between aggressiveness and accommodation in an institution designed to empower its minority, presidential competitor Phil Gramm can make showy stands on principle and unflattering comparisons between his leadership and Dole's. The best defense for Dole is to turn to the conservatives and freshmen (a majority of the Republican conference) who want to overturn his old Senate world. An old saw says the Senate is the saucer that cools the coffee served in the House. Just a few weeks ago Dole could revel in that role: "We're going to let the coffee cool," he told *National Journal*. "In fact, we're going to let it get cold." Expect the new Bob Dole to start asking for his coffee hot. □

The Wearing of the Greenbacks

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

WASHINGTON, D.C.

ST. PATRICK'S Day in America is a day of celebration of "the Irish," but the Irish being celebrated are Americans: those Americans who regard themselves as of Irish or partly Irish ethnic origin (about 40 million strong, according to the Census). The message of St. Patrick's Day is that "the Irish," in this sense, are a force to be reckoned with as voters and consumers, by reason of their numbers and their coherence.

St. Patrick's Day in America is a fun thing, for the most part; a thing of leprechauns and green beer, broad grins and slaps on the back. Ireland is the Old Country from which the ancestors of all these fine Americans once came, and St. Patrick's Day is best seen as one of a number of ethnic celebrations, along with Pulaski Day for Poles, Columbus Day for Italians, and Steuben Day for Germans. Together, all these celebrations make up a multi-ethnic celebration of America itself.

The status of representatives of any given Old Country on such occasions is somewhat equivocal. I have noticed over the years that visiting Irish leaders (for example) seem to think that the President of the United States, on receiving them, is doing honor to the people they represent: the people of Ireland, living in Ireland. But this is not really the case. The Taoiseach (or foreign minister or whatever) is being received as a symbol of the Old Country from which the "Irish"—meaning what we call the Irish–Americans—originally came. The President, in receiving the Taoiseach, is honoring the Irish in America and them only. And this is true whoever is Taoiseach.

The significance of the President's receiving Gerry Adams—as a *guest*, not guest of honor—is different: more specific, more limited, more political. Receiving the president of Sinn Fein—and allowing Sinn Fein to raise funds in America—is a compliment, not to Irish-Americans in general, but to a relatively small group of politically minded Irish-Americans, mostly in New York and Boston. At the core of this group are the people who have been raising money for the Irish Republican Army.

In America as in Ireland, there is now an Irish pan-nationalist consensus around a peace process which is identified with progress down an Irish nationalist agenda toward a united Ireland. President Clinton has no trouble with that as long as the IRA ceasefire holds. Gerry Adams is working for peace, so shake hands with Gerry Adams.

Nobody in the Clinton Administration is worried about British displeas-

Mr. O'Brien is the author, most recently, of The Great Melody, *a biography of Edmund Burke.*

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ure over Adams. On the contrary, it does a President good to be seen to stand up to British pressure, within certain limits. Condoning terrorism would breach those limits, but Mr. Adams is generally perceived as having broken with terrorism. The great American public is not attentive to the domain of the equivocal in which his current relationship with the IRA is situated.

NOR is President Clinton in the least worried about any damage that may have been done to the "special relationship" between Britain and America. Most present-day Americans don't even know that there is supposed to be such a special relationship. And Clinton's own experience of such a thing consisted most vividly of the special relationship between John Major and George Bush, as a result of which the British Conservatives openly helped the Bush campaign in the 1992 election. That special relationship is well and truly over, and the wider special relationship has grown even dimmer than before as a result.

Personally, I regret that that should be so. I regret it because it tends to generate American pressure on Britain over Ireland and because I fear that that pressure, combined with others, may lead, within five or ten years, to British withdrawal from Northern Ireland, with consequences that would be disastrous for all of Ireland.

In the meantime, Gerry Adams had quite a good St. Patrick's week in the United States. Not altogether an easy passage, because Mr. Adams had two main constituencies to cater for, and what needed to be said to one of these tended to grate on the ears of the other, and vice versa.

The larger constituency consists of American officialdom, plus whatever section of the wider American public can muster some fleeting interest in Irish affairs. To that constituency the message has to be primarily on Sinn Fein's commitment to peace. Mr. Adams had successfully addressed that constituency even before this visit, and his reward was visible during St. Patrick's week in the White House and on Capitol Hill.

But the president of Sinn Fein has another American constituency: smaller and more obscure, but also more exigent. This constituency consists of the IRA's supporters in New York, Boston, and (to a lesser extent) other big cities. These people don't want to listen to bromides about peace. They want to hear that the IRA has not given up but is still determined to get the Brits out of "occupied Ireland." Specifically, they want to hear that the IRA will resume its armed struggle unless the British get out of Northern Ireland soon.

Gerry Adams spent quite a lot of time with that section at various fund-raising occasions, one as low as $20 a plate, another as high as $200. Adams could not deliver to these people, in public, the basic message they came to hear. But he seems to have got on well with them and to retain their support. It is a reasonable inference—indeed in my opinion an inescapable one—that he has given key people in this section, in private, the assurances they require. Otherwise, we would have been hearing from some of them that week.

Mr. Adams is, by this time, quite a seasoned politician and can draw on good PR advice. His fund-raising slogan was most aptly chosen. It runs: "Toward a Lasting Peace." That neatly bridges the gap between Sinn Fein's two constituencies in the present phase of their development.

The larger one, including U.S. officialdom, will take the slogan more or less at face value. But for the IRA's American supporters, the word "lasting" has a special meaning. The only "lasting peace" that Ireland can have, according to their doctrine, is the one that will follow complete British withdrawal. So if the peace is to be lasting, it is up to the Brits to make it so, by getting out.

St. Patrick's Day next year should be an interesting one. If the IRA's "armed struggle" has broken out again by then, Mr. Adams will not get a renewal of his U.S. visa (unless he has ceased to be president of Sinn Fein). But if the IRA ceasefire still holds, and Mr. Adams returns to the United States, it would probably be prudent for him to confine himself to Washington, and refrain from visiting his old friends in Boston and New York.

As for Taoiseach John Bruton, I'm afraid he is not by nature a St.-Patrick's-Day-in-America type of Irishman. He is all the better a Taoiseach because of this characteristic. He will have had a few quiet words with some people, including President Clinton, and will have done some good. □

No Gain, Just Pain

LAWRENCE KUDLOW

WASHINGTON, D.C.

"JOHN KASICH is a product of the revolution, but Robert Packwood is the object of the revolution." So says a Republican senator who insists on anonymity but who is steamed about recent Packwood statements that strongly suggested a pullback from the promise of across-the-board tax cuts. In a speech to the National Association of Manufacturers, Packwood argued that deficit cuts must precede tax cuts. On a Sunday talk show, he told viewers that any tax cuts would have to be offset by spending cuts specified in advance. "Short of that," he said, "I don't think we'd consider tax cuts at all."

This is the old country-club model that caused the GOP's downfall in the Sixties and Seventies, when party leaders worshipped at the shrine of the balanced budget rather than the altar of economic growth. Somehow, sufficient budget savings were never found, so taxes kept rising. As taxes rose, GOP congressional numbers dwindled. A few wealthy GOP donors and favored corporations received an occasional tax break. But working families suffered from heavy tax burdens, as did small businesses. The GOP become the tax collector for the ever-expanding welfare state.

With its program to cut spending *and* taxes, the Gingrich Contract with America should have put an end to this austerity model. Gingrich himself, in a *Wall Street Journal* op-ed piece entitled "The Contract's Crown Jewel," clearly stated that "the American government's money does not belong to the American government. That money belongs to Americans. . . . to reduce the deficit and the size of government without returning their own money . . . is to seek actuarial perfection instead of economic and social justice."

Mr. Kudlow is NR*'s economics editor.*

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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

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Enter John Kasich, House Budget Committee chairman and Gingrich protégé. With unflinching consistency he repeats the mantra that spending cuts must go hand in hand with tax cuts if government is to be truly downsized. "Shrinking government means we do it by reducing it, and then letting people spend their own money," he says. "They'll do it much better than we will." Kasich keeps putting together budget numbers that include tax cuts and deficit reduction.

The House Budget Committee has approved a bill that reduces 1996 domestic discretionary spending by $100 billion *below* the 1995 level and generates $189 billion in savings over five years (1996–2000). These savings not only pay for the tax cuts, they cut the deficit by $30 billion. And this is before the committee releases its final product, a plan expected later this month that will save roughly $650 billion and balance the budget by 2002.

Kasich is resisting a proposal to reduce the income cutoff for the promised family tax credit from $200,000 a year to $95,000. He has nothing but disdain for this sort of class-warfare demagoguery. "I grew up middle class, and we didn't resent rich people," he says. "The only people who resent rich people are guilty rich people." Anyway, Kasich notes, dropping the income eligibility level only yields about $10 billion in revenue, certainly not a large enough sum to justify breaking a major promise.

If Kasich sees the logic so clearly, what's wrong with Mr. Packwood? I tried repeatedly over a five-day period to get in touch with the senator and ask him to clarify his position, to no avail. But I did learn that Packwood's public reneging on tax cuts came shortly after a Finance Committee retreat held on Maryland's eastern shore. At that meeting there were only two outsiders: Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin and former CBO Director Robert Reischauer. Rubin and Reischauer, of course, are card-carrying members of the Tax Hike Club. Reischauer was a key architect of the 1990 and 1993 tax increases, which resulted in slower economic growth and higher deficits. Rubin, despite his financial successes on Wall Street, has become one of President Clinton's leading class-warfare tacticians, arguing against the GOP family tax credit and the proposed reduction of the capital-gains tax. Fresh from his dazzling success in strangling Mexico's economy through a series of tax hikes and currency devaluations, he appears to be giving Senator Packwood the same sort of advice he gave President Zedillo.

WHERE were the Republican economic advisors at the Finance Committee retreat? What good is it to win the Senate and House without changing the staff experts? Who was there to tell Packwood that tax relief for capital investment and working families with children, if it raised economic growth by only 1 per cent a year, could reduce the deficit by up to $150 billion by the fifth budget year?

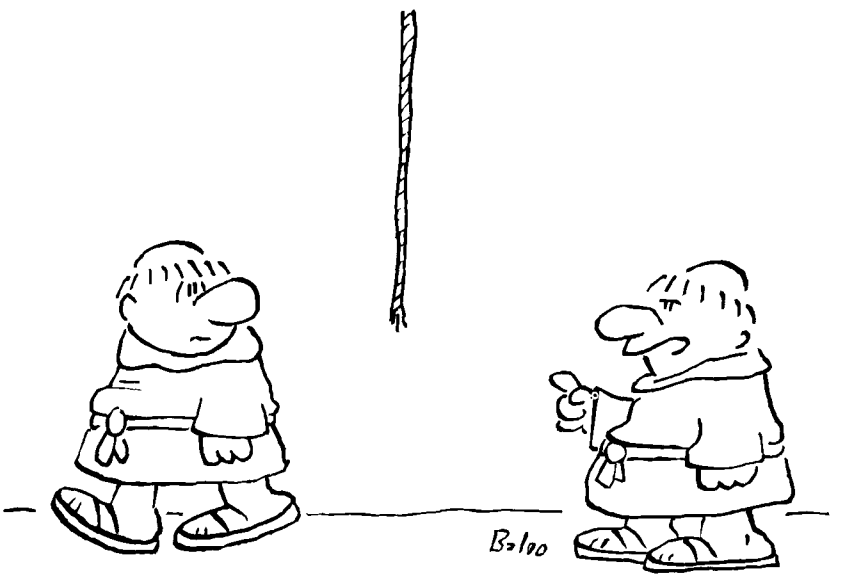
If the Republicans follow Packwood's lead, they will carve up the budget, exposing themselves to the usual charges of meanness and lack of compassion, without offering taxpayers anything positive. That approach is like root canal without novocaine.

There must be something in the water in Oregon. First Mark Hatfield betrays his party by dooming the Balanced Budget Amendment. Then Bob Packwood begins a second sellout by trashing broad-based tax cuts. Both of these senators owe their longevity to the very Senate leadership they are contradicting. Hatfield would never have been re-elected in 1990 without GOP Senate campaign committee money, and Packwood would not have survived his personal problems were it not for the strong backing of the Republican Senate leadership.

If Packwood is eager for spending cuts, he could back the $450-billion entitlement reduction proposed by New Hampshire Senator Judd Gregg's working group, whose meetings he frequently attended. He could tout the suggestion made by Texas Senator Phil Gramm to finance capital-gains tax relief by eliminating corporate welfare. He could get in touch with Kasich, who is burning with zeal to identify even larger budget savings to accommodate tax cuts. Promising tax cuts only after the deficit is eliminated is a fool's game for the GOP. It has been tried many times before, and it has always resulted in electoral disaster.

Gingrich & Co. succeeded brilliantly last November in convincing voters that tax relief is much better than government pork, and that eliminating the latter opens the way for the former. Voters did not pull the lever for Packwood's outdated approach. They want Gingrich's new wave.

The 1996 elections will hinge on this dispute. It is not merely a process question; it is a substantive policy dispute between the two Houses. And there is only one man in the upper chamber who can resolve the dispute favorably: Bob Dole. Only the Senate majority leader can rescue the GOP from its cross-eyed old bulls. If he fails, Dole will never make it to the White House, and the Republicans will see a repeat of 1948. □



"Hey, you can't stop now—two rings don't make a rite!"

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Do You Make These Mistakes in Job Interviews?

BY GARY BENCIVENGA

NEW YORK—Do you know why you should ***never*** eat a spinach salad when you're being interviewed over lunch?

If you're a man, do you know why you should ***never*** wear a *gold bracelet* to a job interview?

If you're a woman, do you know the type of blouse that makes interviewers of both sexes label you as a loser?

Did you know that arriving *too early* for an interview irritates many executives as much as showing up late?

According to a fascinating new report, these are but a few examples of innocent but costly mistakes almost everyone makes when job-hunting.

But these are small potatoes compared to the most common and deadly mistake of all—***not knowing how to position yourself as the #1 candidate in an over-crowded field of applicants.***

Here's the big problem you face....

Competition for white-collar job openings has grown so fierce that a single help-wanted ad in a major newspaper can pull in 2,000 or more resumes. That's more than seven large mail sacks bulging with resumes—*from a single ad.*

How can you beat odds like that?

This is the key question addressed by a riveting report that's just been released, ***Interviews That Win Jobs.***

Privately published and not available in bookstores, the report is based on extensive research with hiring executives, recruiters and other top experts on how to land lucrative job offers in today's tough white-collar job market.

The report even incorporates the results of video-taped studies, conducted through two-way mirrors, by placement services and universities. These studies have clearly identified what ***the most successful*** job candidates do differently than others to win many more job offers.

Of greatest value, the report reveals today's most powerful strategies for winning the job over hordes of other applicants, some of whom are bound to be better qualified than you.

Surprisingly, the report says that beating the odds can be much easier than you ever imagined *IF* you apply some simple rules of ***effective self-marketing.*** Indeed, since so few candidates are familiar with these strategies, they give you an enormous, almost unfair edge.

For example, the report explains:

❒ Why studies show that candidates with the best qualifications "on paper" usually *don't* get the job. You'll learn the factors that count for much more and how to use them to gain a *tremendous* advantage.

❒ The simple 12-word sentence that will make you the #1 candidate more often than you'd ever believe.

❒ 11 ways to get interviewers to *like* you. (People only hire those they like!)

❒ A simple strategy to make yourself *three times* more likely to get hired.

❒ ***Interview Etiquette Checklist:*** Many "unwritten" rules you may be breaking.

❒ Worst times to schedule an interview. Your odds of getting hired are *very* low.

❒ The 25 biggest interview *turnoffs.*

❒ As revealed in *Forbes,* there's one *quirky* personality trait 98% of interviewers ***love*** to see. *Let them!*

❒ The mistake made by 90% of those fired from a prior job. *It can guarantee you won't be hired again soon!*

❒ How to skyrocket your number of job offers by making interviewers feel ***SAFE*** in hiring you.

The report also reveals how to make nervousness and body language work *for* you....How to wow them with your qualifications without sounding braggy, and...How skilled interviewers can detect when you're lying or "stretching."

There's more: How to get strangers inside the company to put in a good word for you....How to *dress* for interviews....The best way to establish rapport with your interviewer, and...How to avoid numerous little traps, sometimes placed in your path on purpose.

Finally, the report gives you a masterful way to "close the sale"—the single best strategy for making the short list of finalists, and then getting invited back to hear those magic words, ***"You're hired."***

Job-seekers interested in gaining every possible edge can obtain this unique report for only $49.95, on a risk-free, money-back guarantee basis, by calling the 800 phone number below.

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National Review readers who respond immediately will also receive these five additional free bonuses:

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For example, it reveals exactly how to respond to tough questions such as: **"Why should I hire you?" ❒ "Where can you use some improvement?" ❒ "Aren't you overqualified?" ❒ "Why have you been out of work so long?" ❒ "Name two weak points of your previous boss."** *(Beware—a trap!)* **❒ "What would you do over in your life?" ❒ "How do you feel about working nights and weekends?"... "Will you relocate or travel?"** *(Even if you won't, DON'T say no just yet!)* **❒ "How could you have done better in your last job?" ❒ "How many hours a week do you normally work?"**

There are dozens more. You'll see how to turn them to your advantage—with masterful answers *in your own words,* so they don't sound canned. You'll walk into any interview feeling much more confident and make a stronger impression. Having this report is like having the answers *before* you take a final exam.

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The Checks Are in the Mail

ROY BECK

WASHINGTON, D.C.

ONCE again it is the season when the Internal Revenue Service takes money sent in by Americans and mails some of it back to illegal aliens as a kind of end-of-the-year bonus through the Earned Income Credit program.

When IRS officials first confirmed this long-standing practice to me last spring, they said they had no other option because Congress had never prohibited it. Senator William Roth requested a study by the General Accounting Office, which reported last fall that illegal aliens can receive direct cash payments of up to $2,528. Foreign nationals who are working illegally in this country can get the checks if they have a dependent child and make less than $23,755 a year.

The GAO report was ignored or overlooked by the news media. But it caught the attention of then Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen, who said the practice should cease. Tucked inside the Clinton Administration's latest recommendations on tax policy is a provision to stop the subsidy for illegal low-wage workers—but not until next year.

To assume that these bonuses will soon be ended is to underestimate the resilience of a pervasive system of incentives and loopholes that the United States provides for citizens of other nations to violate our immigration laws. It was public cynicism about the government's good faith in ending this system that fueled the overwhelming passage of California's Proposition 187 last fall and spurs imitators today.

The Earned Income Credit program was set up in 1975 as a work incentive for Americans with low-paying jobs. The credit sometimes works like most tax credits, reducing the tax owed. But the program often requires the IRS to send recipients a check for considerably more money than was withheld by their employers (if indeed any was withheld) the previous year. "We regard EIC as a form of welfare," says Mark Mullett, an aide to Senator Roth.

The Federal Government tries to make sure that illegal aliens don't miss out on these payments. David Simcox, a fellow at the Center for Immigration Studies, says federal funds are provided to religious and immigrant-aid groups to persuade and assist immigrants (whether legal or illegal) to file for the EIC checks. Publications for immigration lawyers advise them that immigration status is irrelevant in filing for the benefit.

The IRS does not know for certain which applicants for EIC checks are illegal aliens, but it has a fairly good idea that they account for most of the applications lacking valid Social Security numbers. (Virtually every legal resident over the age of one year has a valid number, according to Social Security spokeswoman Lynn Shiller.) Forms without valid numbers are sent to the "Unpostable Unit" at one of the ten IRS service centers, where a bureaucrat assigns them temporary Taxpayer Identification Numbers, which look like Social Security numbers. That enables the IRS to keep its paperwork organized so that it can proceed to send checks to filers who are probably illegal aliens.

Roman Genn

Federal law forbids anyone who is not a U.S. citizen to enter the country without government approval and to stay longer than his visa allows. If a foreigner succeeds in violating the law, 1986 legislation makes it a crime for that person to be hired. Nonetheless, if a foreign worker succeeds in violating both laws without getting caught, the IRS will send him a cash bonus.

Even if this practice is halted in a quick display of bipartisanship, at least three troubling issues remain:

1. Resourceful illegal aliens can continue to get the annual EIC bonus if they obtain valid Social Security cards by using fraudulent birth certificates. Dan Stein of the Federation for American Immigration Reform suggests that the only lasting solution is to adopt a form of the proposal of Barbara Jordan and her Immigration Reform Commission: establish a national computer verification system to coordinate birth and death records of all fifty states.

2. Congress should consider changing the presumption that all government programs and benefits are intended to extend to illegal aliens unless otherwise specified. Congress might pass legislation that prohibits illegal aliens from participating in any federal program or benefit unless specifically included.

3. As usual, the cumulative costs from legal immigration tower over those from illegal. Simcox says his studies of IRS records indicate some $250 million in EIC subsidies for illegal aliens in 1990. But he found five times that amount going to legal immigrants. "EIC has become another case study in the baffling dilemma of operating and funding complex income-transfer programs for poor residents, while the number of these residents is continuously being expanded by mass illegal and legal immigration and refugee policies which import about half a million additional needy people each year," Simcox says.

If Congress does focus on the taxpayer-provided bonus checks for illegal aliens, it should also consider a larger question: Why should the government continue to allow legal entry of hundreds of thousands of low-skilled foreign workers when U.S. taxpayers end up subsidizing them (and their employers) because they cannot command high enough wages to pay the taxes that would cover their share of infrastructure and social services? Eliminating future importations of low-wage workers would not only reduce EIC payments that otherwise would go to them but might also reduce EIC expenditures for American laborers who, without competition from immigrants, would be more likely to earn non-poverty wages. □

Mr. Beck is Washington editor of the quarterly Social Contract *and author of* Re-Charting America's Course.

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Modernism vs. The Church

Modernist, dissenting Catholicism has a lot of things going for it: It controls many seminaries, religious orders, periodicals, colleges, and universities, and many priests speak in its name or are intimidated by its power. And it enjoys the ardent support of the secular media.

But there's a little problem. It will never prevail against the Barque of St. Peter. It may ask in derision, as did Stalin, "How many divisions does the Pope have?," but in doing so it only signals its blindness. Stalin's heirs, who once looked so intimidating, have been overcome, and Holy Mother Church sails on.

There's another problem with modernism. It lacks heart and soul. Modernists demand that Catholics be able to pick and choose what to believe and do. But the liberal Protestant denominations that patented that quackery are now dying. Why? Because a religion that Joe Blow pastes together for himself lacks authority — and even Joe knows it. It's not worth getting out of bed for on Sunday morning. Christianity Made Easy is a joke.

Even so, the American Catholic Church could go the way of moribund liberal Protestantism if we don't support the Pope and fight for orthodoxy. This is where the NEW OXFORD REVIEW comes in, for we're challenging the dissenting, cafeteria Catholics on their own turf — the world of ideas. We support the teaching authority of the Church across the board — whether the issue be abortion, women's ordination, or social justice, whether that makes us "conservative" or "liberal" or something else. A monthly magazine founded in 1977, we cover the full range of issues of concern to today's loyal Catholics. We've been acclaimed by Cardinal Law as "excellent" and by *National Review* as "first-rate." Many of the finest Catholic thinkers have appeared in our pages: Walker Percy, Russell Kirk, John Lukacs, Sheldon Vanauken, Ronda Chervin, Peter Kreeft, Francis Canavan, Germain Grisez, Thomas Howard, George Rutler, Kenneth D. Whitehead, Paul Vitz.

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RANDOM WALK

ALTHOUGH squeamish Senate Republicans are shunning many of the key tax provisions of the GOP Contract with America, passage of a capital-gains tax cut seems so close I can almost taste it. Of course, during the last five years Republicans have displayed a remarkable talent for pulling a capital-gains defeat out of the jaws of victory. But assuming the awful history of the Bush years isn't repeated, the capital-gains tax cut enacted into law will probably closely resemble what has recently passed the House Ways and Means Committee: a 50 per cent exclusion that would lower the effective top rate from 28 to 19.8 per cent. The tax cut is expected to be retroactive to December 31, 1994; so for those who've sold their stock portfolios or other assets in 1995, relax—you slipped in under the wire.

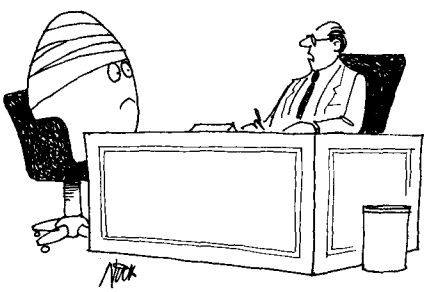
How will the tax cut affect the stock market? If Wall Street financier Ted Forstmann is right when he tells me there is "at least $6 trillion of wealth locked up" thanks to high capital-gains tax rates, a rate cut is likely to precipitate a blizzard of selling. Michael Harkins, president of the money-management firm Levy, Harkins & Co., advises that for the first six months, the capital-gains tax cut "will become a depressant . . . no matter how bullish for the long term."

But where will investors stash their profits? If history holds true, they will buy up small-cap stocks. A 1990 study by Merrill Lynch found that during the period 1968–88 small and medium-sized firms outperformed large companies (the Standard & Poor's 500) in the year following a capital-gains tax cut. Large firms did relatively better after increases in the tax rate. "Smaller capitalization stocks have greater sensitivity [to tax changes] because they tend to be capital-gains rather than income oriented," the Merrill Lynch study explained. The study's statistical analysis revealed that every capital-gains tax reduction of 5 percentage points translates into a 12.5-percentage-point higher return for small stocks relative to large stocks.

This suggests that the unlocking effect from a capital-gains tax cut may well devalue General Motors, IBM, and U.S. Steel while steering capital in the direction of the small biotech firms racing to find a cure for AIDS or the upstart Silicon Valley computer microchip producers biting at the heels of Intel. In short, firms producing twentieth-century products will lose; firms producing twenty-first-century products will gain. That is what is known in Washington as "tax unfairness."

■ The recent announcement of Microsoft's joint venture with DreamWorks was a reminder of the farsightedness that led to Bill Gates's spectacular success in the computer-software business. The Federal Government is still trying to punish Microsoft for that success. Earlier this year, federal Judge Stanley Sporkin rejected the Justice Department's settlement of its antitrust case against Microsoft. Sporkin says Microsoft engages in "monopolistic, predatory practices" that are "economically dangerous to the nation."

To understand the absurdity of this case, a little history is in order. It was 25 years ago that federal antitrust snoops launched their famous "break up IBM" lawsuit. It lasted three years and cost Big Blue and American taxpayers nearly $1 billion before it was dropped as "without merit." Charles Morris, a computer-industry expert and author of *Computer Wars: How the West Can Win in a Post-IBM World*, concludes that the only winner was the legal profession.



"So, you want to sue both the builder and the king's men, is that correct?"

One of the original complaints against IBM was that the company would dominate the punchcard industry. Later there were concerns that it would dominate the emerging PC market. Ironically, the very month that Judge Sporkin issued his decree against Bill Gates's Microsoft for monopolistic practices, the computer industry announced that Compaq had seized the lead from IBM in the personal-computer market.

It is conceivable that in the next five years Microsoft, through MS-DOS and Windows, will dominate the software industry (it now controls 40 per cent of the market). But the Supreme Court declared in *U.S.* v. *Grinnell Corp.* that gaining dominant market share "through growth or development as a consequence of a superior product, business acumen, or historical accident" is not unlawful. Charles Rule, head of the Justice Department Antitrust Division in the Reagan Administration, notes that "Microsoft has reached and maintained its pre-eminent market position because it developed the operating system chosen by IBM ('historical accident'), writes good software ('superior product'), and has proven adept at staying on the leading edge ('business acumen')."

One of the main complaints against Microsoft involves the firm's "anti-competitive" licensing agreements with equipment manufacturers, which install MS-DOS and Windows on the computers they sell. Microsoft vehemently denies any wrongdoing, but even if the allegations are true, so what? These practices are in large part a result of technological progress and cost cutting. "The newest operating systems from IBM and Apple, and the coming Win95 release from Microsoft," notes Charles Morris, "include many features that used to be purchased separately as application programs." He continues: "By the time a case against Microsoft is tried in two years or so, its original premises will make no sense." Sound familiar, IBM? —GEKKO

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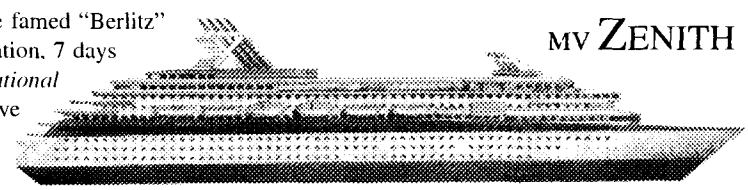

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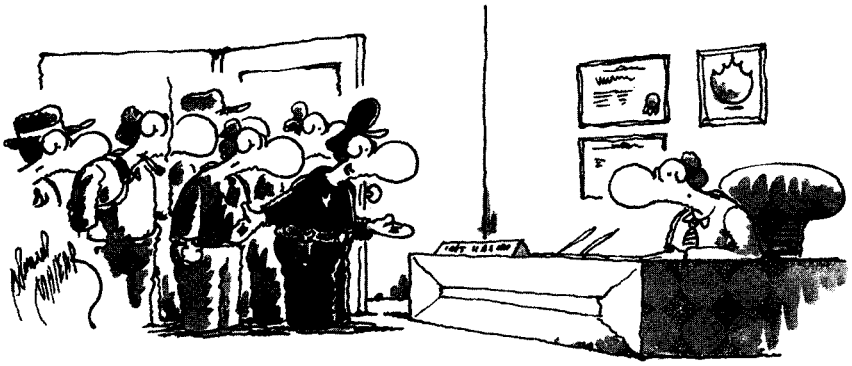
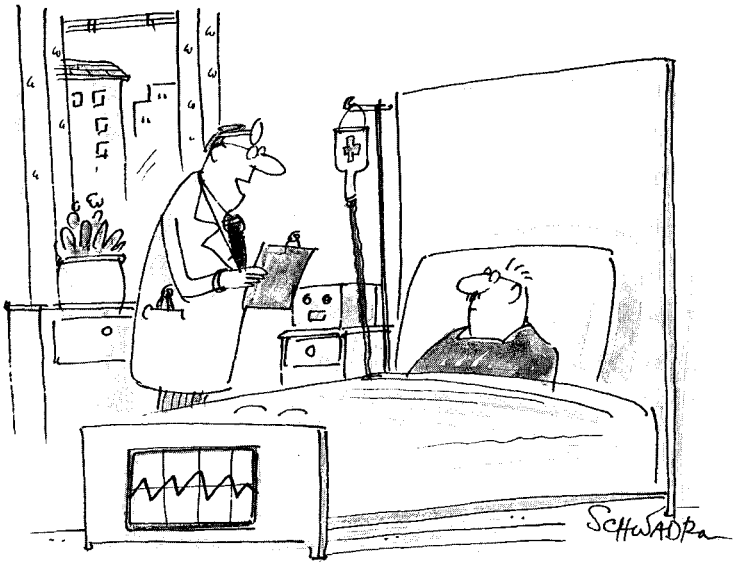
To make him sit up and take notice.

GLORIA A. MAXON

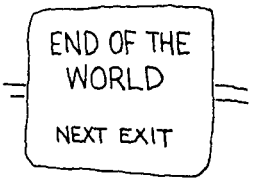


"I traced the kingpin's friends and family calling circle and arrested the whole gang, captain."

"Carmody works late everynight—he always has to have the last word."



"Your disease falls in the crack between something we can cure and something that's all in your head, Mr. Calip."



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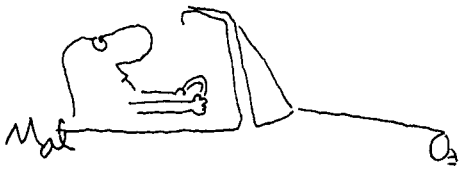

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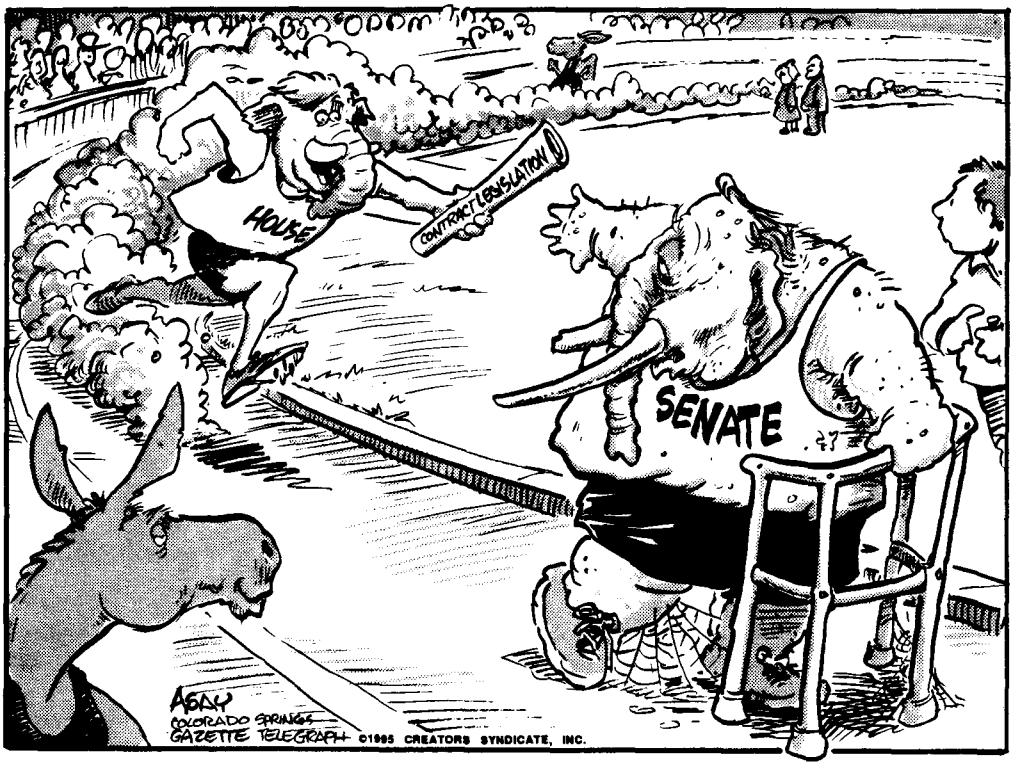

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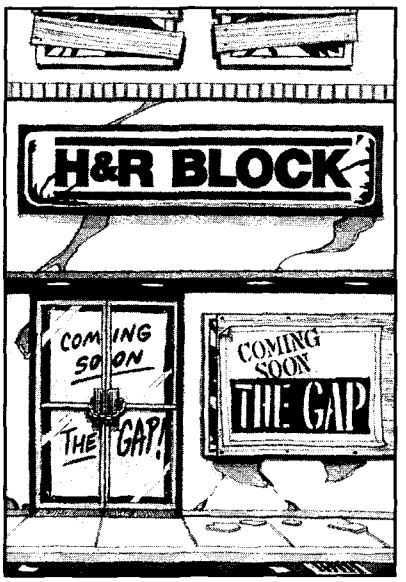

The IRS Must Die

AX THE TAX

Abolishing the income tax is no longer a utopian fantasy. Politicians who recognize the huge costs of the current system are seriously considering an alternative.

STEPHEN MOORE

CLOSE your eyes and imagine for a moment an America without an income tax. April 15 is no longer a day of dread. The federal tax on personal income, corporate income, and capital gains is zero. Estate and gift taxes have been abolished. The most intrusive institution in America, the Internal Revenue Service, has been shut down and its 115,000 auditors and enforcement agents have been disbanded. All federal revenues are collected through a national sales tax, and it is no longer the government's business how much money you make and what you do with it once you earn it. H&R Block has gone into Chapter 11; tens of thousands of tax accountants, attorneys, and lobbyists are finding new professions; and now even drug lords pay their taxes.

That giant sucking sound you're hearing is investment capital from all over the globe pouring into the world's newest tax haven: the United States. Freed from the shackles of an anti-work, anti-investment, anti-saving tax system, America surges ahead of Japan, Germany, and the rest of Europe in economic growth.

Sound like a utopian fantasy? Until a few months ago it did. But increasingly there are signs that the political foundations of the modern-day income-tax system are beginning to crumble.

On November 9, Representative Bill Archer (R., Tex.), the chairman-in-waiting of the tax-writing Ways and Means Committee, stunned the Washington establishment by announcing that his top priority was the total replacement of the income tax. "On a scale of zero to ten," he said, "the income tax rates a zero." He pledged to "pull up the income-tax system by its very roots."

This month Representatives Dan Schaefer (R., Colo.) and Billy Tauzin (D., La.) will introduce legislation to repeal the income tax and replace it with a national sales tax. They note that since the great income-tax "reform" of 1986 the Internal Revenue Code has been amended some four thousand times. To his GOP colleagues who wish to "fix" the tax code, Schaefer offers this sensible advice: "Give it up. The income tax is beyond repair."

The latest convert appears to be Newt Gingrich. At his recent town-hall meetings in Georgia, the Speaker has confronted ferocious opposition to the income tax. At the February 17 gathering, Gingrich elicited ecstatic applause when he said that he too wants to "get back to an America free from the IRS. . . . It's time to get the IRS out of your wallet and out of your records."

Even before the turning of the political tide, the income-tax system looked to be about to collapse under its own weight. Earlier this year the General Accounting Office reported that the IRS was one of the "most mismanaged agencies" in the Federal Government, incapable of collecting tens of billions of dollars of unpaid income taxes. A recent National Research Council report foresaw a "major breakdown of the tax system" by 2000.

In January, *Parade* magazine ran an article entitled, "What if We Abolished the Income Tax?" *Parade* asked its readers to write in saying whether they were in favor of a consumption tax rather than an income tax. At last count, more than forty thousand responses had been mailed in, running 50 to 1 in favor of replacing the income tax. Even some IRS agents wrote in opposition to the tax code.

Grass-Roots Anger

REPRESENTATIVES Archer, Schaefer, Tauzin, and now Gingrich have seized upon an issue with potentially massive grass-roots appeal. Vic Krohn, chairman of Citizens for an Alternative Tax System (CATS), a 15,000-member group dedicated to abolishing the income tax, predicts that "the anti–

Mr. Moore is director of fiscal-policy studies at the Cato Institute.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED CARLSON

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NATIONAL REVIEW West

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NBC PLAYS THE RACE CARD

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ON February 15, *Dateline NBC* broadcast a story called "The Wrong Man." Billed as a "six-month investigation," it purported to be an exposé of the 1992 murder conviction of Offord Lee Rollins IV, a renowned high school athlete, in Kern County, California. Rather than report the facts leading to Rollins's conviction, *Dateline NBC* attempted to recast the Rollins case into a 1992 version of the O. J. Simpson case, complete with insinuations that an innocent black man had been victimized by an overzealous and likely racist female prosecutor. The attempt was reckless and the facts have backfired on NBC.

On the evening of August 2, 1991, 17-year-old Maria Madera Rodriguez was found shot to death at the end of a remote dirt road in Lost Hills, California—a tiny rural community in the southern San Joaquin Valley. The investigation into the girl's murder eventually focused on her former boyfriend, Offord Rollins. Rollins, a popular 17-year-old high school athletic star, was the national high school triple jump champion and an Olympic hopeful in track and field. His arrest shocked the local commu-

(Continues on page West-4)

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WEST WORLD

■ This conversation was overheard between two third graders after a school visit to the Museum of Tolerance in Los Angeles. Little girl: "What are you?" Little boy: "I'm German." Little girl: "I'm Jewish. I hate you." Sounds like the museum's doing its job.

■ Successful film director Spike Lee revealed the secret of his success the other day. "Racism," he effused, "permeates Hollywood, as it does every aspect of corporate America. African Americans have to be ten times better [than whites] to succeed." What an impressive guy he must be. What spectacles await us, what prodigies might he yet perform, if he should ever liberate the other ninety per cent of his talent.

■ Seven-foot tall King Kigeli V of Rwanda, scion of a Tutsi family that ruled Rwanda for nine hundred years until his exile in 1960, was recently photographed feeding peanuts to the elephants at the Shambala Wildlife Preserve in Acton, California, where he had been chauffeured in a Honda Civic by Charles Coulombe, the western U.S. representative of the Monarchist League, a London-based organization for reinstating deposed monarchs. These phenomena were taken by some as strong anecdotal evidence that we have not yet reached the End of History. The king, however, was reportedly nervous around the animals.

■ Hillary Rodham Clinton penned a March 14 opinion piece in the *Los Angeles Times*. It was entitled "There is No Such Thing as 'Other People's Children'," and she means it. Rodham Clinton identifies herself as "the wife of the president" and makes it perfectly clear that, if she has anything to do with it, all American children will be children of the state. She is particularly concerned that narrow-minded citizens not dismiss the crisis of the American family as a crisis only of the poor. It is just as urgently necessary, she tells us, to create government programs to protect the children of wealthy and middle-class families. Protect them from what? you might ask. From "the excesses of consumerism"! Her husband, to whom she fondly refers as "President Clinton," has made considerable headway on this part of his pro-family program by removing excess consuming capacity from the rich and the middle class. Rodham Clinton concludes by explaining that "being American is not about being rich, poor, or middle-class. It is about having faith in our futures." Presumably she is referring to cattle futures.

■ Six condors were recently released into the wilds of Santa Barbara County. What distinguishes these condors from their few extant vulture relatives is that they have been conditioned to be anti-human by the Los Angeles Zoo. Their therapy included biologists rushing at them, grabbing them, turning them upside down, and locking them in dog kennels. At first the condors began regurgitating at the sight of humans. After a while, they would attack. (Condors weigh about twenty pounds, have a wing span of ten feet, and thrive on dead meat.) The current theory is that without this conditioning, the condors' natural instincts will lead them to extinction. Apparently, even if you drop condors into their wonted wilds, they flock back to civilization and smash into telephone poles, drink antifreeze, get themselves electrocuted, etc. Environmentalists are in a quandary. They want the condors to live, but they want them to be natural and authentic. "It's wrong to suggest that condors have to adapt to mankind," says Mark Palmer of the Sierra Club. The alternative is obvious.

■ The March issue of *The Lone Ranger* comic book advanced that Western hero's saga well into the late 20th-century by having Tonto deck his longtime friend and honcho, declaring: "I'm not your Indian. . . . I'm nobody's Indian. I'm Tonto." Someone's been watching too much *Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman*! Soon, no doubt, the Masked Man will have a go at getting in touch with his inner child.

■ We'll tell you who *hasn't* been tuning in to *Dr. Quinn* on Saturday nights: the Coeur d'Alene Tribal Leadership Council of Worley, Idaho, which is planning to unleash what they call the National Indian Lottery. It will be played in 36 states and the District of Columbia and is projected to generate record jackpots. The majority of profits will be used to buy land, a concept foreign to Native Americans.

■ Millionaire Sam Donaldson, who became a celebrity by shouting rudely and often at American presidents as ABC White House correspondent in the 1980s, can't

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pull the wool over our eyes anymore about his idealistic, big-government liberalism. Seems that Sammy the Kid's sheep ranch is the third largest recipient of federal wool and mohair subsidies in Lincoln County, New Mexico, raking in $97,000 of taxpayers' money in the last two years alone.

■ Early numbers suggest that California's Prop. 187 is having an effect: While arrests of illegals are down in San Diego, they are up 25 per cent in El Paso, and record crossings around Nogales have forced the transfer of 62 additional border guards to that area. Expect citizens of Texas and Arizona to take the hint.

■ While national liberals are rallying to defend the status quo in welfare policy, a high-minded city councilwoman in Davis, California, is battling locally to save what is most-worth-preserving in America. When twelve downtown merchants—no doubt representatives of the richest two per cent among us—petitioned City Hall to repave a decrepit downtown alley, Julie Partansky moved to block the improvement under terms of the California Environmental Quality Act, claiming the alley as an "historic resource." Its potholes contain "the original material used when the neighborhood was built," she told the student newspaper of the University of California, Davis. "It's part of the fabric of the neighborhood as originally conceived." One of her colleagues on the City Council complains that Davis "is the only city in the world that has historic alleys," and hopes to broker a compromise. But Partansky, an artist by trade, has dug in her heels: "The alleys have a wonderful ambience. . . . It's real mellow in the alley now."

■ In television ads across California, defeated U.S. Senate candidate Michael Huffington tweaked his former opponent, Dianne Feinstein, for voting against the Balanced Budget Amendment after campaigning as a supporter of same: "In the real world, deceiving people is called fraud." Senator Feinstein responded that, although she did air a campaign commercial last year saying that she supported the amendment, and although she did vote this year against the amendment, "I do not consider that I've lied to my constituents." The latest from Washington is that Feinstein has suddenly dyed her hair to a light reddish brown. Perhaps this is the first step toward running for reelection under an assumed name.

■ Four months ago we reported that the Los Angeles Trial Lawyers Association changed its name to Consumer Attorneys of Los Angeles. Now the statewide Association has followed suit. President Wayne McClean says it is a matter of educating the public: This new name will make it clear that lawyers "represent consumers" and "are fighting corporate crime." In other legal news: last year Governor Wilson and the California legislature acted to curtail conjugal visits for violent sex offenders and child molesters. An ever-vigilant judiciary overruled this policy, however, saying that it was unduly restrictive to a certain class of prisoners. So this year, the Department of Corrections added convicted murderers to the list, as well as convicts who are caught dealing drugs in prison. Hearings are set for late April. Opposition is already forming. For instance, Michael Satris, a trial lawyer—er, consumer attorney—from Bolinas, argues that denying conjugal visits might make these murderers and rapists "unmanageable [and] violence-prone." Consumers can rest easier knowing that this guy's in their corner.

■ The Chancellor of UCLA, Charles E. Young, has written a letter of apology to the governing board of the University of California system for a diatribe against opponents of affirmative action policies. In particular he seemed to regret having compared one of the offending UC regents, Ward Connerly, to Senator Jesse Helms. We don't see this comparison as all that insulting, but we guess it's a matter of perspective. Word is, for instance, that when Roseanne met Candace Gingrich—Newt's lesbian half-sister—at the recent Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation Media Awards in Los Angeles, she said: "Oh, hi. I have a weird brother too." This perspective probably qualifies Roseanne for an Honorary Degree at UCLA, if she didn't already get one for lifting her leg during her notorious rendition of the national anthem a few years back.

■ The Inland Empire Conservative Coalition will hold its third annual conference on May 13 in San Bernardino. Speakers will include R. Emmett Tyrell, Jr., Howard Phillips, and Jim Brulte. For information contact Shirlee Pigeon at the IECC, 5005 La Mart Drive, Riverside, Calif. 92507 or call (909) 686-7575.

■ California Assemblyman Paul Horcher, who defected from the Republican Party to hand the Assembly Speakership to Willie Brown, and who faces a recall election in his home district, has introduced a bill that, as far as we know, is a first. It would allow policemen attending to accident scenes to drop everything and chase after and ticket passing motorists who slow down to see what's going on. Good thinking, Paul!

■ Meanwhile Assemblywoman Jackie Speier of Burlingame, California, has proposed lowering the minimum voting age in the state to 14. "I don't think there is any magic to 18," she proclaimed. Then she pointed out something that, frankly, we had never considered: Children's programs lack proper funding because children are, as a general rule, not major donors to political campaigns. So now we know where the Democrats plan to get their votes. But where will they get their money?

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SWEENY
(Continued from page West-1)

nity and made national headlines. He denied any involvement in the crime and claimed that he had not seen Rodriguez for several days prior to the murder.

Rollins was linked to the Rodriguez murder by circumstantial evidence. Forensic findings led prosecutors to conclude that the death had occurred between 1:00 and 2:00 P.M. on the afternoon of August 2. A witness reported seeing a red Oldsmobile, with body damage to one of its doors, turn quickly off the dirt road on which the murder was thought to have taken place, at approximately 2:00 P.M. that same afternoon. Homicide investigators determined that, on the day before the murder, Rollins had borrowed a red Oldsmobile, having body damage identical to that described by the witness, from his father in Los Angeles, 125 miles south.

ROLLINS'S father's Oldsmobile had not been in Kern County for over a year prior to the date that Rollins borrowed it. Yet Maria Rodriguez's palm print was lifted from the bumper of the car. This represented physical evidence that contradicted Rollins's statement to police that he had not seen Rodriguez. Moreover, Rodriguez's mother told homicide investigators that Maria's last words to her were that she was "going to see Offord."

Furthermore, criminalists found plant material from the murder scene in the red Oldsmobile and fibers consistent with those in the Oldsmobile on the victim's body. And Rollins's whereabouts were unaccounted for during the time in which the murder was thought to have been committed.

On the basis of this evidence, Rollins was charged by the Kern County District Attorney with first degree murder and certified by the California Superior Court to be tried as an adult. During the trial, Rollins took the stand, denied the charge, and told a story that contradicted the statement he had previously given. After a three-week trial, a jury found him guilty. The trial judge refused to sentence Rollins to twenty-five years to life, as prescribed by California law. Rather he committed Rollins to the California Youth Authority—the juvenile prison system—to be held not later than his 25th birthday.

Despite the leniency of the sentence, black activists in the southern San Joaquin Valley were enraged. They charged that the jury, composed of eleven whites and one Hispanic, had railroaded Rollins, and that prosecutor Lisa Green was a racist who had deliberately kept blacks off the jury.

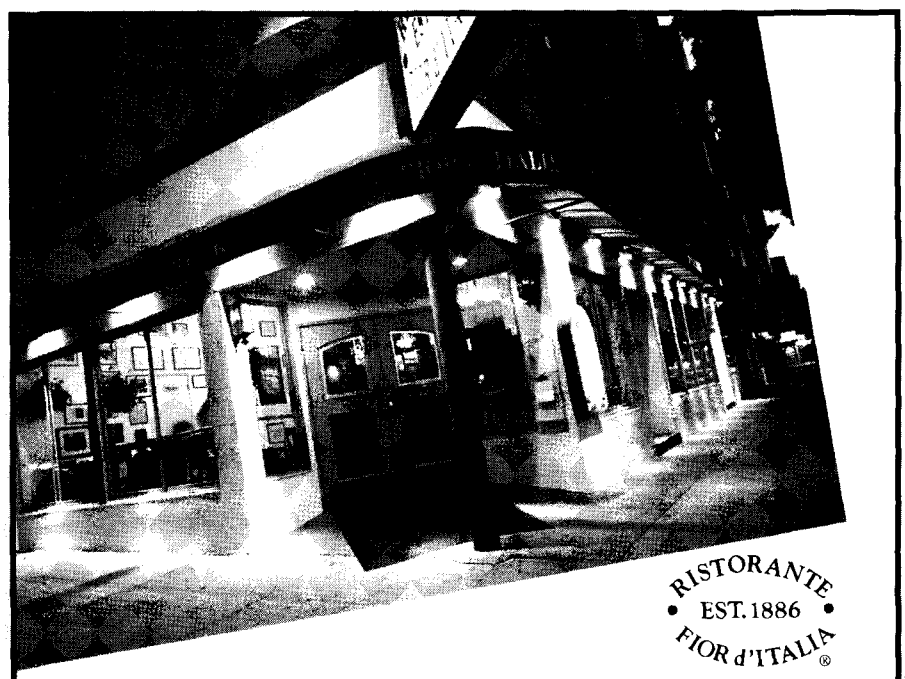
The obvious similarities to the O. J. Simpson murder case—black athlete, female victim of a different race, circumstantial evidence, charges of racism—led NBC News to become interested in the Offord Rollins conviction in autumn 1994. As an added bonus, the hearing of Rollins's appeal by the California Court of Appeals was set for February 1995, roughly coinciding with the opening of the Simpson trial. And as if Providence itself were intervening on NBC's behalf, this was "sweeps month." The network jumped with both feet.

PROSECUTOR Lisa Green had a pretty good idea what to expect from the story as early as last November, when she was interviewed by *Dateline NBC* correspondent Elizabeth Vargas. Rather than ask about the facts of the case from the prosecutor's perspective, Vargas confronted Green with defense theories and with accusations that her prosecution had racist overtones. At one point, Green asked one of the program's producers if they planned to interview the victim's mother, and the producer responded that the victim's mother had moved from the area. Green realized that the producer was not talking about Maria Rodriguez's mother, but the mother of the convicted murderer. She left the interview expecting the worst, and she was not disappointed.

In his introduction to "The Wrong Man," NBC anchorman Tom Brokaw referred to a witness, unknown to police and prosecutors, who could clear Offord Rollins of the murder of Maria Rodriguez. This witness turned out to be a woman named Esther Jean Smith. "The Wrong Man" included excerpts of an interview with Smith, apparently from a jail or prison, in which she stated that she saw Rodriquez abducted by a Hispanic man late in the afternoon of August 2, 1991—after the time prosecutors believe the murder occurred and at a time when Offord Rollins had an alibi.

To drive her point home, correspon-

James F. Sweeney is a criminal prosecutor in Bakersfield, California.



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dent Vargas summarized the prosecution's case against Rollins, but omitted crucial pieces of evidence which tied him to the murder, in an obvious attempt to create the false impression that Rollins had been convicted on paper-thin evidence by a prosecutor and jury who were at best misguided, at worst racist.

Kern County District Attorney Edward R. Jagels was among the viewers of *Dateline NBC* on February 15. Before the broadcast had concluded, Jagels resolved to set the record straight. Within an hour of the broadcast, his investigators had confirmed by telephone that Esther Jean Smith—*Dateline NBC*'s surprise witness and the cornerstone of their "six-month investigation"—was in the Kern County jail on August 2, 1991. Thus she could not possibly have been with or seen Maria Rodriguez on the day of the murder.

THE MORNING after the broadcast, Jagels contacted NBC producer Lee Schneider to inquire into the whereabouts of Ester Jean Smith. Schneider said that he wanted first to consult with NBC's lawyers, and when he called back was less than forthcoming, not to mention less than cordial: NBC was not going to do the D.A.'s job for him, Schneider said, indicating only that Smith was being held in custody in the United States under the name Esther Jean Smith. As it turned out, this too was misinformation.

Jagels's investigators determined that Smith was incarcerated in the Nevada State Prison at Jean, Nevada, under the name Kimberly Faustino. Two investigators were dispatched to interview her regarding the substance of her statements to *Dateline NBC* and to confront her with the court records that impeached her statements. This interview took place on February 16. Smith acknowledged that she spent time in the Kern County jail during that period of time. She added that that period coincided with her having been a heavy cocaine user, saying that she had "fried her brain" and had problems with her memory. In short, she freely admitted that she had probably confused the date she had seen Maria Rodriguez.

At the same time, local media—without the assistance of the D.A.'s office or law enforcement—had quickly determined that Smith had been in custody at the time of the murder. One local reporter contacted Schneider at NBC and inquired as to how such a critical and obvious mistake could have been made. Schneider, obviously caught off guard, responded that NBC had simply taken Smith—interviewed, please recall, inside the Nevada State Prison—"at her word."

Soon the national media picked up on *Dateline NBC*'s blunder. By the beginning of the following week, the failure of NBC to check into the background of its star witness had received coverage in the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Washington Post*, the *Los Angeles Times*, *et al.* NBC's hand was forced: During its February 21 broadcast, *Dateline NBC* reported in a "follow-up" segment that it had failed to discover court records showing that Smith was in jail on the date of the murder. But correspondent Vargas was undaunted, reporting that in a February 18 interview—two days after she admitted confusion about time, and contrary to court records—Esther Jean Smith said that she had been released from custody and was out of jail on August 2, 1991. And then Vargas claimed that unidentified sources had told *Dateline NBC* that they had seen Smith "around town" within hours of the murder of Maria Rodriguez.

That is, *Dateline NBC* produced more undocumented and frankly unbelievable charges and innuendo. Never once did it admit its mistake or offer an apology for broadcasting demonstrably false information.

TWO YEARS ago, NBC News was racked by a major scandal when *Dateline NBC* producers, in a story about purported design defects in a General Motors pickup truck, used incendiary devices to ignite the truck's gas tank. When this was broadcast, *Dateline NBC* represented that the truck ignited spontaneously upon impact, making no mention of the fact that the truck was rigged. This episode reportedly cost the network $2 million in a settlement with General Motors and resulted in the departure of NBC's then-president, Michael Gartner. The case of "The Wrong Man" suggests that NBC News didn't learn its lesson, and that it continues to operate by first deciding upon a desired conclusion—whether that General Motors is unconcerned with the lives of its customers or that Offord Rollins was a victim of racism—and by then collecting supporting evidence, disregarding other evidence, and creating evidence as needed.

Perhaps the only question is whether NBC News's motive in the Rollins case was to concoct a sensational story for "sweeps month" ratings, *à la* the "trash journalism" school, or whether the "investigation" was driven by a "blame America first" political agenda. In other words: in light of unsettling recent polls suggesting great racial division among Americans with regard to the possible guilt of O. J. Simpson and the general fairness of the American criminal justice system, did NBC intend to fan the flames of social division by playing a trumped-up "race card," or was this simply a by-product of its quest for higher ratings? □

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Endangered Humans

IDAHO FISH STORY

JOHN G. HAAN

THOUSANDS of miners, loggers, ranchers, and service-sector employees who earn their livelihoods in central Idaho are breathing sighs of relief. For months they have been living under the threat of a shutdown of economic activities in six National Forests in their region. In fact, an order for such a shutdown was issued early this year by Federal District Judge David Ezra, of Honolulu, Hawaii, in response to a lawsuit brought by the Wilderness Society, the Sierra Club, and the Pacific Rivers Council under the auspices of the Endangered Species Act.

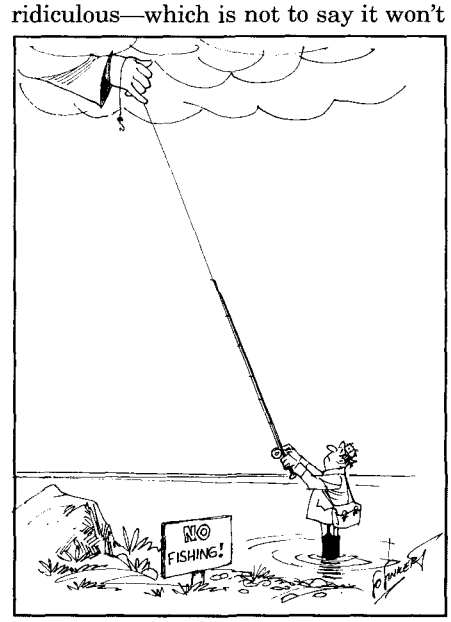
A stay of this injunction was issued on January 20—the same day that Forest Service officials were sending suspension orders to ongoing logging, mining, grazing, and road-building projects in the forests. After various maneuverings and negotiations spurred on by Idaho's congressional delegation, Judge Ezra finally dissolved his order on March 8. But the damage wrought by economic uncertainty remains, as does the uncertainty itself.

The controversy leading to this lawsuit began when record-low numbers of Idaho Chinook salmon in 1994 caused the National Marine Fisheries Service (NMFS)—an obscure branch of the National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration—to issue an emergency order changing the listing of the salmon from "threatened" to "endangered" under the Endangered Species Act. NMFS and Forest Service officials attempted to close Idaho river-floating business in salmon spawning areas last summer. Indeed, new rules prohibited Idahoans from approaching live salmon within 20 feet and dead salmon within 8!

Regulations aside, the sensible question for those concerned about this issue is: What are the real causes of declining Idaho salmon? NMFS has narrowed the list to four: hydropower operations, harvest and hatchery activities, and habitat.

Dams on the Columbia River are certainly a factor. Juvenile salmon do not swim to the ocean, but rather float near the surface, mouths open in the upstream direction, and let the flooding from snow melt carry them. These smolt are immobilized in the reservoirs behind the dams and become vulnerable to larger predator fish, disease, and finally to the hydropower turbine blades. Barging of smolt through the Columbia River dams continues, but remains controversial with environmental groups. Meanwhile, fish ladders that have been largely successful in allowing adult salmon to bypass dams going upstream have been less so with smolt heading in the opposite direction.

Harvest impacts are likely significant, but hard to calculate and harder to regulate. International treaties control commercial Pacific harvests. Once inland, salmon are faced with a gauntlet of sport fishing, Siberian-American gill-netting in the Columbia, and tribal spear-fishing in Idaho. And it would be ridiculous—which is not to say it won't happen—to ask fishermen in the Northwest to distinguish Idaho salmon from other, thriving classes of salmon.



Hatchery salmon have proliferated in the Columbia River drainage, and they compete with wild salmon for food in the Pacific feeding areas. Probably as a result, researchers have recognized a general trend toward smaller salmon. Although the effect of this on Idaho salmon runs has not been evaluated, lower body weight may be a greater factor for Idaho salmon than other Northwest salmon due to the greater energy required on Idaho's runs—which are up to 900 miles long, at elevations up to 7,000 feet.

FINALLY, and ironically, habitat conditions in Idaho have *improved* during the period of declining salmon. Nor are salmon numbers any higher in protected wilderness areas than in multiple-use areas. Nor, historically, have dredging, logging, or grazing affected salmon numbers. These facts raise serious questions about the relevance of habitat.

Overlooked by the NMFS and others in the endangered-salmon debate are the effects of the ten-year drought—which has significantly reduced the flow rate in Idaho rivers—and of state policies which have resulted in sizable salmon kills.

Consider the kill in the Salmon River near Stanley in 1990. Idaho Fish and Game was attempting to rid Yellowbelly Lake of "trash fish," including Bull, Brook, and Rainbow trout, by poisoning with Rotenone and planting Cutthroat trout. Through a series of unexplained and subsequently unaccounted for blunders, Fish and Game lost control of the highly-toxic Rotenone. Miles of the Salmon River were contaminated and thousands of resident fish were killed as a result— including three generations of wild salmon. This incident will continue reducing returning salmon numbers for two more years.

Additionally, Idaho has constructed dams without accompanying fish ladders along the upper Snake River. These dams—particularly the high dams on Hells Canyon—eliminated entire salmon runs in southern Idaho, including Payette Lake Sockeye salmon and upper Snake River Chinook salmon.

Newly-elected Republican Governor

John G. Haan, a professional engineer, lives in Hayden Lake, Idaho.

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Phil Batt and Idaho's current congressional delegation bring to bear a more balanced understanding than has generally prevailed in state government in the past. They recognize the tremendous benefits to Idahoans both of the Columbia River dams upstream—cheap electric power, efficient transport of products, flood control, irrigation—and of Idaho's own private sector—jobs. And they understand the complexity of an issue that is too often oversimplified by environmental special interests and bureaucrats.

To repeat, these elected officials—including U.S. Senators Larry Craig and Dirk Kempthorne—took an active role in the negotiations that led to Judge Ezra dissolving his draconian injunction. Interestingly, in the course of this process, plaintiffs and defendants jointly agreed to a statement that ongoing economic activities in central Idaho are unlikely to harm the salmon—a remarkable admission, since the original legal basis for the injunction was that such harm was *certainly* being done! It has since been suggested that environmental groups backed down on this extremist attack on Idaho industry as a tactical move, aiming to reduce pressure in Congress to amend the Endangered Species Act, which is up for reauthorization.

In other words, central Idahoans are not yet out of the woods. Individual project consultations under the Endangered Species Act have resumed, and the threat of shutdowns and lost jobs continues. Merchants have seen their cash flow plummet as residents become increasingly uncertain about the future. Donna Glenn, owner of a furniture store in Challis, reports two months of lost sales and only a small increase in business since the injunction was dissolved. Many business owners have depleted personal savings during the tribulation.

Thus Idaho's political representatives are of a mind—and Senator Kempthorne, chairman of the Drinking Water, Fisheries and Wildlife Subcommittee, is in a prime position—to modify the Endangered Species Act. Their guiding principle is clear: no law should subject decent American citizens to economic and social distress and upheaval at the hands of special interest groups, bureaucrats, and judges who act on the basis of unfounded ideology without regard for human consequences. □

Abridgement of Freon

A CONSIDERABLE obstacle to combatting regulation in America today is the bad "science" often used to justify it. Consider the ongoing phase-out of Freon, which will have little beneficial impact on the earth's ozone layer, but an enormous destructive impact on America's economy. (Anyone who has had a refrigerator or air-conditioner repaired lately has already felt the bite; the bite will get much worse as time goes by.)

Here are the scientific facts: Most scientists agree that chlorine released from Freon and other CFCs in the upper atmosphere interferes with ozone production. Since certain kinds of ultraviolet rays from the sun—specifically UV-B rays—are blocked by ozone, a thinner ozone layer should mean more UV-B reaching the earth's surface.

Thus it was a matter of serious concern when EPA Administrator William Reilly reported in 1991 that ozone had been decreasing by five per cent per decade since 1980, and predicted—assuming that UV-B causes melanoma—a doubling of skin-cancer deaths over the next 40 years.

Sallie Baliunas is Staff Astrophysicist at the Harvard–Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics and Deputy Director of the Mount Wilson Institute in Pasadena, California.

Were these predictions justified? Almost certainly not. Recent studies suggest that increased risk of melanoma is caused by exposure to longer-wavelength light, e.g., blue sunlight, which is not blocked by ozone.

The ozone alarm intensified in February 1992, when NASA announced that an ozone "hole" was about to open over North America. Indeed, the media reported that the hole threatened President Bush's summer home in Maine. Congress quickly passed new CFC restrictions. But the hole never developed and NASA quietly took back its findings.

IS THE fear of ozone loss justified? Again, almost certainly not. Ozone thickness varies greatly by location and season, almost entirely as a result of natural causes. Over Los Angeles, for example, seasonal changes in the ozone level are roughly 20 per cent. In other words, natural changes are 100-times greater than the supposed and dreaded man-made changes—two-tenths of a per cent per year—at that latitude.

Changes in global weather patterns at two to three year intervals, the occurrence of El Niño events every three to four years, the eruption of volcanoes such as Mt. Pinatubo in 1991, and changes in the ultraviolet output of the sun on its 11-year cycle—all have a significant impact on ozone levels. We will have to measure ozone with great accuracy for decades—something we have not yet done—in order to assess any man-made destruction that may be occurring against this background of large natural changes.

Satellite measurements of ozone levels since 1978 (excluding the polar regions) show that ozone decreased from 1979 to 1985, but increased from 1985 to 1991. This coincided with changes in the sun's ultraviolet output, which in effect makes the ozone. There is no way to determine whether a small man-made drift is buried in this data.

Researchers in Russia and Finland have just published records of Arctic ozone levels from 1935 to 1989, showing no detectable decrease. The early records are especially interesting because they depict changes that were occurring before the widespread use of CFCs—e.g., a downswing of 17 per cent from 1941 to 1954. And ozone measurements from many locations in the mid-1950s and early '60s show ozone levels lower than at present.

The scientific evidence for an ozone crisis and ultraviolet catastrophe is somewhere between highly uncertain and nonexistent. It does not justify a costly and disruptive phase-out of CFCs. This raises a nagging question that science cannot answer: How did we get into this? —SALLIE BALIUNAS

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Ward Valley Blues

THE Clinton Administration's War on the West shifts to another battleground this spring: Ward Valley. There, in the remote Mojave Desert, lies a barren tract of land which the feds refuse to transfer to California.

Lined up on one side of this domestic Operation Desert Storm: the President, Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt, U.S. Senator Barbara Boxer, and an assembly of West Hollywood-Malibu-Santa Monica activists including Robert Redford, Harry Hamlin, Ed Begley, Jr., and Olivia Newton-John. (Let's see, where were these eminencies during the real Desert Storm?)

On the other side, meanwhile, are no marauding armies, but rather Governor Pete Wilson, California's Department of Health Services, the National Association of Cancer Patients, and Southwestern hospitals, biotech firms, universities, and utilities who support plans to build a safe, low-level radioactive waste storage site at Ward Valley.

Two years ago, after years of hearings and thousands of pages of analysis, the state Department of Health Services finally licensed the Ward Valley facility—paving the way for a smooth transfer of the 1,000-acre plot. Secretary Babbitt asked Governor Wilson to hold one last, limited hearing in August 1993. Wilson agreed. A deal seemed imminent.

Some history: California's licensing process to develop the Ward Valley site began over a decade ago, as a result of congressional legislation in 1980 that set deadlines for states to be responsible for their own low-level radioactive waste (LLRW). Congress further encouraged states to form "regional compacts" to deal with waste, and Arizona, North Dakota, and South Dakota joined California to form the Southwestern Compact.

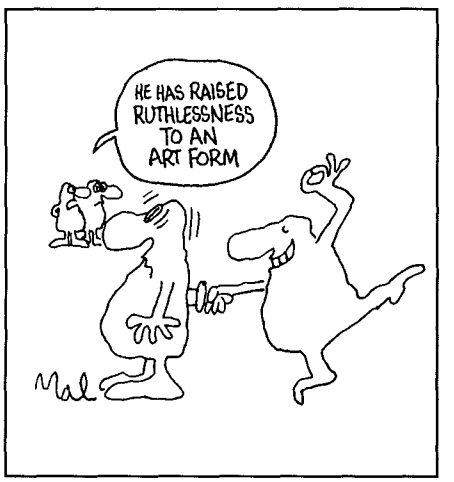
Michelle Maglalang Malkin is the 1995 Warren Brookes Fellow at the Competitive Enterprise Institute.

But the deadlines passed without progress; to date, not a single new site has been approved under the 1980 law. Meanwhile, the nation's only two operating LLRW facilities, in South Carolina and Washington, closed their doors to states outside their own regional compacts—leaving waste generators on their own to grapple with an impending waste storage crisis.

So what of California's—and Arizona's and the Dakotas'—best-laid plans to take responsibility for their own waste? What happened to that final hearing in 1993?

Enter Senator Boxer, stage left. While her activist allies in La-La-Land entangled the process in legal red tape by challenging the Ward Valley license in the courts, she started leaning on President Clinton, to whom she had recently become related through the marriage of her daughter.

Boxer accompanied Clinton to Los Angeles in November 1993 for a series of big-dollar fund-raisers. Later that month, she wrote Clinton a letter "to thank you for deferring the transfer of federal land for the proposed radioactive waste facility at Ward Valley and delaying the inadequate hearing planned by Governor Wilson. . . ." Soon thereafter, Secretary Babbitt underwent a change of heart and became an active proponent of delaying further progress on Ward Valley until the litigation brought by Boxer's activist friends was resolved.



Fast-forward to March 1995. It's a shaky cease-fire for the moment, as all parties await a long-delayed report by the National Academy of Sciences on the issue of ground water contamination. Babbitt ordered this study last year, after a trio of Boxer sympathizers at the U.S. Geological Survey in Menlo Park, California, released a report critical of Ward Valley.

This report, subsequently dubbed the "Wilshire Report," lent credence to claims that radioactive material stored in Ward Valley could migrate to the Colorado River—a major source of drinking water for Southern California and Arizona. This report was disavowed by none other than the survey's acting director. In a February 1994 letter to the *New York Times*, Robert Hirsch said that the Boxer-backed report represented the "personal views only" of the authors.

INDEED, an official, peer-reviewed report by the U.S. Geological Survey issued last August *supports* the state's conclusion that an LLRW facility in Ward Valley—which receives less than five inches of annual rainfall—poses no threat to ground water that lies 650 feet underground.

Meanwhile, a Los Angeles Superior Court Judge has rejected the legal challenges to California's licensing process; he also denied the plaintiffs' petition to recover $1.2 million in attorneys' fees. He did, however, agree to consider the Wilshire Report—which the plaintiffs submitted after filing their original petition. State officials believe the latter move was illegal and are in the process of appealing.

Foes of Ward Valley accuse proponents of rushing through the process. But as low-level radioactive waste piles up in hospital labs and parking structures, as the costs of temporary storage force some researchers to halt critical studies, and as legal expenses proliferate, quite the opposite seems obvious: the process is crawling along at the pace of a Mojave desert tortoise at high noon.

(FYI: Not to worry. Senator Boxer's friends didn't forget the tortoise. In addition to their licensing challenge, they're working to stop development at Ward Valley under the Endangered Species Act as well.)

—MICHELLE MAGLALANG MALKIN

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income-tax movement will burst onto the political scene in the last half of the Nineties in much the same way that term limits did in the first half." At a typical CATS meeting, the audience is likely to include construction workers, housewives, school teachers, bus drivers, small-business owners: average Americans with an intense fear and loathing of the IRS. They call themselves "abolitionists," and they're fed up. As a sales assistant at a 1994 CATS event in Cleveland declared, "The Internal Revenue Code is turning middle-class, working Americans into a criminal class."

As with term limits, the Washington establishment has greeted this citizen-driven political movement with a yawn of contempt. Opposition on the Left is predictable and easy to explain. Liberal Democrats oppose the sales-tax alternative because the progressive income tax has been the cash cow for a half-century of government spending initiatives. The Left recognizes that any tax system that reminds Americans that they are making payments for welfare, farm programs, shark research, and the Department of Energy every time they visit the cash register threatens to make them even less enthusiastic about funding big government than they already are. The complete replacement of the income tax would require a sales tax of about 16 per cent. Every retail purchase Americans make—from big-ticket items such as a new $18,000 Ford Bronco, to routine purchases like an 89-cent grape Slurpee at the 7-Eleven—would include right there on the receipt a reminder of what a bad deal government really is. Eradicate the income tax, and much of the rest of the Washington empire could topple in short order.

More surprising is opposition from the Right. Many conservative leaders have greeted the abolitionist movement with heavy groans of skepticism. Conventional wisdom has it that the income tax is politically ineradicable. This is the complaint of Grover Norquist, president of Americans for Tax Reform and conservative strategist extraordinaire. He protests that if Republicans throw their support behind the federal sales tax, America will "end up with the worst of all worlds: both a sales tax and an income tax."

It is for precisely this reason that many conservatives are rallying behind Majority Leader Dick Armey's elegantly crafted 17 per cent flat-tax plan. Modeled on a tax blueprint first developed in the mid 1980s by Stanford University economists Robert Hall and Alvin Rabushka, the Armey proposal would abolish virtually all deductions and loopholes, terminate tax withholding, end the double taxation of savings and investment, shorten the income-tax form to the size of a postcard, and eliminate the capital-gains and estate taxes.

There's very little here not to like. Jack Kemp praises the proposal lavishly, calling it "the Kemp–Roth [Reagan tax cut] of the 1990s." And make no mistake about it: the Armey plan is manifestly simpler, fairer, less intrusive, and more pro-growth than our current tax code. Conservatives should support it in a heartbeat over the existing system.

Still, one gets the uneasy feeling that Armey's plan amounts to chiseling out several bricks from America's Berlin Wall at a time when the public is becoming eager to tear it down completely. "The flat tax suffers from one fundamental problem," says abolitionist Billy Tauzin. "It's still an income tax." It does not eliminate the IRS from our lives—though it would reduce the agency's role. It would still be the business of the government to pry into the most private aspects of Americans' financial affairs each year.

Leave Us Alone

THIS may be a critical defect. Unlike the tax revolt during the Reagan era, which was sparked by basic pocketbook issues, the current anti–income-tax uprising is motivated at least partly by concerns about personal liberties and privacy—the right to be left alone. Abolitionists are the radicals in the rebellion against big, intrusive government. At a CATS event in Los Angeles last year, a truck driver asked me, "Why must American citizens increasingly fear harassment and intimidation by agencies of our own government?" A flat tax won't placate him.

"The IRS has become a symbol of the most intrusive, oppressive, and nondemocratic institution in a democratic society," concedes Fred Goldberg, the commissioner of the agency under George Bush. Every year countless new horror stories are brought to light about people who have been terrorized by the intimidation tactics of the IRS. In one celebrated case, Miami lawyer Dan Heller endured a Kafkaesque ten-year IRS investigation and a four-month prison term. When a federal appeals court eventually overturned the conviction, the IRS was forced to pay Mr. Heller $500,000 in reparations for "gross government misconduct." Even when the IRS ultimately loses, however, such incidents send a potent message to taxpayers: comply, or the Gestapo may soon be pounding on your door.

Members of Congress, including Republicans, have been conspicuously uninterested in curtailing IRS abuses. The agency recently received funding to add five thousand new agents and auditors, even as it was forced

THE FEDERAL INCOME TAX, THEN & NOW

	1914	1994
Taxes Paid*	$6.7 bil.	$683.4 bil.
Per-Capita Taxes*	$69	$2,622
Individual Filers	360,000	113,829,000
% Population Filing	0.5%	45%
IRS Budget*	$110 mil.	$7.1 bil.
IRS Employees	4,000	110,000
Pages of Tax Law	14	9,400
Pages of IRS Forms	4	4,000
Top Rate	7%	40%
Median Family's Rate	0%	28%

* 1994 dollars

Compiled by the Cato Institute from various sources.

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to acknowledge that 368 agents were illegally scouring the returns of American citizens. (Only five were eventually fired.) The IRS work force is now up to 115,000, more snoops than are employed by the Environmental Protection Agency, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, the Food and Drug Administration, and the Drug Enforcement Administration combined. Since 1985 Congress has doubled the IRS budget to $8 billion. The agency is one of Uncle Sam's fastest-growing nonentitlement programs. The latest indignity: the agency has announced, as the *Wall Street Journal* put it, "super tough IRS audits in 1995 and 1996."

The intrusiveness of the tax system is just one of its defects. Its absurd complexity is another, spawning an entire industry of tax attorneys and accountants who earn their livelihoods looking for loopholes. Even the people who write the laws rely on these professionals to prepare their returns. Dan Pilla, author of the new book *Fire the IRS*, reports that "60 per cent of the members of the House Ways and Means and Senate Finance Committees do not prepare their own returns." In 1992 "Loophole" Lloyd Bentsen, then chairman of the Senate Finance Committee and perhaps the single most influential architect of the modern-day tax structure, used a professional tax preparer because, he said, "my return is a complicated one."

What about the rest of us? Pilla discovered that in 1991 "about 70 per cent of the tax returns filed with tax preparers were for citizens making less than $50,000." Americans pay some $30 billion for the services of tax accountants and preparers.

But be warned: using a professional tax preparer by no means guarantees that your taxes will be calculated correctly. In 1992 *Money* magazine gave 48 accountants a financial profile of the magazine's typical reader and asked them to prepare a hypothetical tax return. Not only did each of them come up with a different answer, but the computed tax liabilities ranged from $16,219 to $46,564—the higher figure nearly three times the lower. Will Rogers once quipped that "the income tax has made more liars out of people than the game of golf." Indeed, the massive ambiguities in the Internal Revenue Code subject even the most conscientious tax filer to the charge of being a tax cheat.

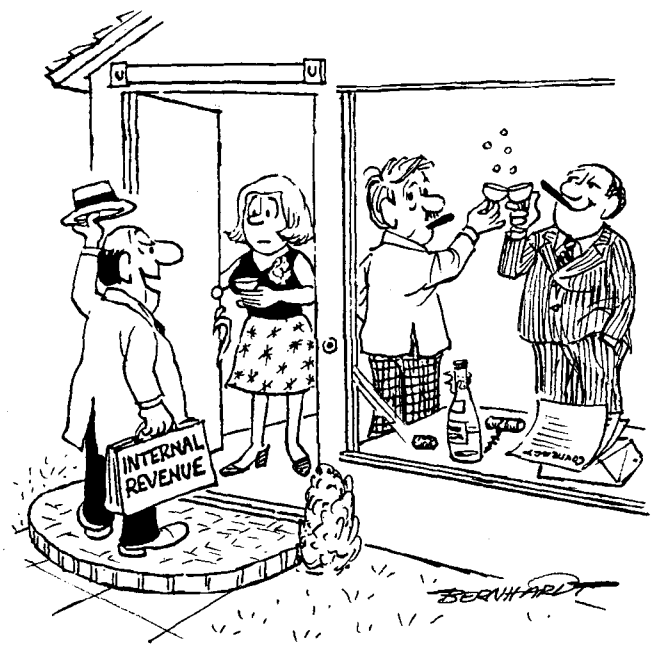
Furthermore, the Internal Revenue Code is forever getting less user friendly, despite countless good-faith efforts by Congress at tax simplification. The original 1040 form was a model of simplicity: four pages in all, including the instructions. The *New York Times* printed the form in its entirety on a single newspaper page. Today, the *Times* would have to devote several editions to reprinting the four thousand pages of tax forms and instructions. In 1914 there were 14 pages of federal tax law to implement the newly enacted income tax; by 1954 the page count had grown to 984; by 1994 it was 9,400. Shirley Peterson, IRS commissioner in 1992, laments that tax-law changes have become so commonplace that on several occasions Congress has rewritten the law "before the IRS even had time to reprogram its computers from the previous tax reform."

This complexity takes a toll. According to official estimates, in 1990 American individuals and businesses spent more than five billion man-hours computing their taxes. George Mason University economist Walter Williams calculates that this was more man-hours than were used to build every car, van, and truck in the United States last year. These wasted man-hours alone represent a dead loss to the economy of some $200 billion. (For comparison, the income tax collects about $700 billion in revenue a year.) If converting to a simple sales-tax system merely cut compliance costs in half, it would generate savings in excess of $1,000 per family—more money than is offered in all the tax cuts promised by the Contract with America.

Productivity Boost

BUT the major economic benefit from the sales-tax alternative (or from a flat tax, for that matter) would come from eliminating the punitive treatment of savings, investment, and capital formation—the essential building blocks of a prosperous economy. In a Cato Institute report, Boston University economist Laurence Kotlikoff estimates the impact of a revenue-neutral replacement of the income tax with a retail sales tax of 16 to 18 per cent. Kotlikoff finds that such a plan would: 1) raise the national savings rate to two and a half times its current level; 2) increase the capital stock by 8 per cent; and 3) raise income and output by almost $500 billion a year, or about $5,000 per family.

To address the fear that Congress might resurrect the income tax after the sales tax was installed, the federal taxing apparatus should be almost entirely dismantled, with responsibility for collecting the sales tax left to the states (a minimal burden, since almost all fifty already collect a state sales tax). A national sales tax can easily



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be made non-regressive. The first $5,000 of purchases per person could be exempt from the tax; every American would thus get a refund check for $200 each quarter. A family of four with an income of $20,000 would therefore pay no tax. Of course, taxes could be deferred through savings, but since all income is eventually consumed (or else there would be no reason to earn it), it would never fully escape taxation.

Finally, there is the practical problem of evasion under a sales-tax system. However, the IRS admits that roughly $100 billion of income tax is unpaid each year. If retailers were compensated for the cost of collecting

The Roots of the Income Tax

APRIL 8 is the hundredth anniversary of the Supreme Court's decision striking down the income tax as an unconstitutional direct tax not apportioned among the states. Abraham Lincoln's only remaining appointee on the Court, Justice Stephen J. Field, a Democrat and California frontiersman, condemned the income tax as class legislation. Comparing it to a 1691 English statute that taxed Protestants, Catholics, and Jews at different rates, Field correctly predicted the direction of his party's class-war politics: "The present assault upon capital is but the beginning. It will be but the stepping-stone to others, larger and more sweeping, till our political contests will become a war of the poor against the rich; a war constantly growing in intensity and bitterness."

In the beginning the income tax was explicitly directed at the rich, and even today any across-the-board reduction in marginal income-tax rates is denounced by liberals as "trickle-down" economics. But the truth is that the income tax ceased to be an elite tax during World War II, when the need for revenues caused the rich man's tax to be applied to 64 per cent of the population. Since then, middle-class Americans have found themselves taxed at rates once thought excessive even for millionaires.

The Founding Fathers were opposed to any politics based on income differences because they feared it would lead to class distinctions in the law. They believed that comity and tolerance among the states and classes were the preconditions for a unified country. They forbade direct taxes unless apportioned among the states, so as to prevent states from ganging up and placing the tax burden on outvoted regional interests. They preferred taxes, such as import tariffs and excise taxes, that are reflected in the price of a good and paid indirectly by consumers. In the *Federalist Papers* Alexander Hamilton noted that indirect taxes

> prescribe their own limit, which cannot be exceeded without defeating the end proposed—that is, an extension of the revenue. . . . If duties are too high, they lessen the consumption; the collection is eluded; and the product to the treasury is not so great as when they are confined within proper and moderate bounds. This forms a complete barrier against any material oppression of the citizens by taxes of this class, and is itself a natural limitation of the power of imposing them.

The constitutional design and the revulsion people felt toward direct taxation prevented the enactment of a federal income tax until the Civil War. As the Union broke apart, so did constitutional scruples about income taxation. In 1861 Congress enacted the first federal income tax, at a rate of 3 per cent on net incomes over $800 and 1.5 per cent on income from government bonds. But Treasury Secretary Salmon P. Chase refused to collect the tax. Chase, according to Sidney Ratner's *American Taxation: Its History as a Social Force in Democracy*, "seized every excuse to avoid" collecting it, including claims that Congress had not provided him sufficient resources and statutory guidance.

The next year Congress passed another income-tax law with specificity and enforcement powers Chase could not ignore. The Revenue Act of 1862 also included explicit progressive taxation, applying higher rates to higher incomes. House Ways and Means Chairman Thaddeus Stevens (R., Pa.) said, "The committee thought it would be manifestly unjust to allow the large money operators and wealthy merchants, whose incomes might reach hundreds of thousands of dollars, to escape from their due proportion of the burden." The rate schedule taxed incomes between $600 and $10,000 at 3 per cent, between $10,000 and $50,000 at 5 per cent, and over $50,000 at 7.5 per cent.

Although the income tax provided almost $350 million in war financing, the tax never settled well with the public. Several anti–income-tax leagues were formed. Representative Justin Morrill (R., Vt.), an abolitionist and Republican Party founder, protested the increase in the top rate to 10 per cent in 1864: "the very theory of our institutions is entire equality; that we make no distinction between the rich and poor man. The man of modest means is just as good as the man with more means, but our theory of government does not admit that he is better, and I regard it as an evidence of the spirit of agrarianism to present a law here which shall make such distinction. It is seizing the property of men for the crime of having too much."

Since the income tax was presented as a temporary war measure, Morrill's words resounded after Appomattox. He declared in 1866: "In this country we neither create nor tolerate any distinction of rank, race or color, and should not tolerate anything else than entire equality in our taxes." The incongruity of fighting a war to preserve a society "dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal," while simultaneously discriminating by status in the tax code, was widely noticed.

The unpopularity of the Civil War income tax, note Roy G. Blakey and Gladys C. Blakey in *The Federal Income Tax*, is evident from the absence "in the newspapers or mem-

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the federal sales tax, leakage might not be any worse than under the current system.

Back in 1909, when the Sixteenth Amendment creating the income tax was being debated, the *New York Times* protested: "When men get in the habit of helping themselves to the property of others, they cannot be easily cured of it." Our experience with the income tax since then has fully confirmed that warning. In April Bill Archer will commence an unprecedented set of hearings on the feasibility of abolishing the income tax. This is the first step in the process of liberating America from an eighty-year national mistake. □

oirs or other writings of the period [of] any enthusiasm for its continuation." Instead, the tax was repeatedly assailed. A *New York Tribune* editorial on February 5, 1869, declared that "the Income Tax is the most odious, vexatious, inquisitorial, and unequal of all our taxes. . . . a tax on honesty . . . It tends to tax the quality out of existence." Oxford historian Goldwin Smith wrote a popular article in *Bankers' Magazine* decrying the "socialistic tendency" of "a tax imposed expressly on the rich, and capable of indefinite expansion and class graduation." Public discomfort led Congress to repeal the first federal income tax in 1870, effective March 15, 1872.

Agitation in the prairie in reaction to hard economic times was the impetus for the second federal income tax. In the generation after the Civil War, the West was pitted against the Northeast over the money supply and tariffs. Westerners resented having to make mortgage payments for their farms and ranches to Wall Street financiers, and having to buy goods from New England industries protected by high import tariffs while they had to sell their commodities in the competitive market and absorb high railroad shipping rates. The anger swelled when economic downturns caused commodity prices to fall, especially in the late 1880s, culminating in the formation of the Populist Party in Omaha, Nebraska, in 1892. Populists advocated ending the gold standard, reducing tariffs, and implementing a graduated income tax.

The Populists represented a threat to the Democrats, who had captured the White House and both houses of Congress in 1892 on a platform of lower tariffs. Although the Populist Party won only 9 per cent of the presidential vote, Populist ferment did not subside. Were it not for Democratic support for segregation, party strategists knew, many Southern votes would have gone Populist. The income tax became the instrument to keep Populist-inclined voters in the Democratic camp.

Congressman William Jennings Bryan (D., Neb.), whose career soared on the populist wind, set out to battle "those Eastern Plutocrats" by proposing a 2 per cent tax on incomes of individuals and corporations above $4,000. His vehicle was the Wilson–Gorman Tariff Act of 1894, which nominally reduced tariffs. Bryan's speech on behalf of the income tax gave him enduring fame and secured its passage.

After the Supreme Court ruled Bryan's income tax unconstitutional, interest subsided as populists took up other causes, such as the bimetallic monetary system. The income tax reappeared in 1909, when President William Howard Taft and old-line "standpat" Republicans wanted an increase in tariffs. To get the tariff through, Taft and Senate Finance Committee Chairman Nelson W. Aldrich agreed to accept the income-tax amendment to the Constitution, because they did not think it would be ratified by the state legislatures, of which Republicans controlled a majority. But they underestimated the progressive swing in the country and the split in the Republican Party between Taft and Teddy Roosevelt.

On February 3, 1913, Delaware, New Jersey, New Mexico, and Wyoming put the amendment over the top. Philander C. Knox, Secretary of State for lame-duck President William Howard Taft, certified the Sixteenth Amendment's adoption on February 25. Days later, President Woodrow Wilson appointed William Jennings Bryan as Knox's successor.

The Sixteenth Amendment passed because the country thought only the rich would pay. In 1910 William Shelton, a Georgian, wrote that Southerners favored ratification "because none of us here have $4,000 incomes, and somebody else will have to pay the tax." This view proved shortsighted. As Frank Chodorov noted in *The Income Tax: Root of All Evil*: "At first it was the incomes of corporations, then of rich citizens, then of well-provided widows and opulent workers, and finally the wealth of housemaids and the tips of waitresses. This is all in line with the ability-to-pay doctrine. The poor, simply because there are more of them, have more ability to pay than the rich."

Richard E. Byrd, Speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates, was more perceptive than William Shelton. He predicted that

> a hand from Washington will be stretched out and placed upon every man's business; the eye of the federal inspector will be in every man's counting house. . . . The law will of necessity have inquisitorial features, it will provide penalties, it will create complicated machinery. Under it men will be haled into courts distant from their homes. Heavy fines imposed by distant and unfamiliar tribunals will constantly menace the tax payer. An army of federal inspectors, spies, and detectives will descend upon the state.

The states followed the federal example, and by 1970 almost all of them had their own income taxes. As inflation and income growth moved people into higher tax brackets, Bryan's "rich man's tax" became the little guy's tax. Today, although the original targets of the tax pay a disproportionate share, the bulk of the income-tax revenues come from the middle class. The tax that was supposed to soak the rich has instead soaked America.

—Paul Craig Roberts
& Lawrence M. Stratton Jr.

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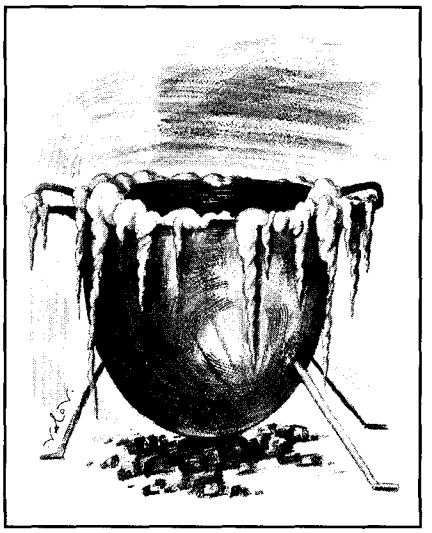

Nine Immigration Myths

KNOW THE FLOW

To find a way to maximize the benefits of immigration and minimize the costs, we have to get beyond the prevalent misconceptions about the impact of our current immigration policies.

GEORGE J. BORJAS

THE FLOW of legal immigrants has increased steadily since the 1930s, when only 500,000 immigrants were admitted during the entire decade. In the 1950s, 250,000 legal immigrants entered the United States *each year*. By the 1990s, nearly 900,000 legal immigrants were being admitted every year. A large number of people also enter the country illegally, despite the enactment of the Immigration Reform and Control Act of 1986. Last year the Border Patrol apprehended 1.1 million illegal aliens, more than two per minute. We have also witnessed a radical change in the national-origin mix of immigrants. Over two-thirds of immigrants during the 1950s originated in Europe or Canada. By the 1980s, only about 12 per cent originated in Europe or Canada, as against 37 per cent who originated in Asia and almost 50 per cent who originated in Latin America.

In view of these historic changes, it is not surprising that immigration has resurfaced as a pivotal issue. The debate has blurred the traditional lines between the Left and the Right, leading to odd political alliances: Bill Bennett siding with Fidel Castro and the California Teachers Association in proclaiming the evils of Proposition 187, Pat Buchanan siding with environmentalist groups to argue that the flow of legal immigrants must be reduced.

For the most part, the immigration debate focuses on economic issues. The stakes are high, and so it is not surprising that the participants use facts, factoids, and outright distortions to champion their point of view. For instance, depending on whose numbers we believe, immigrants either pay $27 billion more in taxes than they take out of the welfare system or take out $42 billion more than they pay. A number of myths permeate the field. Before we can engage in a serious debate, it is worth contemplating a simple question: What do we know about the economic impact of immigrants on the United States?

Myth: By historical standards, immigration today is not all that high.

In 1910, 14 per cent of the American population was foreign-born; by 1990, only 8 per cent was. This trend causes some observers to argue that immigration fears are blown out of proportion because, by historical standards, immigrants now make up a small proportion of the population. Yet by several measures immigration today is at or near record levels. Between 1901 and 1910, at the height of the Great Migration, 8.8 million legal immigrants entered the United States. If present trends continue, as many as 10 million legal immigrants, and perhaps another 3 million illegals, will have entered the country in the 1990s. The United States, therefore, will probably have admitted more immigrants in this decade than in any other decade in its history.

Moreover, because of the decline in the number of children borne by American women, immigration now accounts for nearly 40 per cent of the growth in population, compared to about 50 per cent at the beginning of the century. At least one of every three new workers who enters the U.S. labor market during the 1990s will be an immigrant. By this yardstick, immigrants play a crucial role in determining demographic and economic trends in the United States.

Myth: Immigrants do well in the labor market.

If the typical new immigrant were a highly skilled worker, we would be engaged in a very different discussion over immigration policy. Imagine the nature of the debate about Proposition 187 if the flow of illegal aliens was composed mainly of teachers, academics, and journalists. The country's intellectual elite would probably be manning the barricades to prevent the illegal entry of competing workers.

Most of the immigrants now entering the United States, however, are less skilled workers who have little hope of reaching economic parity with native workers during their lifetimes. Recent immigrants are not as skilled, in comparison to the native-born population, as earlier waves.

The typical immigrant who had just arrived in the U.S. in 1970 had 11.1 years of schooling, compared to 11.5 years for the typical native worker at that time. By 1990, the typical new arrival had 11.9 years of schooling, compared to 13.2 years for natives. In view of the widening gap in educational attainment, it is not surprising that the wage differential between immigrants

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and natives rose dramatically. The most recent arrivals enumerated in the 1970 census earned 16.6 per cent less than natives. By 1990, the wage disadvantage was 31.7 per cent.

The poor economic performance of recent immigrants at the time of entry would not be a cause for concern if the economic disadvantage diminished over time, as immigrants assimilated. The available evidence, however, suggests that the gap will not narrow substantially during the immigrants' working lives. The process of economic assimilation takes place mainly in the first two decades after arrival and narrows the wage gap by about 10 percentage points. This rate of assimilation allowed earlier immigrants, for whom the initial gap was less than 20 per cent, to almost catch up with natives, but it is not sufficient to permit recent immigrants, for whom the gap starts at more than 30 per cent, to reach economic parity.

Myth: Immigrants use welfare less than natives do.

Less skilled workers, whether immigrants or natives, are more likely to qualify for and participate in welfare programs. There is little doubt that immigrant use of welfare programs is on the rise. In 1970, immigrants were slightly less likely to receive cash benefits (such as Aid to Families with Dependent Children and Supplemental Security Income) than natives. In 1970, 5.5 per cent of newly arrived immigrant households received welfare, compared to 6 per cent of native households. By 1990, 8.3 per cent of newly arrived immigrant households received public assistance, compared to 7.4 per cent of native households.

Moreover, the welfare-participation rate of a given immigrant wave increases over time. The wave that arrived between 1965 and 1969 had a welfare participation rate of 5.5 per cent in 1970. By 1990, the participation rate of this cohort had risen to 9.8 per cent. It seems that assimilation involves not only learning about labor-market opportunities but also learning about the income opportunities provided by the welfare state.

The dollar benefits received by immigrant households that are on welfare have also increased rapidly. The typical native household on welfare received roughly $4,000 in cash benefits each year (in 1989 dollars) throughout the 1970–1990 period. In contrast, the

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typical immigrant household on welfare received about $3,800 in 1970 and about $5,400 in 1990.

As a result of the increasing participation of immigrants in welfare programs and the larger benefits they are collecting, immigrants now receive a disproportionate share of cash benefits. In 1970, 6.8 per cent of U.S. households were headed by an immigrant, and these immigrant households received 6.7 per cent of all cash benefits, so that immigrants were slightly under-represented in the distribution of these welfare benefits. By 1990, the situation had changed drastically: 8.4 per cent of households were headed by an immigrant, and these households received 13.1 per cent of all cash benefits. Put differently, the cash benefits received by immigrant households in 1990 were 56 per cent higher than they would have been if immigrants had used the welfare system to the same extent as natives.

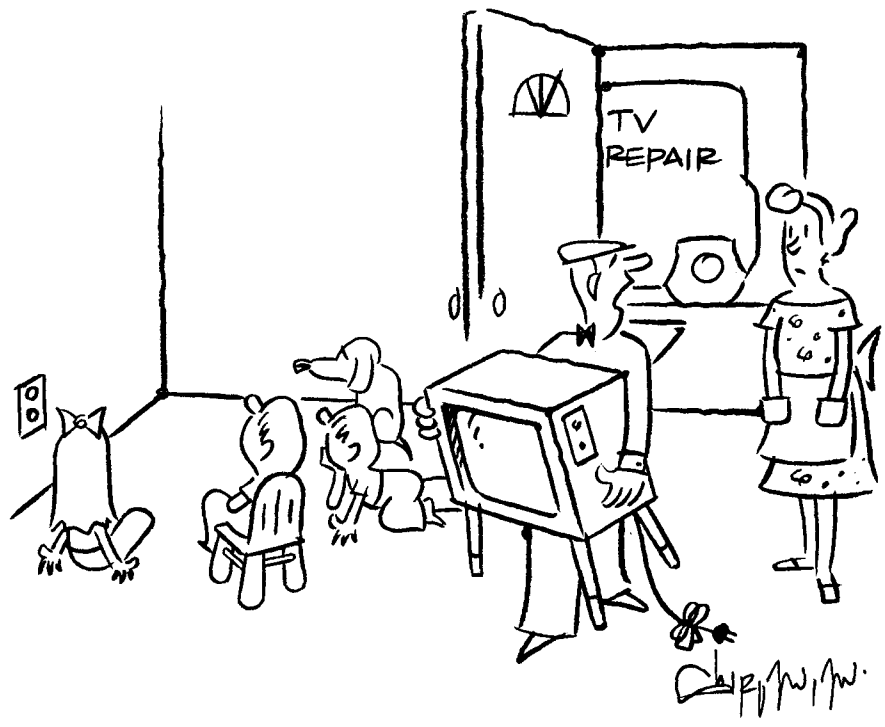
By contrast, immigrants do not receive a disproportionately high share of non-welfare income. In 1970, they received approximately 6.3 per cent of all non-welfare income, slightly less than their proportion of the population. By 1990, they received 8.3 per cent of all non-welfare income, about the same as their proportion of the population. Because immigrants do not get a disproportionately high share of income, they also do not pay a disproportionately high share of taxes.

Myth: Immigrants pay their way in the welfare state.

A widely publicized 1994 study by the Urban Institute concluded that immigrants pay over $27 billion more in taxes than it costs to provide them with schooling and welfare services. On the other hand, Donald Huddle (in a study conducted for the Carrying Capacity Network, an anti–population-growth group) concluded that the net costs of immigration exceeded $40 billion. These accounting exercises inevitably incorporate many hidden and questionable assumptions.

To illustrate, let's conduct a simple, back-of-the-envelope calculation of the costs and benefits of immigration. As noted above, the 1990 census indicated that immigrants received about 13.1 per cent of all cash benefits distributed in the United States. At that time, roughly $181.3 billion was spent on all means-tested entitlement programs (including Food Stamps, Medicaid, etc.). If we assume that immigrants received 13.1 per cent of these expenditures, they accounted for $23.8 billion.

How much do immigrants pay in taxes? According to the census, the total non-welfare income of immigrant households was $284.7 billion. If the total tax rate (including federal, state, and local taxes) was 30 per cent, immigrant households paid about $85.4 billion in taxes. The calculation thus indicates that immigrants pay more in taxes ($85.4 billion) than they take out of the welfare system ($23.8 billion).



"Where does this go?"

Changing the Assumptions

BUT this comparison assumes that immigrant taxes are used only to fund their use of entitlement programs. One can justify this assumption by arguing that all other government programs provide pure "public goods," so that spending on these programs is the same regardless of immigration. Immigrants, however, increase the congestion of amenities provided by government (e.g., parks, freeways, schools, jails). The cost of providing these public goods to the immigrant population is not zero.

Obviously, different assumptions about the cost of providing these goods will lead to different conclusions about whether immigrants pay their way in the welfare state. If the cost is zero, immigrants make a substantial contribution to the treasury. If, on the other hand, the average cost of providing services to immigrants equals the average cost of providing services to natives, immigrants should be charged for the various government programs as if they were natives. In 1990, 91.1 per cent of taxes were used to pay for programs other than means-tested entitlement programs. If we charge immigrants 91.1 per cent of their tax payments for using these other programs, then only 8.9 per cent of immigrants' taxes are left to fund their use of means-tested entitlement programs. Immigrants would then contribute only $7.6 billion (or 8.9 per cent of the $85.4 billion they pay) to the funding of these programs. The tax burden resulting from immigration would be on the order of $16 billion.

The Urban Institute's claim that immigrants create a $27-billion "net surplus" for the United States assumes that immigrants do not increase the cost of any programs other than the ones included in the Institute's calculations (mainly welfare and education). Because we do not know by how much immigrants raise the cost of freeways, national parks, and even defense, accounting exercises that claim to estimate the fiscal impact of immigration should be viewed suspiciously.

Furthermore, the typical accounting

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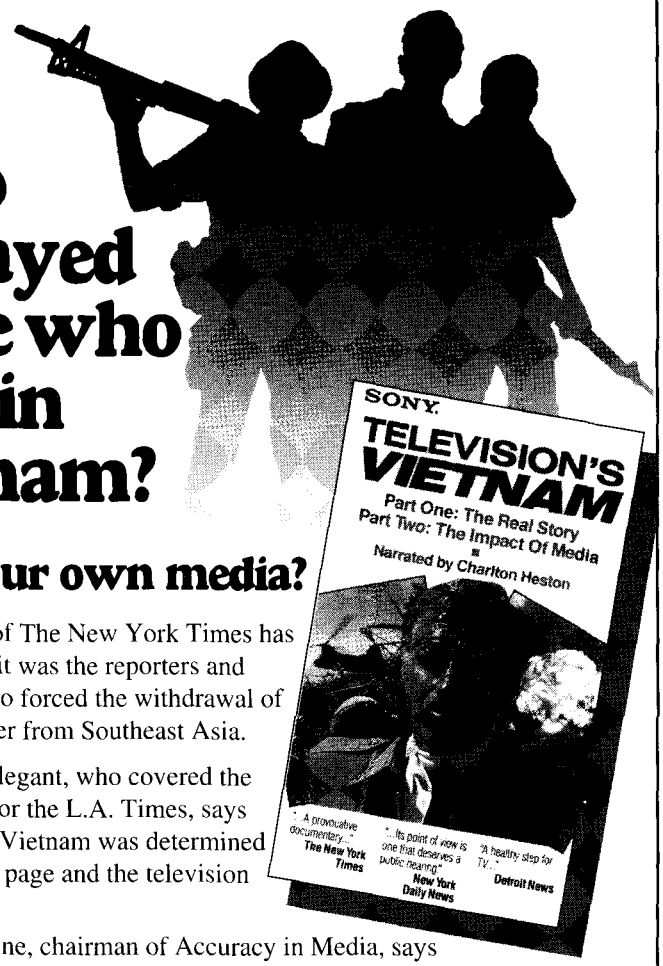
exercise does not consider the long-run impact of immigration on government expenditures. For instance, some argue that immigrants make a net contribution to the Social Security system because they are paying into the system now and are not collecting benefits. But immigrants are on average about 30 years old when they enter the United States. As a result, many immigrants pay into the Social Security system for a much shorter time than natives, yet collect roughly the same benefits. In other words, a sizable bill will come due some day, and our children (as well as the immigrants' children) will have to pay it.

The accounting exercises also take a myopic view of expenditures on education. In California alone, it is estimated that roughly $1.7 billion was spent on educating the children of illegal aliens in 1993. These costs, however, must be weighed against the benefits of having a more educated work force later on. Moreover, immigrants who enter the United States after they have completed their education import "free" human capital, from which substantial benefits might accrue.

Myth: Refugees and illegal aliens are the source of the immigration problem.

There are huge differences in educational attainment, earnings, and welfare propensities among groups of different national origins. In 1990, immigrants from France and Germany earned about 25 per cent more than natives, those from China and Peru earned 21 per cent less than natives, and those from El Salvador and Mexico earned 40 per cent less than natives. Similarly, only about 2 to 4 per cent of the households originating in South Africa, Taiwan, or the United Kingdom received public assistance, as opposed to 11 to 12 per cent of the households originating in Ecuador or Mexico and nearly 50 per cent of the households originating in Laos or Cambodia. In view of these differences, it is tempting to blame a relatively small number of groups for the disturbing trends in the economic impact of immigration.

The Urban Institute's study offers a typical example of this blame game. The data presented by the Institute's researchers indicate that 41 per cent of recent immigrants were high-school dropouts, compared to only 23 per cent of natives. Nevertheless, they conclude that the "low educational attainment or poor 'quality' of recent immigrants



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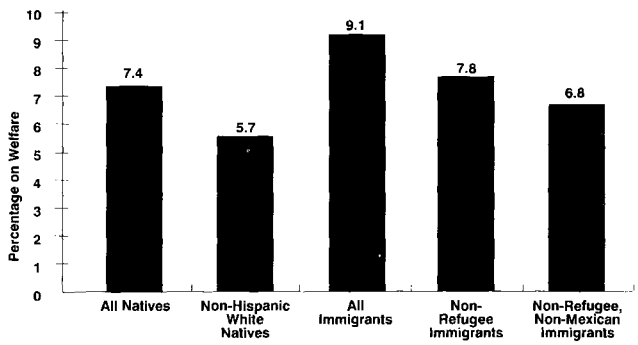
. . . is directly attributable to illegal immigrants and refugees, not to legal immigrants."

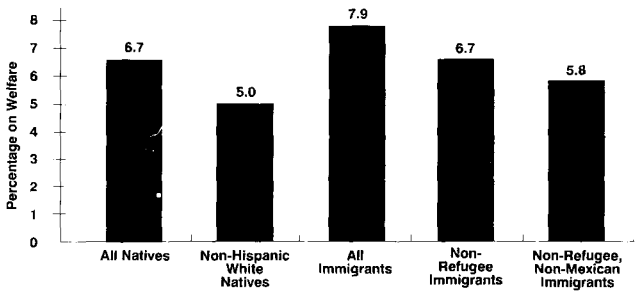
The researchers reach this conclusion by manipulating the data. In defining "legal immigrants," the study omits refugees, presumably because they are admitted under a different set of rules. The researchers also want to omit illegal aliens. The census, however, does not provide *any* information on who is legal and who is not, so they simply omit immigrants from Mexico (and several Central American countries). The rationale is that a large number of illegal aliens are Mexicans. It is also true, however, that a very large number of *legal* immigrants are Mexicans. In fact, Mexicans are the largest group in the legal immigrant flow, accounting for almost a quarter of the immigrants admitted legally in the 1980s. By excluding Mexicans from the calculation, the Urban Institute can conclude that "legal" (read: non-Mexican, non-refugee) immigrants don't look quite so bad. In other words, there is no immigration problem once we get rid of the "problem" immigrants.

The blame game also shows up in the Manhattan Institute's recent "Index of Leading Immigration Indicators," which dismisses the high propensity of immigrants to receive public assistance by noting that "immigrants are more likely than natives to receive welfare, but that is due mainly to very high rates of welfare use among refugees and the elderly." How we define both the native and the immigrant populations influences what we conclude about the economic and social benefits from immigration. The bar graph reports the welfare-participation rates for various groups of native and immigrant households in 1990. Over all, immigrants are more likely to be on welfare than natives. If one looks only at the non-refugee population, however, the welfare gap between immigrants and natives essentially disappears. If we also omit the elderly, we find that non-refugee, non-Mexican immigrants are less likely to be on welfare than natives.

But before we conclude that we have found the source of the immigration problem (that is, the refugees, the presumed illegals, and the elderly), there are two points that are worth remembering. Just as we can minimize the immigration problem by getting rid of the problem immigrants, we can play a similar game with the native population. As the graph also illustrates, even highly "select" groups of immigrants are more likely to be on welfare than non-Hispanic white natives. More important, even if we were to find that these select groups of legal immigrants have the same propensity to be on welfare as a similarly select group of natives, we would still have a problem. After all, shouldn't our immigration policy strive to admit workers who do more than just replicate the social and economic problems of our native population? Yet, instead of considering the economic potential of applicants when handing out entry visas, our current policy awards entry visas mainly to applicants who have relatives already residing here.



Households whose head is at least 18 years old



Households whose head is 18 to 64 years old

Myth: Immigrants do not hurt the earnings of native workers.

Another reason to be concerned about the impact of unskilled immigrants is that they probably reduce the economic opportunities of unskilled natives. Economists have typically estimated the impact of immigration on native earnings by comparing the earnings of natives who reside in "immigrant" cities (such as Los Angeles and San Diego) with the earnings of natives who reside in cities where few immigrants live (such as Atlanta and Pittsburgh). These cross-city comparisons suggest that the average native wage is lower, but only slightly, in labor markets where immigrants tend to cluster. If one city has 10 per cent more immigrants than another, the native wage in the city with more immigrants is only about 0.2 per cent lower.

But this correlation does not necessarily indicate that immigrants have a negligible impact on native workers. Suppose immigration into Los Angeles lowers the earnings of natives in L.A. substantially. Native workers are not likely to stand idly by and watch their economic opportunities evaporate. Many will move out of the Los Angeles basin into other cities, and people who were considering moving to L.A. will now move elsewhere instead. As natives respond to immigration by voting with their feet (creating "the new white flight"), the adverse impact of immigration on the L.A. labor market is transmitted to the entire economy. In the end, all competing native workers are worse off from immigration, not simply those residing in cities where immigrants cluster.

There is some evidence that this "macro" effect of immigration on native earning opportunities is significant. The 1980s witnessed a substantial increase in the wage gap between workers who did not have a high-school diploma and workers with more education. The decade also witnessed the entry of large numbers of less skilled immigrants. Recent evidence suggests that perhaps a third of the 10-percentage-point decline in the relative wage of high-school dropouts between 1980 and 1988 can be attributed to the flow of less skilled immigrants.

Myth: Americans gain a lot from immigration.

A number of observers claim that immigration is very beneficial for natives. It is typically argued that immigrants spur economic growth, lower prices for American consumers, and increase the demand for goods and services produced by native-owned firms. It is telling that these claims are seldom, if ever, backed up by numbers. It

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is simply taken as a tenet of faith that Americans gain from immigration and that these benefits are substantial.

The belief that immigration spurs economic growth arises from the fact that there is a positive correlation between the number of immigrants in a particular city and the rate of economic growth in that city. This correlation is interpreted to mean that when immigrants enter a locality, economic growth follows. This interpretation, however, assumes that immigrants are not very smart. Why would anyone migrate to a city with a stagnant economy? Immigrants (like natives) look at economic conditions before deciding where to settle. The positive correlation between economic growth and immigration, therefore, might simply indicate that immigrants are smart in choosing where to live.

Redistribution of Wealth

IN ANY case, the numbers do suggest that natives, as a group, gain from immigration. Immigration, however, does more than just raise the national income that accrues to natives; it also induces a substantial redistribution of wealth. In particular, wealth is redistributed from native workers who compete with immigrant workers to those who employ immigrants and use immigrants' services. I have recently estimated that native workers, on the whole, lose about $133 billion a year, or 1.9 per cent of GDP in a $7-trillion economy, mainly because immigrants drive down the wages of competing workers. At the same time, employers and other users of immigrants' services, such as owners of large farms and the Zoë Bairds of the world, gain substantially. These gains are on the order of $140 billion, or 2 per cent of GDP. The net gain, therefore, is only on the order of 0.1 per cent of GDP, or about $7 billion. But although the net gain is small, *some* Americans gain very much. This simple fact explains why a small, well-financed, and powerful segment of the population finds it difficult to understand why most other Americans are so concerned about immigration.

Myth: Immigrants are more likely to be entrepreneurs, and these entrepreneurs are very successful.

It is often claimed that immigrants create more jobs than they take because a large number of them become successful entrepreneurs. Asserting that "immigrant companies have generated hundreds of thousands of good jobs in California," Ron Unz uses Silicon Valley and the computer industry to illustrate how immigrant entrepreneurship benefits our country ["Value Added," *NR*, November 7].

Sentimentality aside, it simply is not true that the entrepreneurial spirit burns more brightly among immigrants than among natives. The Census Bureau's statistics indicate that only 6.8 per cent of immigrant workers in 1990 were self-employed, compared to 7 per cent of native workers. Although entrepreneurship is an important economic activity among some immigrant groups (15 per cent of Greek and 18 per cent of Korean immigrants were self-employed), it does not characterize the bulk of the immigrant population. Only 6 per cent of Vietnamese immigrants, 5 per cent of Mexican immigrants, and 3 per cent of Filipino immigrants were self-employed.

We should not use these statistics to

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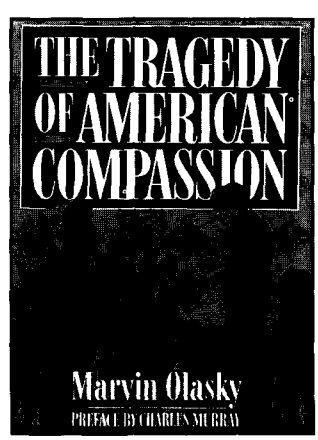

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denigrate the significant entrepreneurial contribution made by some immigrants. For instance, it might be that even though most immigrants do not become entrepreneurs, those who do are wildly successful and contribute significantly to the American economy. The proponents of this argument typically do not back up their assertion with data (since none exist) but instead rely on anecdotes. However, for every Philippe Kahn (an illegal alien who founded Borland International), there is a Bill Gates. Moreover, on average, the self-employed do not do very well in the labor market, regardless of whether they are immigrants or natives. Small firms have very high failure rates, and self-employed workers often earn less than wage-and-salary workers who have comparable skills.

Myth: The melting pot works fast.

In 1990, 10 per cent of the people living in America were "second generation" (that is, were born here but had at least one parent born elsewhere). By 2050, if current trends continue, the share of second-generation Americans will increase to about 14 per cent, and an additional 9 per cent of the population will be the grandchildren of current immigrants. The impact of immigration depends not only on how immigrants perform in the U.S. economy but also on the economic performance of their offspring. Despite this, the current debate almost completely ignores the implications of immigration policy for the economic and social well-being of this country in the twenty-first century.

We ignore these implications at our peril. The experience of the children of earlier immigrant waves suggests that, although second-generation workers earn more than their immigrant parents, on average the intergenerational improvement is not that large. At best, the children of immigrants earn about 10 per cent more than their parents. Because recent immigrant waves are relatively unskilled and earn about 20 per cent less than natives throughout much of their lives, this pattern would imply that second-generation workers in the next century may also have a substantial economic disadvantage.

There is also evidence that the huge wage differentials among different national-origin groups in a given generation are transmitted to their children. For example, in 1940 immigrants from the Philippines earned about 41 per cent less than immigrants from Italy. In 1970, second-generation Filipino-Americans earned 17 per cent less than second-generation Italian-Americans. Today's skill differentials among foreign-born groups become tomorrow's skill differentials among American-born ethnic groups. It might take up to four generations for the ethnic differences in economic status introduced by current immigration to disappear.

The Need for Action

WE DO not yet know how the welfare state and the multicultural agenda favored by many segments of the intellectual elite will alter the speed at which the melting pot does its job. A prudent observer can only conclude that these misguided policies will retard the forging of Americans. This factor, combined with the relatively low skills of recent immigrant waves and their high rates of welfare recipiency, might mean we are already witnessing the creation of a large new underclass. As other countries have learned at a very high cost, ethnicity matters, and it matters for a long time.

The debate over immigration policy is much too important to be guided by ignorance or by a distortion of the facts. The available evidence suggests reasons for conservatives, and even for open-border libertarians, to be worried about immigration. Perhaps if we can agree on the essence of the problem, we can proceed to a more rational discussion of the policy solutions.

Time is running out, however. The failure of the political system to address the problems caused by illegal aliens led to the enactment of Proposition 187, a proposition that many of us (even if we believe that illegal aliens create problems) view as ill-advised and ill-crafted. The longer the politicians bury their heads in the sand, the more likely that the Proposition 187 movement will spawn a "Proposition 188" to control legal immigration.

This resolution to the debate would be unfortunate, because it would probably lead to far more draconian measures than are justified. If we wish to pursue a more rational policy that nourishes some forms of legal immigration, that upholds the traditions that made America an "immigrant nation," and that takes advantage of the many economic, social, and cultural contributions that a well-chosen immigrant flow can confer upon the U.S., we will have to act soon and decisively. □

Welfare as We Know It

STRINGING ALONG

The 'no strings' approach to welfare reform would not be likely to result in reform worthy of the name.

ROBERT RECTOR

A NEW theme, federalism, has emerged in the welfare-reform debate, taking its place alongside the topics of work and illegitimacy. Speaking for most of his fellow governors, Michigan's John Engler told Congress, "It's time to give the states a chance. Certainly we can do better . . . States must have the freedom, with no strings attached, to implement change."

John Engler is a solid conservative with a record of moderate accomplishment on welfare reform. Unfortunately, what he was proposing as a national welfare policy has nothing to do with federalism, and his "no strings" approach represents a step backward compared to reform alternatives such as those contained in the Contract with America.

To understand the muddled relation between state governments and wel-

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fare reform we must begin by recognizing that the current U.S. welfare system has been overwhelmingly created and funded by Washington, D.C. Programs such as Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC), Food Stamps, and Medicaid are well known, but they are only the tip of the welfare iceberg. There are more than eighty major welfare programs in each state providing cash, food, housing, and social services to low-income Americans. Nearly all these programs emanate from Washington. Total welfare spending in 1994 reached $350 billion, of which a full 74 per cent came from the Federal Government. Moreover, the states' share of spending is largely restricted to one program, Medicaid. If Medicaid is excluded from the count, the Federal Government's share rises to nearly 85 per cent.

Governor Engler's call to "let the states do it," with its emphasis on federalism and decentralized power, has a strong appeal to conservatives. But Engler's proposal was greeted with dismay by many conservatives in the House and Senate. This is because Engler was proposing to get rid of not only the mountains of bizarre liberal welfare regulations but also the last handful of conservative national requirements in welfare, particularly those involving work, paternity, and illegitimacy.

Thus the question of what is conservative in welfare reform has become confused. Three distinct approaches have emerged.

1. True Federalism. True federalism starts by honoring the Tenth Amendment and recognizing that the Constitution provides no role for the Federal Government in welfare. In this approach, national means-tested welfare programs such as AFDC, Food Stamps, and Medicaid would be abolished and federal taxes reduced proportionately. State governments would then take full control of welfare programs within their borders and—most critically—would take full responsibility for funding them. The Federal Government would be removed from welfare entirely, both as a program provider and as a funding source.

True federalism has received little public discussion, but it is very popular among House freshmen. Representative Steve Chabot (R., Ohio) is working on a bill that would abolish federal means-tested programs and return the savings, not to state governments, but directly to the taxpayers. The bill would provide an annual tax rebate of roughly $3,400 each year for each household paying federal income tax. Income-tax withholding would be adjusted so that the "rebated" funds remained in the taxpayers' pockets instead of coming to Washington. Each state government could then take whatever portion of the tax rebate it deemed necessary to run welfare in its state. Governors thus would be directly accountable to their own taxpayers for the costs of welfare.

2. No-Strings Block Grants. This approach has been pushed by Governor Engler and by Governor George Allen of Virginia (although Engler, to his credit, has spoken favorably of true federalism as well). Governors would be given carte blanche to run welfare, but the funding of the welfare system would remain primarily federal. Washington would buy the car, gas, and tires, and the governors would drive wherever they wanted. It is easy to see why governors would be attracted to this scheme, which should be called "super revenue sharing" rather than

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federalism. Among federal legislators, Senator Bob Packwood (R., Ore.) seems inclined toward this approach.

3. Block Grants with Conservative Principles. This policy is best represented by the legislation introduced by two conservatives, Representative Jim Talent (R., Mo.) and Senator Lauch Faircloth (R., N.C.). Talent and Faircloth are among the strongest proponents of state flexibility—their bill abolishes over 65 separate federal welfare programs and folds the funds into a single huge block grant. The bill thus wipes out the forty-foot pile of federal regulations on welfare. In place of this mound of red tape, Talent and Faircloth would establish a few precise, conservative principles on work, illegitimacy, and paternity. Says Talent, "We want great increases in state flexibility, but we also want to ensure that federal funds are used to promote work, not dependence, and marriage, not illegitimacy."

Talent and Faircloth are eager to get rid of about 98 per cent of federal regulations on welfare. Most governors agree, but demand (at least publicly) that the remaining 2 per cent of conservative federal requirements be jettisoned as well. Alone among the governors, Wisconsin's Tommy Thompson has argued for the general approach of greater flexibility coupled with firm national standards.

Welfare for Governors

THE governors' position is simple: they want Washington to raise the money for welfare and let them spend it. But a fundamental rule is that people spend their own money wisely and other people's money foolishly. If there is one thing more profligate than a politician spending taxpayer funds, it is one group of politicians spending funds raised by a separate group of politicians. A minute's reflection should reveal that this sort of revenue sharing is not federalism and is not conservative. Indeed it is a blueprint for fiscal irresponsibility: it eventually turns even the best governors into welfare panhandlers, hustling for larger federal handouts.

Still, "no strings" revenue sharing is popular. Interest is driven by conservative folklore that paints state governments as feisty dynamos of reform battling the sclerotic heart of darkness inside the Beltway. But, while liberal Washington has been a gargantuan obstacle to welfare reform, an even bigger roadblock has been the governors and state legislatures. During the 1988 welfare reforms, for example, work requirements were kept near zero largely because of pressure from governors.

A little-known fact is that the bulk of the nation's welfare bureaucracy resides not in Washington but in the state capitals. From Tallahassee to Juneau, these welfare bureaucracies are voluminous, left wing, and autonomous. Few governors do much to govern their bureaucracies. Typically they elevate a career bureaucrat to run the department or import a political appointee who knows little about welfare. Although most governors are Republicans, few welfare directors are conservatives.

Most Republican governors are well equipped with anecdotes about how Washington regulation deliberately blocks reforms. They are right. But few realize that for every conservative idea blocked by Beltway red tape there are two quietly throttled in the bowels of their own welfare establishments.

A few weeks ago, while testifying on welfare before a state legislative committee, I stumbled across a recently released "blueprint" for welfare reform produced by the administration of Carroll Campbell, the Republican former governor of South Carolina. The document looked like something plagiarized from the left-wing Children's Defense Fund. This would be amusing if it weren't so typical of what passes for "reform" at the state level.

The need for a federal impetus to reform is widely recognized by conservative welfare experts. Take, for example, making welfare recipients work—a simple idea supported by about 90 per cent of the public. Larry Mead is the nation's leading academic authority on workfare and a relentless advocate of making welfare recipients work. Mead argues that most of the impetus toward work has come from the federal level; if federal standards were dropped, workfare would simply come to a halt in many states. Jason Turner, the tough-as-nails administrator of the nation's most successful workfare program, under Governor Thompson of Wisconsin, agrees: "The bureaucracies in most states are wedded to the status quo," he says. "Without a strong push from the federal level, change won't occur."

Then there is Chuck Hobbs. As White House welfare guru under Ronald Reagan, Hobbs spent years promoting state welfare waivers and encouraging state experimentation. No one in the United States has done more to promote the notion of the states as "laboratories of reform"; Hobbs currently runs a consulting firm promoting workfare and helping states obtain federal waivers for experiments. But he sadly reports that nearly all waiver requests that have floated up from the states over the years are liberal. Without conservative national requirements, he says, there will be little change. Hobbs advocates a "pincer movement" in which conservative reforms are pushed at the federal and state levels simultaneously. "Bureaucratic inertia is tremendous," he says. "Conservatives at the federal and state levels will have to unite to overcome it."

A bellwether is the *Washington Post*, which has recently begun to editorialize against "prescriptive" Washington solutions and in favor of greater state flexibility. The *Post*'s timely defection to the ranks of the federalists reflects its understanding that, at present, the conservative tide of welfare reform is strongest in Washington; the status quo is best served by letting the states "do their own thing."

The "no strings" argument has always been paradoxical. The governors contend that with federal red tape

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eased they will zip toward reform at 100 mph, and yet they object to a federal minimum speed requirement of 10 mph. One of the ironies of the "no strings" approach is that it split the conservative governors from their best potential allies in Congress. While the National Governors' Association was busy tussling with conservatives over abolishing federal work standards, moderates moved quietly to limit state flexibility in critical areas—for example, by rescinding the Contract pledge to block-grant Food Stamps. Thus the net effect of "no strings" so far has been to shift Republican legislation to the left. Conservative national standards have been weakened, while the governors are getting less flexibility than they need.

The push for "no strings" may be fading; the zenith was probably reached a few weeks ago, when House Republicans on the Ways and Means Committee dutifully stripped work requirements out of their welfare bill on behalf of "states' rights" and took a full day of pounding from liberals for being weak on work. Since then Governors Thompson, Weld, and Engler have all agreed to national work standards.

If the governors are sincere about wanting to run welfare on their own, then they should earnestly push for true federalism *à la* Congressman Chabot. As long as they are in the business of running welfare mainly with federal funds, they should (and probably will) join with conservatives in Washington in seeking greater state flexibility within a solid framework of conservative principles. □

Toward Peru's Future

HERO STORYTELLER

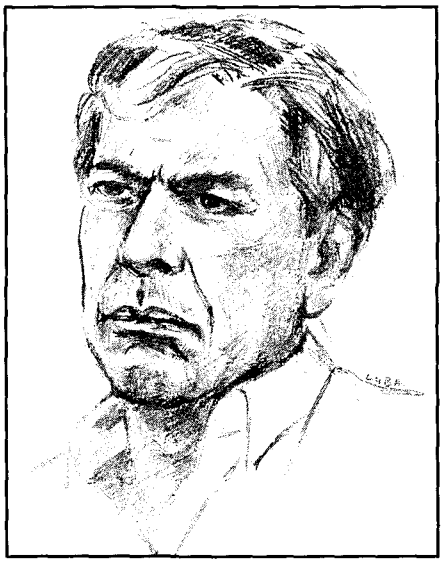
Alberto Fujimori may have saved Peru, but he could not have done so without Mario Vargas Llosa.

JAMES COMO

There is no trust in the Americas, neither in individuals nor in nations: the constitutions are books, the treaties scraps of paper, the elections battles, liberty is anarchy, and life a torture.
—Simón Bolívar, 1815

THIS spring Peru will elect a president, its fourth consecutive legitimate presidential election—astonishing in a country that has had only *one* other such succession in this century. Alberto Fujimori is running again and he will not lose, not even to the universally respected Javier Pérez de Cuellar, the former secretary general of the United Nations. And that virtual certainty is accompanied by a second: there will be a campaign unlike any that most Peruvians have ever known, for the rhetoric of liberal democracy, free markets, private initiative, and personal freedom—as opposed to that of ubiquitous statist intervention—will be *taken for granted* by nearly everyone.

Until 1987, the most compelling feature of late-twentieth-century Peru was this: *no newness*, and so no hope. The entire culture was saturated by "noise," randomly distributed uncertainty and uniform disarray; that is, by *entropy*. Is it any wonder that Mario Vargas Llosa, the renowned novelist briefly turned politician, felt "absurd and unreal" in his own country? Was it at all likely that he could do anything about it? Yet, thanks in large part to Vargas Llosa, Peru—"this beggar sitting on a bench of gold," as the Peruvian naturalist Raimondi described his country—has shown signs of, finally, refuting Bolívar. Today Vargas Llosa's carping about President Fujimori (amidst much necessary criticism of him) has earned considerable ostracism, but tomorrow, when a whole pack of opportunists, demagogues, and technocrats are reduced to footnotes, he will still be the hero who not only stood athwart Peruvian history and yelled "Stop!" but went on to propel it on its historic way.



Mr. Como teaches speech and rhetoric at York College in the City University of New York.

Peru Unraveling

UNTIL then, Peru was hardly worthy of exclusion from the Liberator's 175-year-old judgment. A febrile, Khmer Rouge–like terrorist organization, *Sendero Luminoso* (Shining Path), was slowly eviscerating the country; hyperinflation was devaluing an absurd currency just as an unraveling social contract was debasing standards of conduct, both public and private; the underemployed joined the unemployed, those who had been merely hungry now starved, and the infrastructure deteriorated. Overpopulation of the capital turned its environs into great garbage heaps (so that cholera erupted) and its downtown streets into little more than urinals. Many of the people living in small towns or in the countryside away from the coast were de facto serfs, semi-indentured, not to multinational corporations or to old oligarchic interests, but to the barons of a great drug-trafficking empire and their ideologically maniacal counterparts. And all the while a helplessly mercantilist state presided, at once bloated and flaccid. Rampant and petty corruption (*coima*) accompanied an obligatory shamming (*pillería*) in all aspects of bureaucratic life, and the state employed or otherwise ruled most of the official Peruvian work force. In some years more than a thousand ex-

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ecutive decrees per month were issued, and the constitution itself was more than one hundred pages long.

In the mid Sixties Peru had been, per capita, second on the continent in animal husbandry. Then, in 1968, General Juan Velasco conducted a leftist military coup against President Fernando Belaúnde (who was spirited out of the presidential palace in his pajamas) and botched a land reform that broke up large estates. So began the decline in Peruvian husbandry; by 1990 only Haiti had a lower per-capita rate. President Belaúnde, vindicated by his re-election in 1980, told me in 1981 that his policy was decentralization; he would build roads and telecommunications facilities and encourage investment outside Lima. Later that week I interviewed a very prominent leader of the left-wing party APRA (*Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana*) and asked if he thought Belaúnde would survive his full term or again be removed by a coup. I was stupefied to hear, "That is the very thing we are now deciding upon."

Under such bizarre circumstances, who better than a novelist—whose living is the invention of credible worlds—to summon forth a new vision after having lived through, assaulted, and finally discarded a ruinous one (Marxist-socialist "Castroism")? In person Vargas Llosa is charming, friendly, and supremely courteous—cosmopolitan, multilingual, apparently at home with people of all kinds, who in turn have seemed at home with him. In person he is impossible to dislike. And as a national treasure he is unique: among the most indigenous writers his country has ever produced, he is also the most internationally renowned in its history.

So it was with exceptional authority that in 1981 he spontaneously formed and led a large and varied group of demonstrators to the Soviet embassy to protest the imposition of martial law in Poland, and in July of 1987 he raised an alarm in response to the plan of President Alan García (who had handily won the 1985 election on the APRA ticket) to nationalize banks, insurance companies, and all other lending institutions. One month later, to the amazement of the continent, Vargas Llosa led a rally of over one hundred thousand people in the Plaza San Martín—street vendors and bus drivers, along with bankers, all protesting García's decision. That demonstration was the birth of *Libertad*, not a political party but a social movement, the largest ever in Peru.

Going Native

THUS, by the late Eighties, Vargas Llosa was not only ideally suited to leadership but seemed to apprehend his role in its dynamic. In his novel *Hablador* (*The Storyteller*, the proofs of which he was correcting as the plans for the Plaza demonstration were being laid), he tells the tale of Saúl Zuratas, a young and brilliant anthropology student who becomes so absorbed in the study of Amazon tribes that he abandons his scientific stance and enters as a native into the culture of the Machiguengas, a dwindling group who must walk (literally and figuratively) in order to survive as a people. For coherence—for the sake of their very identity—they rely upon *un hablador*, a storyteller who recounts episodes, myths, biographies, and visions. Zuratas—an outsider to his own society because of his Jewishness and to the Amazon tribe because of a birthmark that runs across half his face (they would have killed him at birth)—became the Machiguengas' *hablador*.

It is but a short allegorical reach to read Peru as the tribe and Vargas Llosa himself as the *hablador*. Twice in the first two pages the narrator tells us, "I went in," anticipating the choice of his protagonist to enter the tribal culture. And from that inside, the *hablador* can recount the shaman Tasurinchi's resolute optimism: "The sun hasn't fallen yet. . . . we must help it. We have suffered evil and death, but we keep on walking. . . . No. We are alive. We are moving." From the outside, however, the narrator tells us that "the Shapras [another tribe, e.g., Chile] were more isolated . . . but one did not find among them any of those symptoms of depression or moral disintegration that the [linguists] had described in the Machiguengas." "For the Machiguengas," the narrator says, "history marches neither forward nor backward: it goes around and around in circles, repeats itself." It is intelligible from within; but, from without, random and uncertain—profoundly entropic.

Yet Vargas Llosa, unlike his *hablador*, had transcended the entropic reality, and would have his countrymen do the same. Manuel d'Ornellas, editor of the daily *Expreso* (and now a critic of the expatriate Vargas Llosa, who has taken Spanish citizenship), has aptly noted that Peruvians "have been accustomed to the harsh and aggressive rhetoric of [their] military dictators, or to the cooing or capricious words of their civilian governors." So Vargas Llosa seemed new indeed when, for example, he endorsed the candidacy of Belaúnde in 1980 by describing his support for "the progress of liberty, change without cataclysmic trauma, and respect for law, criticism, and the *plurality of information*." After all, "it is necessary to transform reality by means of words," he wrote in 1983, "even though these words are themselves a distortion of reality." And he is refreshingly unambiguous with respect to the question of responsibility. Speaking of his countrymen during a lecture in Edinburgh in 1986, he said, "one of our worst defects—our best fictions—is to believe that our miseries have been imposed upon us from abroad, that others have always had responsibility for our problems; for instance, the *conquistadores*. . . . We are the *conquistadores*. They gave us the habit of passing to the devil the responsibility for any evil we do."

"I don't know . . . it seems like nihilism just isn't enough *any more."*

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In a 1988 speech in Costa Rica, Vargas Llosa said: "Our peoples, weighed down by hunger, economic injustice, the lack of work, of schools, of hospitals—weighed down by all the misfortune and hopelessness that life is for them—have not lost their appetite for liberty." As a presidential candidate in 1990 he attacked "elites"—largely of the private sector but in league with high-ranking bureaucrats—who diminish both economic and political liberty and turn democracy into a formalistic sham. He championed Hernando de Soto's groundbreaking *El Otro Sendero* (*The Other Path*). "Vote," he has often said, "not for the rich, but for a system that could make you rich." His Peru would be one of "the possible and the impossible."

As late as the close of his first-round campaign, Vargas Llosa gave no indication of oratorical distemper. In his farewell to Arequipa, his home Department, on April 5, 1990, he addressed tens of thousands of wildly cheering people from a balcony and, quite musically and with a lover's zeal, promised the throng a government "as pure, as clean, as transparent as the air of Arequipa," with ideas "as luminous as are the stars that shine in the heavens and in the eyes of Arequipan women." He closed his campaign, in June 1990, with an address to the nation in which he compared Peru to a book: "An ancient, beautiful, never-ending book. It contains pages of great beauty telling us of a great civilization built by Peruvians in this very same 'roof of the world,' pages written on the stones of Machu Picchu and Chavin, in the paintings of Nazca and Paracas, in the gold and silver of the Incas. There are pages of bravery, such as those describing Grau's ship and Bolognesi's sword." He asked Peruvians to write a happy ending. When he heard the results the next day he said, "I feel sorry for Peru."

It seems he would instruct but not persuade, as though the two were mutually exclusive; and in his bitter reaction he has come to be seen (in the words of his former friend De Soto) as the absentee "*hijo de puta*"—that is, a "son of a whore," substantially worse than a mere "son of a bitch." Notwithstanding the utter novelty and daring of his campaign, Vargas Llosa's whiteness and his political alliances had made him nominally the establishment candidate; the adroit Fujimori, as I believed at the time ("Prolonging Peru's Solitude?" *NR*, May 14, 1990), assumed the role of struggling opposition candidate. But in fact Vargas Llosa, like his Jewish storyteller Zuratas, was and remains the archetypal outsider. A fresh Peruvian identity, with a new political and economic culture, would have been unthinkable without the vision of Vargas Llosa. But he lacks both the astuteness and the will to have rid Peru, as Fujimori has done, of its debilitating political rot. The president's *auto-golpe* (self-coup) was the first serious and successful attempt to eliminate many of the political and social ills which Vargas Llosa first diagnosed for his countrymen ("'Chinochet'?" *NR*, September 14, 1992). Perfectly suited to conveying newness, this *hablador* is unfit to effect it.

The Tough Cop

FUJIMORI is still playing the tough cop (as he fends off the attacks of an even tougher cop, Mrs. Fujimori), and the coup will be *his* legacy, its enduringly bad fruit being his complicity with the genuinely wicked Vladimiro Montesinos and his military cronies. But notwithstanding continuing abuses both substantive and formal, Fujimori is not in any predecessor's league as a dictator.

He is also quite unlike the aloof Vargas Llosa and Pérez de Cuellar, Peruvians say. Fujimori is ever-present—indeed ubiquitous. He travels to public projects, walks among the poor, and visits the remotest spots in the republic. He is the first Peruvian president in living memory to have visited Ecuador.

He is also effective. Inflation, nearly 8,000 per cent in 1990, should be around 9 per cent in 1995; a GDP which shrunk by some 5 per cent in 1990 grew by 12 per cent (the fastest in the world) in 1994 and should appreciate (for the third consecutive year) by another 6 per cent in 1995, when Fujimori has promised to turn his attention to the establishment of a social safety net (the linchpin of Pérez de Cuellar's campaign). During those same five years per-capita income has risen from nearly $1,000 to over $1,300 per year. Critics have many complaints: A *retired* general as head of

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the military? Old public works painted over and dedicated as though brand new? Municipal funds impounded when Lima's Mayor Belmont showed signs of gaining a sizable national following? A candidate excessively availing himself of incumbency by mixing political campaigning with official business? All nickels and dimes, when not mere abstractions, to the ordinary Peruvian. The *sol* is dependable, and both water and electricity run all the time.

Last November while in Lima I met

(Continues on page 72)

The Businessman of the State

PERU started to loom large on my radar screen when my son, Tom, became engaged to a Peruvian woman named Anna Morales. After his first visit to his future parents-in-law, in 1992, he recounted his amazement at how life went on in Lima, notwithstanding the recurrent bombings.

When we all got together as a family in Peru in 1993, there were very few bombings. People were filling the cafés in the late evenings, and the traffic was horrendous, as one would expect in what is now a bustling economy. The economic activity, and the relative freedom, are due in no small part to Peru's president, Alberto Fujimori.

During my visit in Lima, President Fujimori agreed to meet me and my Peruvian host, Dr. Alejandro Morales, for an interview. We were invited to the aptly named presidential palace, a grand and ornate building in the center of Lima.

President Fujimori was justifiably proud of having completed the war against the Shining Path guerrillas, and certain that the best way to prevent their return was to "fight the poverty and capture the imagination of the Andean population." But it seemed that his program of privatization had got off to a slow start—that there was a great deal of lingering bureaucracy preventing Peruvians from registering land ownership.

"I don't think that bureaucracy is the main part of the problem," Fujimori replied. "The problem is that too many people are isolated from the economy. They have rich lands, but they are not connected by roads. . . . In the rural areas I was not anxious to make land registration available at the beginning of my government, when terrorism was a problem and when the economy was in the deepest level of the crisis, because people would have sold their land too cheaply."

"If they had got ownership they would have sold too quickly?"

"Yes. If they had sold their land a few years ago, it would have been for too little. Land prices have gone from $2,500 per hectare to $5,000 per hectare today.

"The same is true for state-owned businesses," he added. "I think of myself as a businessman. I am the businessman of the state." But even though his administration was going slow, privatization was not merely talk. In 1994 the government completed 30 privatizations, receiving $2.4 billion and generating investment commitments of $2.1 billion. The most important transactions were the telephone company and Entel Peru—$2 billion for 35 per cent of both companies.

THE other touchy subject is human rights. There is one real blot on the Fujimori administration's copybook—the Cantuta incident, referring to the decision to try a group of officers in a military rather than a civilian court. The officers were accused of assassinating nine students and a professor whom they suspected of being Shining Path guerrillas. These officers were found guilty and sentenced, but there is a suspicion that a civilian court would have gone higher up in the military.

That, however, was over and done with; so why, then, is the Clinton Administration still so much harder on Fujimori's Peru than, say, on Yeltsin's Russia? Fujimori doesn't know, but he replies plausibly: "I don't deny that there have been some human-rights violations, but we have been improving daily. Look around, visit the prisons, ask the people about relative human rights—here and in Russia." He adds a point directed to those who cannot reconcile his self-coup with a desire to bring greater freedom to Peru's people: "The Peruvian government increased human rights, both by reducing terrorist activities and by freeing up the economy. Armed guerrillas used to parade threateningly through university classrooms. They no longer do so." Public safety does not guarantee freedom, but it is a necessary precondition for it.

On that subject, I asked President Fujimori what was his vision of the right political and economic structure for Peru—a topic of importance not only to Peru itself but to other countries that might be looking to it as a model. "Our model," he replied, "is market economy—free market—but the state has to be very aware of the problems of society. I don't want to see Peru completely free market from all points of view. Free market in the economy, but for the social program it is the state which must take the lead." However, when asked how he would make sure that Peru doesn't wind up with the enormous entitlement baggage we have in the States, he replied, "These entitlements are privileges that we don't accept. Working on social problems doesn't mean giving the kinds of privileges that there are in the United States or in Great Britain. I want to have opportunity, not entitlement." And opportunity there was. The Lima Stock Exchange general index rose 50.2 per cent in dollar terms in 1994.

The evening after the interview, I was strolling with my family in Miraflores, a dangerous pastime just three years ago. Foreign tourists and Peruvians were sauntering among the handicraft stands, food stalls, and sideshows, like people the world over on a balmy summer night. Suddenly there is an explosion; everyone looks wildly around for shelter. Then we all quickly realize that one of the balloons at a peddler's stand has popped —a reminder of troubled times past, and better times now.

—THOMAS L. RHODES

Mr. Rhodes is president of NATIONAL REVIEW.

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

March 27, 1995

Dear Rusty,

I'm on the plane back from the Middle East and I can't find my wallet. I had it in Jericho this afternoon, as I toured some new housing sites. Then, on the tarmac, Arafat gave me one of his trademark hug-and-two-kisses goodbyes, I dashed up the steps to board Air Force Two, went to swipe my credit card through the AirPhone machine, and darned if I could find my wallet.

This is the second time in two weeks, too. I lost it right after lunch with Gerry Adams, the leader of Sinn Fein. Tipper's going to kill me.

Over all, though, the trip went as well as can be expected when all you can offer is $500 million. Over the smallest cup of coffee I've ever had, Arafat and I went back and forth over the number.

"Five hundred million is all I can offer, Mr. Arafat."

"Yes, of course, but you see, I came here with the number one billion five in my mind, and that's an awfully hard number to forget."

I took a sip of my coffee and inadvertently drank all of it. A waiter brought some more.

"Mr. Arafat," I said, "we in the United States are going through a period of austerity—"

"Perhaps the Vice President is interested in the finest of rugs . . ." Arafat clapped his hands twice, and the room filled instantly with little boys and rolled-up rugs. "You see what I am reduced to?" he asked. "And I suppose I cannot interest the Vice President in seven hundred slightly damaged Russian-made fax machines?"

It went on like that. I got the distinct impression that he wasn't doing so well in the money department. When I re-emphasized that $500 million was our final offer, he turned petulant.

"Perhaps, Mr. Vice President," he said, "I will get better terms from the next American President, Ambassador Alan Keyes."

And he got up and stalked away. I didn't see him again until a few minutes ago, on the airstrip.

On the plane, I got the news that Pete Wilson had entered the '96 race. A few minutes later, the White House link phone rang. It was Bill.

"How'd it go with Arafat, Al?" Bill asked.

"Not so good, Bill. He wants more money."

"Yeah, well, maybe he'll get it from Alan Keyes."

"C'mon, Bill—cheer up. You're within the margin of statistical error to beat Alan Keyes in a head-to-head in most Southern states."

"You're right. But did you hear Wilson's in?"

"Hey, Bill, Wilson's not a threat. I mean, he raised taxes but claims to be a budget cutter. And people will see his new-found skepticism about affirmative action for the cheap vote-getting ploy it is. He's only moving to the right to get votes."

"And how is that different from me?"

"Can I call you back? The static on this line is terrible."

The truth is, I was remembering a conversation I had with Tipper. She thinks Bill is planning some big shakeup before the election swings into gear. She thinks he's panicking.

"Don't go to the Middle East, Al," she said. "Send Chris Christopher."

"Can't, Tip. In the first place, he's got that ulcer thing."

"And?"

"And in the second place, foreign policy isn't really his strong suit."

Tipper began pacing the bedroom.

"I'm telling you, Al, he's got something up his sleeve. Why else would he be sending his loyal, irreplaceable right-hand man to a dangerous assassin-filled place like the Middle East?"

"Tipper, you're paranoid. Why would Bill want something to happen to me? I'm not a liability."

"If the Republicans get Christie Whitman, you are. Then Bill will have to see their woman and raise them a black guy. At least. And you're off the ticket and it's Colin and Alma Powell who are looking after my rose bushes."

"You're crazy. Powell's a conservative. Probably."

"Grow up, Al. When you don't know whether somebody's conservative or liberal, they're liberal. The New York Times is very thorough about stuff like that."

"Tipper, I think you need a vacation."

So I went off to visit Jericho, but I couldn't get Tipper's prophecy out of my mind. Rusty, I'm confident that I can out-debate Christie Whitman or Bill Weld or whoever Phil Gramm throws at me. And the idea of sending someone to a foreign hot-spot where Americans are terrorist targets just to get rid of some political baggage and shake up the ticket—well, that doesn't sound like Bill at all.

It sounds a tiny bit like Hillary, though. But she's in Pakistan.

Ah, Tipper's just overreacting, as usual.

Your pal, Al

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Positively HIV

DAVID BRUDNOY

THE WHIMSICAL film critic in me toyed with the idea of calling this piece "Mon Jour chez Oprah," in tribute to Eric Rohmer's *Ma Nuit chez Maud* (1970), but then I decided, *à la* Richard Nixon, that that would be wrong. What I have to say here is not funny, though my half-year-long ramble through the gruesomeness of AIDS has had its amusing moments. To begin at the end—at least at the end of developments as I write this—I can now say I have spent a day inhabiting the giddy air of the *Oprah* show, this as a decidedly second banana to Olympic diver Greg Louganis.

As a broadcast and print journalist for the last quarter-century, I am no longer surprised by anything, including the comedy of possessiveness that accompanied the charming Mr. Louganis's appearance on the show. First he was booked, as was I; then ABC's *20/20* convinced Random House, publisher of his new book, that even though that installment of *Oprah* wouldn't air until three days after *20/20*'s interview with him, he mustn't appear on *Oprah*. I was then asked to be Numero Uno on the show, though by the time I flew out to Chicago with my producer, Kevin Myron, the touchy media moguls had relented and allowed Greg to appear. Well, by now you've heard the high points of the sometimes horrifying life—raped at knifepoint, attempted suicide, relentless depression—of the world's greatest diver.

Andy Warhol was wrong: sometimes you do get more than 15 minutes of fame, even if you're not Greg Louganis. I figure that by now I've had at least 20 minutes of fame, and it continues.

Media outlets across the country have expressed an interest in my story. But when *NR*'s literary editor asked me to write about AIDS, it came as rather an enormous surprise. Not because I'm unfamiliar with this magazine or with the relevant debates. I have been part of the *NR* family since 1968. And among my nearly ten thousand written and broadcast commentaries, essays, and film, stage, and book reviews, about one hundred have touched on homosexuality and a like number on AIDS, though never until now on my own involvement in either. In *NR*'s issue of July 19, 1974, Ernest van den Haag and I took differing positions on "gay" rights, and I find that what I had to say then reflects what I believe now.

The surprise was because this journal has been less than latitudinarian on the subject of those infected with HIV. Most conservatives take a dim view of homosexual activity. But I will not try to justify myself here; arguments about the moral status of practicing homosexuals tend to be as inconclusive as arguments about the nature of God. If you have a decade or so to debate the matter, please do. Unfortunately I don't have enough time left for that.

I was diagnosed with HIV in the spring of 1988. When I recovered from my shock—I had assumed that since I didn't (and don't) do intravenous drugs or anal sex, I could not be infected—I decided to deal with the matter privately. I told my local doctor and a very few friends in Boston, where I live, and elsewhere. My local doctor did blood tests on me twice each month, and we sent the results to a physician in Washington, D.C., who is also the doctor of a couple of other well-known conservative AIDS patients. Two or three times each year I went to Washington and had the expensive tests that relate to AIDS—HIV antigen, HIV antibody, T4 cell count, and the like. In this way, and by getting my drugs pseudonymously and not collecting reimbursement for them from my insurance, I maintained perfect secrecy.

Not because I feel shame. I feel regret and sadness, and you and I know that the overwhelming likelihood is that this will all end very badly indeed. I wanted not to burden my friends and family with the knowledge, and I wanted not to be subjected to the usual media reductionism: "AIDS-infected talk host David . . ." and so forth.

Like innumerable others I suffered a few infections in the first six years: a little weight loss, diarrhea, thrush. But then, in Kyoto in November 1993, the side effect of one of my drugs, ddI, appeared: peripheral neuropathy, meaning an increasing pain in my feet, which by ten months later had resulted in near-paralysis. By September of last year I couldn't walk up stairs and the pain was fierce.

At that point, this rationalist realist, this no-nonsense fellow, began a six-week exercise in classical denial. I got what I thought was a bad flu—swollen legs, dizzy spells, falling in the bushes behind the radio station, clutching the walls as I walked through the hallways, fatigue, nausea, high fever. Some flu!

I carried on at my TV, radio, writing, and teaching jobs. Sort of. Several nights I was too ill to work, and on Monday, October 24, my producer yanked me off the air because I was incoherent. But the next day I went to my Boston University class on media criticism and delivered what I tenaciously believed was a brilliant lecture, my students sitting transfixed. Months later I ran into one of those stu-

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dents, who, in response to my question about how he and the others had taken the lecture, told me that they sat transfixed because they had no idea what I was talking about and wondered only if I would live through the day.

I almost did not. That afternoon a friend, Ward Cromer, came by to nurse me with Gatorade, Coke, and cool towels. He insisted on taking me to the doctor the next day and I, too weak to protest, agreed. He then went home to do some work and said that he would be back later in the evening and would sack out on the couch. And then the horror truly began.

I know this not from memory but only from the recitations of others. Evidently after Ward left I wandered out on the street, perhaps was mugged—my watch and wallet never turned up—and then re-entered my building, where I began to collapse. The building superintendent called an ambulance and, unconscious, I was whisked off to Massachusetts General Hospital. Ward returned minutes later, was told what had happened, and called 911 to learn where the ambulance had taken me. Finding that his car, parked in front of my building, had been broken into, he grabbed a cab, rushed to the emergency room, and saved my life by telling the doctors I was HIV-positive, at which point they immediately administered a drug that combats *Pneumocystis carinii*, the pneumonia that frequently kills AIDS patients. Weeks later the doctors told me they figured that from the time the medics wheeled me in, at most twenty minutes of life remained for me. (Does this begin to sound like a TV Movie of the Week?)

Nine days of medically induced coma followed. Five dear friends entered into what I suppose we can now call a death watch, observing this barely alive, shrunken thing hovering on the verge, with well over a dozen tubes coming into and going out of me, a huge tube down to my lungs withdrawing gallons (!) of water, and machines massaging my heart, which had swollen to twice its normal size and was barely pumping. The prognosis was grim. I learned much later that on the third day the doctors in the intensive care unit suggested to Ward, who has my power of attorney and the decision power in medical matters, that perhaps they ought just to disconnect me and let me die peacefully. Ward's second life-rescue occurred then as he resisted. Eventually, I began to respond, and on the ninth day the tube was withdrawn from my lungs and I was brought out of the coma, though for days I was confused, unsure of where I was or what was happening to me. My friends guarded my privacy, and the newspapers and TV and radio stations knew only that I was in critical condition from heart and lung disease.

Eventually, after two weeks in intensive care, I was moved into a regular hospital room and began to emerge from my disorientation, though I saw phantom visitors and otherwise was, as they say, not myself. I was still not allowed out of bed, and one night, at 11:15, a man I had never seen before came into my room and announced that he was a neurologist and wanted to test my feet. Twenty-five minutes later, after poking around and finding no response, he stated that he didn't think I would ever walk again. A nice way to go to sleep, alone, wondering just how *did* Franklin Roosevelt manage it?

Things then began to speed up. A therapist assured me that she had seen many such cases and felt almost certain that I would walk again. She quickly got me up on a walker, then helped me move a few steps with it. As my heart and lungs healed, I began to realize how dependent I had become on others—on, for instance, nurses' aides to bathe me. I had urinary problems and for several days wore a foley bag; I contracted a few bacterial and viral infections, not uncommon in long-term hospitalization, and that curse called shingles, which is the chicken-pox virus, long dormant, emerging again in adulthood.

Shingles may sound ridiculous, but it is among the most painful and unremitting of diseases, and totally resistant to painkillers. The first stages were bearable. Later, when I was moved for two weeks to the Spaulding Rehabilitation Hospital, to continue learning to walk again (I now walk without any aid, though outdoors I use a cane, owing to the wretched sidewalks and streets of Boston), the shingles entered its itch phase, maddening, and then the worst of all: such intense pain that several times a day I lost bowel control. Then, and only then, I wanted to die. The shingles infects me still, in two spots along a nerve that services the buttocks and the genitals. Your imagination can lead you to understand the full misery of this.

IN MID November, the inevitable occurred: the rumors that my condition was AIDS surfaced, and the *Boston Globe*'s radio columnist and her counterpart at the *Herald* called me. I lied, but it was clear the matter would soon be publicized, if only as rumor. Whereupon my friends advised me to call the *Globe* and strike a deal: they would spike the rumor story and instead assign one of their best writers to interview me the next morning and do a lead story in the November 17 edition. That, and an exclusive radio interview on my own station, followed by the *Herald* getting the story and "borrowing" 24 paragraphs from the early *Globe* edition. I like to say that forests died to provide the newsprint to tell my story.

The deluge was on: every local talk program on radio and one on TV devoted hours to me. Should I have "come out" earlier? Did the *Globe* "out" me? Would I still be the leading radio talk host in New England if I lived and returned to work?

I watched the election coverage come and go with me in hospital gowns unable to help. I found that my life was now almost completely exposed. Meanwhile, letters and cards poured in, brought to me dutifully each evening by my producer—by now, about twelve thousand, all but about six of them loving and supportive. The hostile letters tended to be scrawled in crayon and one merrily calculated how hot the fires of Hell would be for me.

On December 4, I was released from the hospital and returned home, gradually to recuperate. One month later, on January 5 (coincidentally the beginning of the winter ratings period), I went back on the air, and a few weeks later back to school, and also back to my writing assignments. I now function about 95 per cent as I did before my hospitalization. I have intense shingles pain, pain in my feet, and fatigue, but I've already regained 15 of the 45 pounds that I lost during my illness and hospitalization. I know now that at all my places of work, discussions were begun under the grim assumption that I would either die or never be well enough to work again. It's not nice, I know, to fool Mother Nature, but I have done so—if only for the few years remaining to me.

Sunday, January 8, the *New York Times* carried a story,

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opening another deluge of attention in the media: CBS's *Evening News*; *People* magazine; bits on ABC's *Day One*, NBC's *Today*, and NBC's *Evening News*. Fox is nibbling, as are several publishers who want me to do the book version of all this.

I can now claim the dubious distinction of being the most famous AIDS person in New England; as a lady friend put it, the Magic Johnson who can't jump. The story isn't a bad one, of course, but it is really a one-line tale: Conservative media figure is gay and has AIDS. Certainly some of the reaction of some conservatives, not on my show but on others, has been dismay that the Brudnoy they thought was on their side must be a fraud because homosexuals can't be conservative. I have had many a grim laugh hearing that sort of nonsense but, let us be frank, many conservative journals (not, in recent years, this one) have perpetuated that idea.

Obviously I would trade away every second of media attention if in return I could be rid of AIDS. In lighter moments I've borrowed Woody Allen's classic line: I don't fear death—I just don't want to be there when it happens. I'm stronger by the day, given a 100 per cent clean bill of health for my heart and lungs. I'm injecting myself thrice weekly with a drug to help combat anemia, and my doctors watch me carefully. I'm busy, enthusiastic, never despondent or depressed, and determined to make each day count, since I'll probably have fewer days of health—and for that matter of life—than would ordinarily be the case.

So we come again to Oprah Winfrey's show and to the last minutes there at her studio before returning to Boston. Greg Louganis and I, who had never before met and had spent all of ten minutes in each other's company that day, realized that the end for the two of us will be grimly similar. Greg reached out and embraced me before we left, acknowledging our shared condition. We are a fast-growing fraternity, worldwide, we with HIV, and in America AIDS has become the leading cause of death among people ages 25 to 44, heterosexual and homosexual alike. What horrors await Africa one can only speculate, but there, and in Asia and Latin America and Europe and Russia, the word is out: HIV is reaching more and more people.

One of the TV commentaries in November featured my old TV sparring partner and dear friend Mike Barnicle, who on the Boston ABC affiliate talked of the many people who don't think that they know anyone with AIDS, and of how easy it has been for many people to speak disparagingly of those who have it. Mike said that *everybody* watching that station, where we had worked together for two years, knows somebody with AIDS: "David Brudnoy has AIDS." □

Bill Who?

ANN LLOYD MERRIMAN

THREE YEARS AGO, the name Bill Clinton provoked little more than the reaction "Bill Who?" from the majority of voters, who thought—as did most political guessperts—that President George Bush had the 1992 election sewn up. Yet today Bill Who? occupies the Oval Office, and biographers are hard at work producing life stories and analyses of him.

The best so far is *First in His Class*, by David Marannis of the *Washington Post*. It is to biography as saturation bombing is to warfare. Readers should take a deep breath before cracking this 512-page study of the Work-in-Progress from Hope, for Marannis begins at the beginning and along the way covers a cast of thousands. We've heard of the Friends of Bill and the Friends of Hillary; little did we know that in the collective they could fill a Cecil B. De Mille production.

Marannis has done such a thorough deconstruction job that the question naturally occurs: Where was he when the voters needed him? Why, Marannis was right there on the campaign trail, winning a Pulitzer Prize for his coverage of the Clinton campaign. Unfortunately, he must have been moonstruck then, for he saw only Bill Clinton, the carefully contrived New Democrat; Slick Willie never appeared on his radar screen. But that was then.

First in His Class: A Biography of Bill Clinton, by David Marannis (Simon & Schuster, 512 pp., $25)

On the Make: The Rise of Bill Clinton, by Meredith L. Oakley (Regnery, 533 pp., $24.95)

Highwire: From the Back Roads to the Beltway: The Education of Bill Clinton, by John Brummett (Hyperion, 285 pp., $22.95)

The facts speak for themselves in Marannis's study, which ends as Clinton announces his presidential candidacy. There is little conjecture—only a mind-boggling wealth of documentation and testimony gleaned from four hundred interviews. Marannis covers Clinton's origins with a magnifying glass and then carries the reader through young Billy Blythe's childhood, from Hope to Hot Springs, where license (gambling, loose women, high living) constantly warred with propriety (churches, temperance, country clubs). Even in kindergarten, says a classmate, Billy was "almost obnoxious."

He legally adopted his stepfather's name, Clinton, in 1962, purportedly so that he and his half-brother would not have different names. Of course the name change had nothing at all to do with the fact that stepfather Roger's brother Raymond owned the local Buick agency and had political connections, or the fact that another of Roger's brothers, Roy, had served two years in the Arkansas legislature. Well, of course it didn't!

Meanwhile, Billy was developing into a glad-handing smooth operator who played tenor sax in his high-school band and attracted girls like flies to a honeypot. He buttered up teachers and classmates alike, with the result that his high-school principal paved the way for him into Boys' State, which took him on the much-ballyhooed trip to Washington, D.C., for a Boys' Nation confab in July 1963. Billy then maneuvered his way into being photographed shaking hands with John F. Kennedy and met Arkansas Senator J. William Fulbright.

Throughout his four years at George-

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town, his stint as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, and his years at Yale Law School (including his involvement in antiwar demonstrations and in campaigns for antiwar candidates), Clinton was constantly connecting and networking. From the get-go he calculated and manipulated, filing away each contact that could conceivably be of use in the future. Despite his solidly middle-class background, he never had any money. But, a champion cadger, he always had a friend or a friend of a friend to supply a meal or a spare bed.

Marannis resolves any lingering doubts about Clinton's misrepresentations of his desperate attempts to avoid the draft. Raymond Clinton, with his political and Navy League connections back home, helped, as did Fulbright's office. Marannis also managed to persuade Clinton's longtime assistant, Betsey Wright, to go on the record about Clinton's womanizing; Gennifer Flowers was no one-time fling, and there may have been a serious love affair with an unnamed woman. Marannis shows, too, why Hillary Rodham became the only woman Bill Clinton wanted to marry, and why they stayed together. Bill went for "brains and ability rather than glamor," while Hillary, as a friend put it, was "absolutely totally crazy about him." He needed her sharp focus to keep him on target, and she needed him as a conduit to status and power.

Clinton proved a tireless worker in his campaigns, but once he gained the office he sought, he lost interest in the daily grind of official duties. That was true to form: always a quick study, Clinton did not exert himself in high school, in college, in law school, or in teaching at the University of Arkansas law school—where, Marannis says, he got a job not by a fluke, as he claimed, but rather through connections. As Arkansas's attorney general and then as governor, he proved, behind the scenes, to be impatient with paperwork and bored with daily routines. Yet his public persona—equal parts revivalist preacher, snake-oil huckster, and political con artist—propelled him into the office he had sought all his life.

There is little in Marannis's account that hasn't already been aired elsewhere in the press, but he weaves it all into the larger context of Clinton's life. In two other studies, Arkansas journalists Meredith Oakley and John Brummett weigh in with their own accounts

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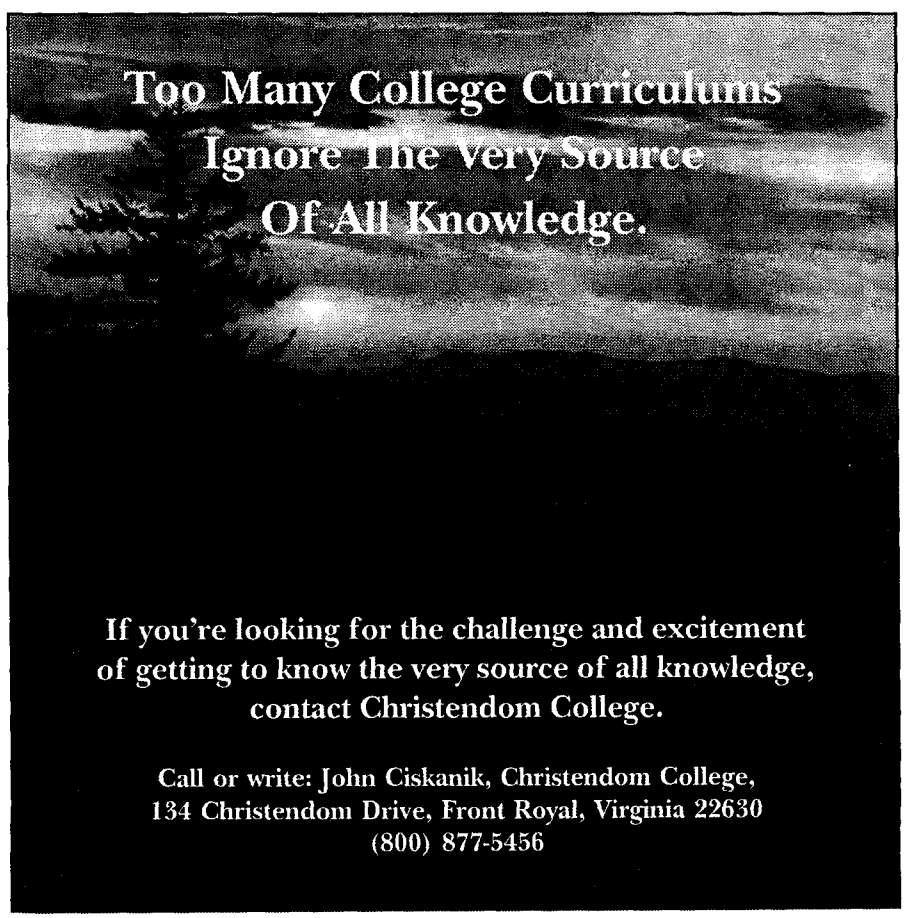
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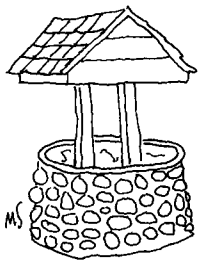
of this Home State Pol Who Made Good. Miss Oakley covers much of the same territory as Mr. Marannis, but not as thoroughly. Her book, *On the Make*—aptly named—spotlights Clinton's talent for the double-cross.

The Brummett book, poorly organized and less substantial, picks up where the Oakley book stops, but with flashbacks and more coverage of Clinton's first year as President. Mr. Brummett's major contribution to the debate is his thorough recap of Clinton's disastrous decision to launch his Administration by lifting the military ban on open homosexuals—a blunder that presaged the crash of his and his wife's health-reform plan and numerous missteps in foreign policy. In Brummett's book, Clinton is a guy whose nod means "no." Always anxious to please and to avoid conflicts, Clinton fades, along with his Administration, into fumbling incoherence.



Clinton may be possessed of charm, poise, intelligence, and a keen sense of humor, as even his harshest critics will concede. But the fellow's lack of conviction in any set of "core beliefs" and his character deficiencies that sacrifice truth to expediency have so far proved to be daunting handicaps in a national leader. It is clear from his biographers' candid appraisals that, had campaign coverage separated fact from myth and deception three years ago, George Bush might now be on the last leg of his second term. □

Enough for Any Man

JOHN SHELTON REED

SURELY most readers past their youth remember Erskine Caldwell—if not as the youthful peer of Faulkner and Wolfe, at least as the author of vaguely smutty drugstore paperbacks with lurid covers. Some may be reminded of him by current events: recently in *NR* Florence King noted "the descent of the Clintons back into the Erskine Caldwell novel whence they came." But in 1987, when Caldwell died, I suspect many were surprised to hear that he had lived that long, and for younger folk the one-time "World's Best-Selling Author!" has dropped completely off the screen. Dan Miller, for instance, begins this biography with the startling admission that "I first heard of Erskine Caldwell in 1989. . . . His name did not ring a bell."

Erskine Caldwell: The Journey from Tobacco Road, by Dan B. Miller (Knopf, 459 pp., $30)

Perhaps this is fitting. Caldwell was a regular literary Vesuvius, spewing out more than one hundred short stories, twenty novels, and ten works of nonfiction, but his flashes of literary talent were few and far between. He was, moveover, a pure-tee scoundrel: an egotist, a liar, a cheat, a coward, a tightwad, a poseur, an opportunist, and (when it suited him) a fellow-traveling propagandist. Miller says Caldwell's typical male character—Jeeter Lester, say, or Ty Ty Walden—is "shiftless, conscienceless, incorrigibly lecherous, and possessed of a childlike innocence that blinds him to the ramifications of even his most hideous behavior," and much the same could be said of Caldwell.

So why this biography? Not just to show that Caldwell had an unhappy childhood (that's no excuse unless you live in California and have a high-priced lawyer). Not to argue that he was actually a great writer. But there is an interesting study here in the sociology of literary reputation. Why was the young Caldwell so overpraised? And why are his modest but undeniable accomplishments now so ignored?

Miller ably recounts the facts of Caldwell's youth (what cheap psychologizing he can't resist is mostly in endnotes, often misnumbered), but his story really begins when this Georgia boy, only child of a socially conscious Protestant minister and a refined, Virginia-bred schoolteacher, burst on the literary scene with two shocking novels about depraved Southern rural families: *Tobacco Road* in 1932 and *God's Little Acre* the next year, starring Jeeter and Ty Ty, respectively.

When one Southern lady summarized modern Southern literature as "On the night the hogs ate Willie, Mama died when she heard what Daddy did to Sister," she surely had Caldwell in mind: in his story "Kneel to the Rising Sun" a character *is* eaten by hogs. Many Southerners responded predictably to Caldwell's obvious dislike for the South, even though it was nothing special (he didn't like New England or California either). "Understand this you SON-OF-A-BITCH," one anonymous letter warned. "Write and talk fast, for when the time comes only the one you doubt will be able to save you." (Caldwell overcame his left-wing prejudices long enough to ask the FBI to investigate that one.) Some "progressive" Southerners were also predictable. A Raleigh newspaperman called *God's Little Acre* "one of the finest studies of the Southern poor white that has ever come into our literature," and a Richmond reviewer saw *Tobacco Road* as a "compelling argument for diversified farming."

Caldwell himself believed that he was crusading for social justice and sexual liberation, and he bitterly resented reviewers who saw him in the tradition of eye-gouging antebellum Southern humor ("tall yarns," one wrote, spun with "a sunny humor"). He claimed to be a "proletarian writer," and in 1932 even endorsed the Communist ticket in the presidential election. Impressed by Caldwell's exaggerated working-class credentials, the literary Left tried hard to believe him when he said that the Lesters were merely "a Georgia family . . . starving of malnutrition and pellagra because the absentee landlord has stopped giving them credit for food and seed." *The New Republic* applauded him for documenting "the scant hopes and the ineluctable vassalage of these poor whites." But there was a problem: as a reviewer in the *Daily Worker* observed, Caldwell's characters are so disgusting that they "lose the power to compel either pity or indignation."

All these varied reactions make some sort of sense. What's harder to understand is the extravagant praise of such literati as Lewis Mumford, Malcolm Cowley, and Ezra Pound. Caldwell was compared to Twain, Dickens, and Balzac; soon he would be

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ranked with Faulkner and Wolfe as a leading figure in the Southern renaissance, with Steinbeck as a chronicler of the rural poor, with Hemingway as a stylistic innovator. Overpraised or not, *God's Little Acre* would mark the high point of Caldwell's literary reputation.

This wasn't immediately obvious. Caldwell turned for a while to documentary journalism, reporting on the American poor and our heroic Soviet allies, often working with the glamorous photographer Margaret Bourke-White, who became his second wife (of four). Meanwhile, work in Hollywood (which he despised), the stage adaptation of *Tobacco Road* (which set Broadway records), and the new market for paperback books (six million copies of *God's Little Acre* sold in five years) were making Caldwell a rich man.

But a steady decline in critical regard accompanied the rise in his paperback sales. Every year or two he wrote a new, bad book or recycled an old one. He kept writing short stories, but by the 1950s—widely regarded as a Communist, a pornographer, and a has-been—he was no longer publishing them in reputable places. Two well-reviewed nonfiction books in the 1960s did nothing to revive general critical interest in him, though in the 1970s he began to receive some recognition—most of it, ironically, from his native region. A Southern President even invited him to the White House. Eventually the daily two packs of cigarettes and fifth of bourbon took their toll on his health, but he hung on, and kept writing. His last book was published a month before his death, at 84.

It should be said that some readers think more highly of Caldwell than most English professors do. He ranks with Jerry Lewis in the French cultural pantheon, for instance. And many of his fellow writers admire him: in 1984 he was even elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters. William Faulkner said, "I think that the first books, *God's Little Acre* and the short stories, that's enough for any man." I hesitate to disagree with Faulkner.

Still, the picture that emerges from this book is pretty much that of a thoroughgoing hack. It rings true when Caldwell says that writing, to him, was "like digging ditches or anything else." Writing supported him well. As the royalties rolled in he grew less annoyed by misunderstandings of his work, became an avid investor in the stock market, and appeared as a "Man of Distinction" in a Calvert whisky advertisement.

But if Caldwell was a hack, he was a dedicated one. The man rarely wrote well, but by God he *wrote*. He sacrificed his family, his friendships, his health, finally even his literary reputation to keep that stream flowing. In an interview Miller doesn't quote, Caldwell remarked, "I'd hate to have to read my own biography [because] my life is really rather dull." But Miller's account isn't dull at all: if nothing else there's a morbid fascination in watching Caldwell deceive himself and betray nearly everyone who was ever decent to him. In the end, you feel something like admiration for his sheer perseverance and indomitable spirit. Just like Jeeter and Ty Ty. □

False Advertising

DAVID GARRARD LOWE

JACKSON Lears's *Fables of Abundance* claims in its subtitle that it is "A Cultural History of Advertising in America." The author does indeed attempt to write such a history, but along the way he has more misadventures than Bunyan's Pilgrim. The warning signs that the reader is about to be led into various curious sloughs come early on—as when, for instance, we are introduced to the medieval European legend of the Land of Cockaigne, where everything is reversed, told of the psychological differences between Roman Catholic and Protestant rituals, and lectured on the horror of the nineteenth-century slaughter of the Passenger Pigeon. The author, furthermore, is either unable or unwilling to define exactly what "advertising" is. For a book intended to trace the craft's history, this is a rather serious matter.

Mr. Lears, a history professor at Rutgers, knows a lot. His book con-

Mr. Lowe is gallery director at the New York School of Interior Design.

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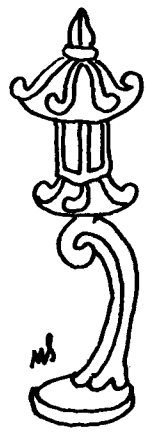
tains some splendid insights and is rich in the rewards of diligent research. The reader will find some fine analyses of significant episodes in the saga of advertising, such as the history of the J. Walter Thompson Company. Mr. Lears's reconstruction of the careers of men such as George P. Powell, founder of the trade journal *Printer's Ink*, and of Francis Wayland Ayer, a father of modern advertising, are also commendable. But no sooner does one begin to savor this literary meat and potatoes than one is served a chocolate-covered grasshopper.

It is typical of Lears casually to throw in endless synopses of books ranging from *Sanatorium under the Sign of the Hourglass*, by the Polish novelist Bruno Schulz, to Theodore Dreiser's *The "Genius"* and Henry James's *The Ambassadors*. The relevance of these works to the subject Lears purports to be covering is at best tangential, at worst nonexistent. In addition Lears seems to have serious trouble with chronology. On page 265, for instance, after a discussion of advertising in the 1960s, we are introduced to P. T. Barnum, who was born in 1810. But we had already been introduced to the great showman on page 39, and an engraving of his extraordinary mansion, "Iranistan," in Bridgeport, Connecticut, appears on page 52.



But at the very center of *Fables of Abundance* is something far more maddening than capricious chronology or a meandering narrative line. Mr. Lears sees advertising, and business itself, as

Fables of Abundance: A Cultural History of Advertising in America, by Jackson Lears (Basic, 512 pp., $30)

elements in a broader Western society that is, for the most part, corrupt and evil. With wondrous insouciance he characterizes managerial values as "imperialistic" and everywhere discovers "managerial elites" manipulating consumers. But he goes further. In his discussion of mobilization and the Lend–Lease Act on the brink of the United States' entry into the Second World War, we get this passage:

> Wars have characteristically offered bourgeois society a mixed bag of opportunities: new possibilities for commercial plunder, but also the chance to rise above self-seeking by making a commitment to the larger whole. Individualism and Civism have often been at odds. But since the American age of empire began in 1898, the cunning of the dominant culture in the United States has been to relax old republican tensions between market values and martial virtues.

Mr. Lears's embrace of this tired myth, about business always longing for war, is astonishing. Was it the "bourgeois" democracies—France, England, and the United States—that panted for the marching to begin in 1939? But then one should not be surprised to hear this from a writer who describes Franklin Roosevelt's Fireside Chats as "advertising" and sees male domination in a 1903 Quaker Oats advertisement.

Behind most of the evils in the United States, Mr. Lears finds lurking the WASP or more generally the Protestant. According to Lears, WASPs are responsible for America's "distrust of graven images," for Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer's anti-Red raids during the First World War, and for the popularity of white bread and white sugar. They are also responsible for Americans' fears of constipation. After a discussion of "The materialist appropriation of Protestant purification," Lears, in a passage that mixes political correctness, nonchalant prejudice, and unintentional humor, declares:

> National advertising translated longings for self-transformation into a secular rhetoric with political as well as personal significance. The obsession with expelling "alien filth" caught the connection between bodily and national purification: the eugenic dream of perfecting Anglo-Saxon racial dominance in the United States through immigration restriction.

The turgidity of this passage is typical of much of Mr. Lears's writing. In a discussion of nineteenth-century traveling medicine shows, for example, the author presents this combination of syntax worthy of James Joyce's *Ulysses* and words from the lexicon of academic jargon:

> In the chaotic economy of the emerging United States, carnivalesque subversions were unmoored from traditional ritual, left free to float along the margins of settled society, promoted by picaresque rogues . . .

Fables of Abundance ends by once more running off the track with an exploration of the work of Joseph Cornell, the New York artist who created brilliant shadowboxes in the years after the Second World War. This essay is so astoundingly disconnected from the subject of Lears's book that one is forced to wonder whether it might have been accidentally bound into the wrong volume. But then its inclusion should not cause astonishment, coming as it does from an author whose chapter heads—"The Modernization of Magic," "The Stabilization of Sorcery," "The Disembodiment of Abundance"—manage to blend the pretentious, the self-indulgent, and the ridiculous.

Perhaps America does need a cultural history of advertising. Mr. Lears's book does not prove the case. □

FILM

From Disaster to Disaster

JOHN SIMON

WHY ARE disaster movies almost always disasters? A disaster must be treated coolly, in documentary fashion, to ring true. But Hollywood dreads documentaries, and assumes that people want a rattling good story with characters they can "identify with." And that is how trouble is born: ***Outbreak***, which could have been a good disaster film, is an artistic catastrophe.

Part of the problem may be that the director, Wolfgang Petersen (*Das Boot*), is German, and unaware of just how bad the screenplay by Lawrence Dworet and Robert Roy Pool is. Still, someone who has spent as much time in Hollywood as Mr. Petersen should

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

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be able to recognize drivel when he sees it. Actually, the best part of the film is the beginning, where we are led, documentary fashion, through different laboratories devoted to the study of ever more contagious diseases, until we reach the fourth level—those for which there is no known cure.

Outbreak, then, is not content to tell the story of a deadly virus, a hemorrhagic fever here called motaba, that spreads through the air and is incurable. It is brought into the United States in the body of a capuchin monkey, a creature unaffected by the destruction it is host to. The animal escapes into the California woods, and soon an entire town is quarantined and, worse than that, scheduled to be bombed to Kingdom Come with the President's approval. All this would seem excitement enough, but Petersen and his writers must invent a) a divorced couple, Colonel Sam Daniels and his ex-wife, Robby, still in love with each other as they cutely fight over the custody of their two big, floppy dogs, even though they—the couple, not the dogs—are the only ones who could halt this holocaust (don't ask me why); and b) the existence of a serum that General McClintock and his cohorts refuse to make known, because the Army intends to use this disease in future germ warfare, and wants to be the only one with access to a cure—in other words, a conspiracy theory, that old standby.

To make matters worse, because Sam Daniels (Dustin Hoffman) is such a superhero, he alone can foil McClintock's deadly game; so the general (Donald Sutherland) is determined to remove him from the scene—when other means fail, by ordering him shot on sight by anyone who spots him. Then Robby, the Saint Joan of the Communicable Disease Center, gets motaba and starts dying of it, albeit at a speed considerably slower than anyone else, which allows—you guessed it—for a happy ending. It turns out that there is nothing like hemorrhagic fever to bring divorced spouses back together. Incidentally, though people are dying with horrendous symptoms right and left, no child ever does: our filmmakers know exactly what a red-blooded American audience will tolerate, and what it won't.

Petersen gives us a whole aerial circus worth of helicopter chases, a teasing exposure of a darling little girl to danger you know will no more touch her than the Loch Ness monster, an American general evil enough to qualify for Saddam Hussein's High Command (and what is more evil than Donald Sutherland, dishonest white hair and all, hamming it up?), and Sam and Robby's wisecracking sidekick, Major Casey Schuler—who naturally gets the disease, stops wisecracking, and dies nobly off camera, having tried with his penultimate breath to bring the divorced spouses together via a few deathbed wisecracks. And much more of the sort.

Mr. Hoffman is an unlikely candidate for this sort of movie—with his short stature, slitty eyes, gravelly voice, and a leading lady (the good Rene Russo) a head taller than himself. Morgan Freeman plays another general, who, however, sees the light in the end; Kevin Spacey (Casey) is suitably wry until he turns, equally suitably, to mush; and Cuba Gooding Jr. is Sam's fearless and matchless helicopter pilot. But this is a movie not for actors, only for special effects. Those, indeed, are flawless, as is Michael Ballhaus's customarily cool cinematography, and the fine production design of William Sandell. But then comes that old fly in the ointment, the score, in this case by James Newton Howard, whose blustering *fore*ground music saws the ear as a poor actor's arms do the air.

■ I wasn't fond of Gérard Corbiau's *The Music Master*, but even that overrated piece of pretentiousness pales compared with the Belgian director's latest, ***Farinelli***. This purports to be the story of one of the eighteenth century's two or three most famous castrato singers, whose real name was Carlo Broschi. He had a tremendous career under the supervision of his elder brother, Riccardo, who composed and conducted for him, although Carlo, trained by Porpora, sang everyone else's music as well, to huge acclaim. In his three years in England, however, he sang at the Opera of the Nobility, which was Porpora and Handel's chief competition.

In 1737, at age 32, Carlo settled in Spain, where his singing helped combat the depressions of Philip V, who, like his heir, Ferdinand VI, made him responsible for all sorts of musical and nonmusical activities, including the importation of Lipizzaners from Hun-

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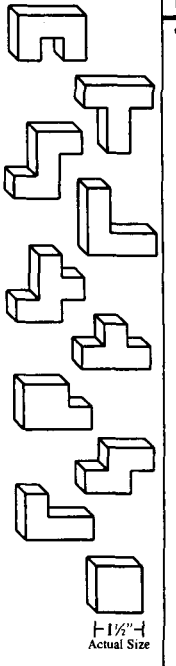

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gary, and the redirection of the river Tagus. After more than two decades of this, Farinelli retired to a sumptuous villa near Bologna, where, until his death in 1782, he wrote poetry and music, sang occasionally, and was visited by famous writers, composers, and crowned heads of Europe.

Even the film's credits are fishy: "original screenplay" by Andrée and Gérard Corbiau; "adapted for the screen" by Marcel Beaulieu, Andrée Corbiau, and Gérard Corbiau; screenplay by Andrée Corbiau. We begin in Spain at an outdoor ceremony, with Carlo a grandee in attendance on Philip. Riccardo irrupts on horseback, shouting something like "It's me, Riccardo; for three years I've been searching for you!" Carlo, though agitated, refuses to respond. Then a title card: "Eighteen Years Earlier."

We are at an indoor ceremony in some palatial atrium—where exactly? The two young Broschi brothers are part of the crowd. High up on the staircase, a naked youth of about 18 years is yelling something to the effect of "Your death is in your throat!" He is clasping his genital area as though he had been freshly castrated (at that age?), and promptly hurls himself to his death among the spectators below. No explanation.

Next we are at some outdoor festivity in what seems to be Naples, where a clarinet player (or is it an oboe?) challenges the crowd to—what exactly? Carlo, a young man now, duplicates every phrase of the reed player's with his naked voice, and better. The men in the crowd are excited, the women beside themselves. Next thing, a beautiful peasant girl is in a huge tent with Carlo and Riccardo. The former makes love to her standing up—it is clearly suggested he can, despite castration, perform almost everything. For the finish, though, Riccardo takes over. There will be other such threesomes throughout the film. But why? These women are smitten with the handsome Carlo, not with the ratlike Riccardo, and, maidens or wives, certainly don't want to be impregnated, the service that Riccardo boastfully supplies.

There are frequent flashbacks to the day ten-year-old Carlo was castrated. He seems to be evading his pursuers, yet, next thing, we see Riccardo giving him a milk bath. Is this prescribed for *après castration*? No explanation. The Broschis get involved with various aristocratic ladies, and with Alexandra, the companion of one of them, but nothing is clarified. Handel, played by Jeroen Krabbé (last seen as Schindler to Beethoven), wants Carlo to sing his operas; Riccardo won't let him. Why not? Alexandra steals one of Handel's manuscript operas for Carlo, purpose unclear. We see and hear Farinelli singing various roles, but are never told which ones they are: bad as this music sounds to my ears, I'd still like to know. In the end, Carlo, Riccardo, and Alexandra are having it off in Spain. Soon both men are fondling or kissing her pregnant belly; then Riccardo rides off for good and all. Occasionally we also see Carlo letting white horses out of their stable, which should puzzle viewers unfamiliar with his horse-importing activities.

The dialogue is no less wonderful. "I think you are responsible for my first musical orgasm." "Your music separates us better than an ocean would have." Or Riccardo's farewell: "I have burned our opera, but what I leave you, is that not also our joint work?" "*Vous avez castré mon imagination*," Handel declares, though the French for the verb is *châtrer*. We keep hearing *castrer*; could this be Belgian? I doubt it. Mystery.

Riccardo (Enrico Lo Verso) looks like a loathsome rodent. The supposedly gorgeous Carlo (Stefano Dionisi) is a typical Italian yokel with two serrated rabbit teeth protruding when he sings. Why are women swooning all over? The voice? Corbiau evolved a complicated computerized morphing of two voices: a male countertenor's and a female soprano's. The result is earsplitting, something best used for breaking up icebergs in polar navigation.

Why is Porpora always shown as a sinister bum? While others wear perukes, he, even conducting, lets his long, scraggly, unwashed hair hang all over. What exactly is the function of the aristocratic young boy, circa 12, who, undressed, is some sort of cripple—unclear what kind. Is he in love with Carlo? Or Carlo with him? Called in real life Renaud de Peloux de Saint Romain, he looks like a teenage Geneviève Bujold. And what is it supposed to tell us when, from an unlikely hole in the parquet, a huge beetle crawls out during a recital, and we watch Handel squashing it in closeup with his silver-handled cane?

The dubbing is totally unconvincing: though Farinelli opens his mouth wide enough for a dentist to work on, his singing might as well be coming from a nearby radio. Alexandra is played by the repellent Elsa Zylberstein, now to be seen in every other movie. I never used to grasp Baudelaire's loathing for everything Belgian. Now I do. □

LOOKING BACK

The Importance of Being Ern

MICHAEL HEYWARD

COMBINING high intelligence, high drama, side-splitting comedy, and disarming pathos in equal measure, the poetry of Ern Malley is surely the greatest literary hoax of the century. It was an in-joke that got out of control, a brilliant act of deception, not least because it tricked everybody by proving so durable, so fascinating, so arguable. Ern Malley was invented to prove a point about the development of contemporary poetry, and he did it decisively, or so it seemed at the time; but half a century later the issues the hoax raises about literary value are far from being resolved.

Who was Ern Malley? There was a time in June 1944 when half of Australia forgot about the war and wanted nothing more than the answer to that question. His story began late in 1943 when a 22-year-old poet and editor by the name of Max Harris sat down to open his mail. Harris was an avant-gardist, a left-wing Jew, an antipodean *enfant terrible*. His magazine, *Angry Penguins,* was the plushest thing around—at least in Australia. It paraded new painters, published poets ranging from Dylan Thomas to Kenneth Rexroth, and gave its young

Mr. Heyward is the author of The Ern Malley Affair *(Faber & Faber).*

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editor, who was beguiled by surrealism, anarchism, and Freud, a platform from which to launch his brilliant career. Harris felt he was on the verge of "big things." He had published two books of poetry and a stream-of-consciousness novel, *The Vegetative Eye*. Literary glory lay before him.

So he thought. But in the middle of 1943 two young men, both poets who thought Harris had it all wrong, found themselves working together at the Victoria Barracks in Melbourne. James McAuley and Harold Stewart were only a year or two older than Harris, but they disagreed vehemently with his romantic surrealism. McAuley was fascinated by modernism, but had decided it was a mistake. Eliot and Pound had walked into a cul-de-sac. Nothing could be worse, McAuley thought, than a literary climate committed to endless experiment. Stewart had never been much interested in any art but the traditional kind. What stirred his imagination was Eastern philosophy and religion, which was of course medieval in its whole outlook. Their wartime jobs gave them time to think, time to write.

One day near the end of October 1943, sifting through his mail, Harris discovered a letter from a woman named Ethel Malley. She enclosed some poetry she said she had found among the personal effects of her poor late brother Ern, an itinerant motor mechanic and watch repairer who had died in total obscurity at the age of 25. Ethel did not claim to understand this work, but felt it best to forward it to someone who might. This was the moment at which Harris's life irrevocably changed. Here's what he read when he opened Ethel's letter.

DÜRER: INNSBRUCK, 1495

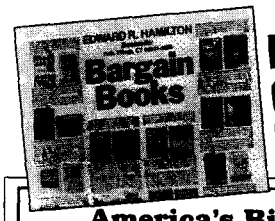
I had often, cowled in the
slumberous heavy air,
Closed my inanimate lids to find it
real,
As I knew it would be, the colourful
spires
And painted r(fs, the high snows
glimpsed at the back,
All reversed in the quiet reflecting
waters—
Not knowing then that Dürer
perceived it too.
Now I find that once more I have
shrunk
To an interloper, robber of dead
men's dream.
I have read in books that art is not
easy
But no one warned that the mind
repeats
In its ignorance the vision of others. I
am still
The black swan of trespass on alien
waters.

Later Harris was to learn this poem was a "come-on"—it was to whet his appetite for the main course he was to swallow at a gulp. Harris came on. He grew besotted with Ern Malley, who turned out to be a loopy, uneven writer, but with undeniable energy and elusive intelligence. Harris eagerly corresponded with the nonplussed Ethel, who in turn regaled him with a pitifully compelling account of Ern's brief, blighted, not quite futile life.

In June 1944 the great moment arrived. Harris published the collected works (16 poems) of Ern Malley in a triumphant special issue of *Angry Penguins*. The artist Sidney Nolan produced a painting for the cover, the first of many about Ern Malley. To say that Harris staked his critical reputation on Malley is an understatement. He believed he had found the great lost poet of Australian literature. Had Ern Malley really existed Harris's response would have been excessive; but in the circumstances, it was disastrous.

The savage, brilliant truth was exposed after a week or so of frantic public speculation. With the help of some hilarious detective work—Harris hired a private eye to stake out Ethel Malley's address—McAuley and Stewart were identified as the culprits. The pair explained themselves in a devastating article that ran in the popular press. They had, they said, concocted the poems in the space of a single afternoon as a spoof on modernism, and especially the *Angry Penguins* brand of portentous free association. This was a crippling attack because it came from an unexpected quarter: not from the hidebound philistine society Harris had grown up in but from two of his contemporaries.

For a week or so the hoax was an international media sensation, attracting the attention of, among others, the *New York Times*, *The New Yorker*, and the London *Spectator*. Harris was skewered, but the *Angry Penguins*—supported by Herbert Read, who sent an encouraging cable—staunchly defended the worth of Malley's verse.



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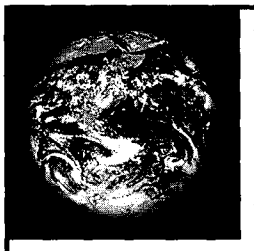

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(And even though Harris in later years talked about the "excesses, absurdities, and intolerable posturings" of the *Angry Penguins*, he was never to recant on Malley.) Perhaps the greatest indignity Harris suffered in the whole affair came in September 1944, when he was successfully prosecuted in a fatuous Adelaide trial for publishing indecent material, namely the Ern Malley poems, and fined £5.

After the fuss died down the hoaxers and their victim got on with their lives, or tried to. Harris ultimately became a prominent bookseller who kept up his interest in editing and publishing. For more than a quarter of a century he wrote a populist column for Rupert Murdoch's *Australian*. Harris died this year in Adelaide. He never lost his love of the hoax, though it marked him deeply, and became a kind of scarlet letter for him which he wore with a mixture of pride and affection. I well remember him as I saw him in 1988 at the launch of a new edition of the Ern Malley poems. As an actor recited the lines, Harris, plump and elegant, rocked back and forth on his silver cane, smiling to himself and mouthing the words: "Here the Tree weeps gum tears / Which are also real: I tell you / These things are real."

He and McAuley eventually got to know each other well. There was a famous occasion in Sydney in 1962 when the pair met for the first time, almost two decades after the hoax, and talked their way through the night with the assistance of a large volume of whisky. In 1976, just a few months before his premature death from cancer, McAuley expressed regret at what the hoax had done to Harris: "I think Max naturally took a certain amount of hurt from it and I have never been in retrospect comfortable about that." By then McAuley was at the end of an extraordinary career as a poet, colonial administrator, hymn-writer, and educationalist. He was fascinated by politics all his life, and contemplated running for office. He had converted to Catholicism in the Fifties; his outlook, after an obligatory dabbling with the Left in the Thirties, became intensely conservative. He was a staunch defender of traditional literary values, and a fierce Cold Warrior.

Meantime his co-conspirator, Harold Stewart, had decamped in the mid Sixties to Kyoto, where at the age of 78 he still leads the life of a scholar-poet, immersed in Buddhism. I spent a week or so with Stewart in Kyoto, and he was bemused by my fascination with what he now regards as the literary trivia of his former incarnation in Australia.

Ern Malley is still with us, and likely to be so for a while yet. Why does he persist? What is it about the hoax that makes it more than a ruthlessly charming provincial anecdote?

Ern Malley beguiles us mostly because of his poetry. His work is in the end quite unlike the kind of romantic gush, debased Dylan Thomas, that it was written to parody. There's a sort of electric anarchic intelligence in Ern, a self-lacerating shrewdness and love of chaos that puts me in mind of the Marx Brothers. Ern reserves "a man's inalienable right to be sad / At his own funeral," he imagines himself as a dromedary between oases, and he endearingly reflects that "a poet may not exist, that his writings / Are the incomplete circle and straight drop / Of a question mark." Ern Malley is a bit like one of those minor figures in Shakespeare who get only a handful of lines but glow in the mind forever.

Few writers have been so well and so badly regarded. Since 1944 Malley's work has been ignored, reviled, and lavishly praised. Sidney Nolan recorded Orson Welles reading some lines, but the tape has yet to surface. The poems have been set to jazz. Then, just after my book about the hoax was published in America, a man named William Hampton wrote to me with the news that in 1947 he and some friends at the University of Michigan had made a 14-minute expressionist movie about Ern Malley, using surplus Army film stock.

And now, in the March 1995 issue of *Quadrant*, Professor David Lewis of Princeton University has asked some intriguing questions about the source of Malley's name. Lewis refers to an obscure Austrian philosopher who early in this century expounded a theory of nonexistent objects. The philosopher's name? Ernst Mally. Could this be mere coincidence? Ern Malley is after all an aleatory poet to whom hardly anything ever happened by chance. I decided to call Harold Stewart: was this another of his and Jim McAuley's jokes, to name their poet after the most obscure philosopher in the world, a man who tried to explain what happens when we think about things that don't exist? Harold was blunt. "I can tell you with absolute certainty that I have never heard of Ernst Mally until this instant," he told me.

The history of the Ern Malley hoax is a puzzling, contradictory one, the sum not just of what happened fifty years ago but of the wide range of reactions to it. That's why the hoax is alive, and why David Lewis's intriguing suggestion is now part of the story. I need hardly add that in the process Ern Malley has achieved something Ernst Mally would certainly never have predicted for himself: he has made the philosopher famous in Australia. At a point in our conversation, Harold chuckled. "You know," he said, "perhaps neither McAuley nor I ever existed except in the imagination of Ern Malley." □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Bell Curve Wars: Race, Intelligence, and the Future of America, edited by Steven Fraser (Basic, 216 pp., $10)

NOT PURPORTING to offer a fair sample of opinions provoked by the publication of *The Bell Curve*, this slender volume brings together 19 previously published commentaries on the book by Charles Murray and the late Richard Herrnstein. Most of the reviews are from last fall's famous *auto-da-fé* issue of *The New Republic*, and most of the reviewers sound as if they were in the presence of absolute evil. Jacqueline Jones, a Brandeis historian, tells us that despite the authors' "disingenuous disclaimers to the contrary," the book implicitly calls for disfranchising low-IQ people. Speaking of disingenuousness, *New Republic* literary editor Leon Wieseltier, an Ashkenazi Jew, goes ballistic over the book's statement that Ashkenazi Jews have unusually high IQs, and writes: "I am not suggesting, of course, that Charles Murray is an anti-Semite. Still, . . ." Eager to de-

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monize *The Bell Curve*, the contributors repeatedly distort the views of its authors about the sources of the black–white IQ gap. Herrnstein and Murray made it clear that they believed environment played a significant role in the gap, added that they thought there was probably also a genetic component, and declined to specify the relative strength of the two effects. But Mickey Kaus laboriously argues that the authors are in big, big trouble because "a significant role for the environment has been substantiated." Huh? Stephen Jay Gould's review says that Herrnstein and Murray believe the difference is "mostly" genetic. Oh? John Judis says that they believe 40 to 80 per cent of the gap is genetically based, but Judis is mixing up the black–white gap with the authors' statement about the strength of the genetic effect within ethnic groups. Par for the course. —Dan Seligman

Crime and the Sacking of America: The Roots of Chaos, by Andrew Peyton Thomas (Brassey's, 351 pp., $25)

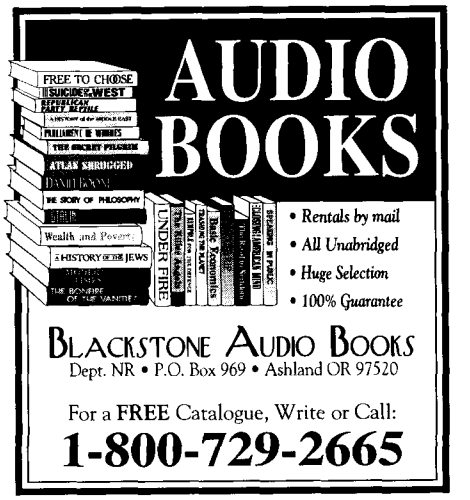
Andrew Peyton Thomas, a Harvard-educated lawyer who is currently an assistant attorney general for the state of Arizona, argues that America is experiencing a time of unprecedented random lawlessness that will lead, if unchecked, to the "death of our civilization." The "sacking" of America by "home-grown barbarians" has resulted from the "poisonous obsession with individual rights" that has "infected" both liberalism and conservatism. Conservatives may applaud Thomas's proposals to check the rise in crime, but they will wonder how his "cures" are tied to his "causes." He presents few proposals to stop the slide into "savage solipsism" but does argue for the elimination of the adversary system (the highlight of the book), the exclusionary rule, the attorney–client privilege, the right against self-incrimination and the *Miranda* rule, the bar on evidence of past criminality, and the contingency fee. The author's most novel ideas include his proposal to mandate citizen involvement in a type of neighborhood-watch program and possibly to pass a Militia Act mandating citizen armament (Thomas was a member of the Maricopa County Sheriff's Posse). —William Wilbanks

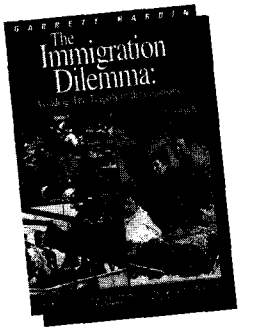
The Thirty Years War: The Politics of the Sixties Generation, by Thomas W. Pauken (Jameson Books, 219 pp., $22.50)

You will remember the moment of high political drama last spring. The ground trembled with reports of the takeover of the Republican Party by something called the Christian Right. This new force, about which little was known but much was feared, reached its full fury in Texas, where one of the onward marching soldiers, Thomas Pauken, was elected chairman of the state GOP. The event triggered much pointing with alarm, led by Ted Kennedy of the Catholic Left, Howard Metzenbaum of the Jewish Left, and Bill Clinton of the omni-denominational Left. The elite media soon moved on to other threats to domestic tranquillity, but a few reporters lingered long enough to ask just what kind of a fellow was this Pauken? A polyestered snake-handler from the dusty Panhandle? Perhaps the failed proprietor of a religious theme park? Not exactly. What they found was a man who had prepared himself, over the course of thirty years, for a position of leadership in the national conservative movement. How is he doing so far? Would you believe that Texas has a Republican governor, two Republican senators, and two new Republican congressmen? This is Tom Pauken's story, from Goldwater to Nixon to Reagan and beyond. It's good reading for those of us who shared part of the ride, a must for conservatives born yesterday.
—Neal B. Freeman

About Time, by Paul Davies (Simon & Schuster, 316 pp., $24)

Paul Davies, author of the acclaimed *The Mind of God* and recent winner of the Templeton Prize for Progress in Religion, has written a new book. For sci-fi buffs and *Star Trek* aficionados, *About Time* may be another dream come true. Chock full of tachyons, black holes, EPR paradoxes, and Heisenberg uncertainties, the book is a fantastic collage of twentieth-century science. Though it masquerades as a treatise on time, it is really about the solved and unsolved problems in relativistic physics. Unfortunately, it is too shallow and confusing to serve as a primer on modern scientific ideas. And for those who are scientifically up-to-date, *About Time* is utterly redundant. The scientific paradoxes are poorly explained; the down-to-earth quotes from the likes of Einstein and Lewis Carroll are audaciously recycled; and the humorous anecdotes about famous scientists are so old, they're beginning to sound like bed-time stories.
—Andrew Oliver II





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COMO

(Continued from page 56)

with a number of district stalwarts of Pérez de Cuellar's party, Union for Peru: housewives, pharmacists, physicians, dentists led by the candidate's daughter-in-law, Luz. They are among the most earnest and self-sacrificing people I have ever known, mostly Catholics, with a long history of religious devotion to hands-on charitable work among the poor. They have a grass-roots strategy, high hopes for their legislative candidates (Fujimori's Cambio 90 party may not get majorities in both houses), and no money. The voters are not even impressed by Pérez de Cuellar's promise to put the vastly popular Ketin Vidal (the low-key, un-self-promoting Special Strike Force chief who captured Abimael Guzman and broke the back of Shining Path) in charge of all counter-terrorism. Explosions and assassinations have dwindled, and people already feel safe. I met no one who actually likes Fujimori, but only a handful who will vote against him.

The Peruvian poet Martín Adán chose to remove himself from social insanity by entering an insane asylum. He wrote, "*La cosa real, si la pretendes, / No es aprehenderla sino imaginarla*": "The real thing, if one aspires to it, is not to be apprehended but imagined." But Vargas Llosa, having learned the same lesson about "*la cosa real*," could not tolerate some entropic refuge. During the speech in Costa Rica he said: ". . . the option of freedom often manifests itself as an instinctive and blind hunger from the depths of the psyche rather than as a conscious and reasoned effort. It is a mysterious desire to reach a complete and supreme individuality, breaking away from the undifferentiated collectivity. It is the sovereignty of being . . . to be the true maker of one's destiny."

One of Vargas Llosa's characters, Santiago Zavala, famously asks in an early novel, *Conversation in the Cathedral*, "*¿Cuando se j---- Peru?*"—"When did Peru first f--- itself?" But a more interesting question today might be, "When did Peru first begin concretely to right itself?" I would say in 1981, when (with De Soto, Hugh Thomas, and others) Vargas Llosa sponsored a large, international economics colloquium, featuring Milton Friedman—a sea-change in Peruvian economic, political, and social discourse. What would work in Chile and (in modified form) is now working wonders in Peru was adumbrated there and then. (In a brief private chat, Friedman told me how a Peruvian safety net might work—a subject unfortunately omitted from the official program.)

Recently Vargas Llosa has been behaving foolishly at best, not only himself carping (often from abroad), but having his son Alvaro take out after Fujimori over the border war with Ecuador. (An article by Mario on this topic was recently killed by the prestigious *El Comercio*.) His fascinating *A Fish in the Water*, political reportage interspersed with memoir, exemplifies the problem. In it he settles more than one score, falls prey to his particular literary failings of self-indulgence and exhibitionism, and misses the point: Fujimori's self-coup was necessary precisely because of the rot Vargas Llosa described, it worked, and it would have been quite beyond the novelist's own capability.

"Finally," Vargas Llosa has written, "I don't believe that I succeeded in putting across what I wanted to. Peruvians did not vote for *ideas* in the elections." He also, however, quotes a passage from his last political speech, delivered after he lost, to his most loyal workers from *Libertad*: "I know, I am certain, [and] Peru too will come to know and acknowledge . . . [t]hat the seeds that we have sown together during these two and a half years will continue to germinate and finally produce those fruits that we desire for Peru: the fruits of modernity, justice, prosperity, peace, and *liberty*."

After all, people who are inventing a culture must, after a period of "solitude," leave the asylum behind. The great achievement of Vargas Llosa is that he showed Peruvians, after revealing the madhouse, that they *could* leave it. His great challenge now, and for some years hereafter, is to show them how—to analyze without scolding, advise without obstructing, define, remind, persuade, and prophesy. (And he might remember that Peruvians believe more in God and less in Karl Popper than he does.) This is not, of course, the business of electoral politics. Rather it is the agenda of an *hablador*—new, fresh, effective, and, notwithstanding his disdain for such a claim, victorious. □

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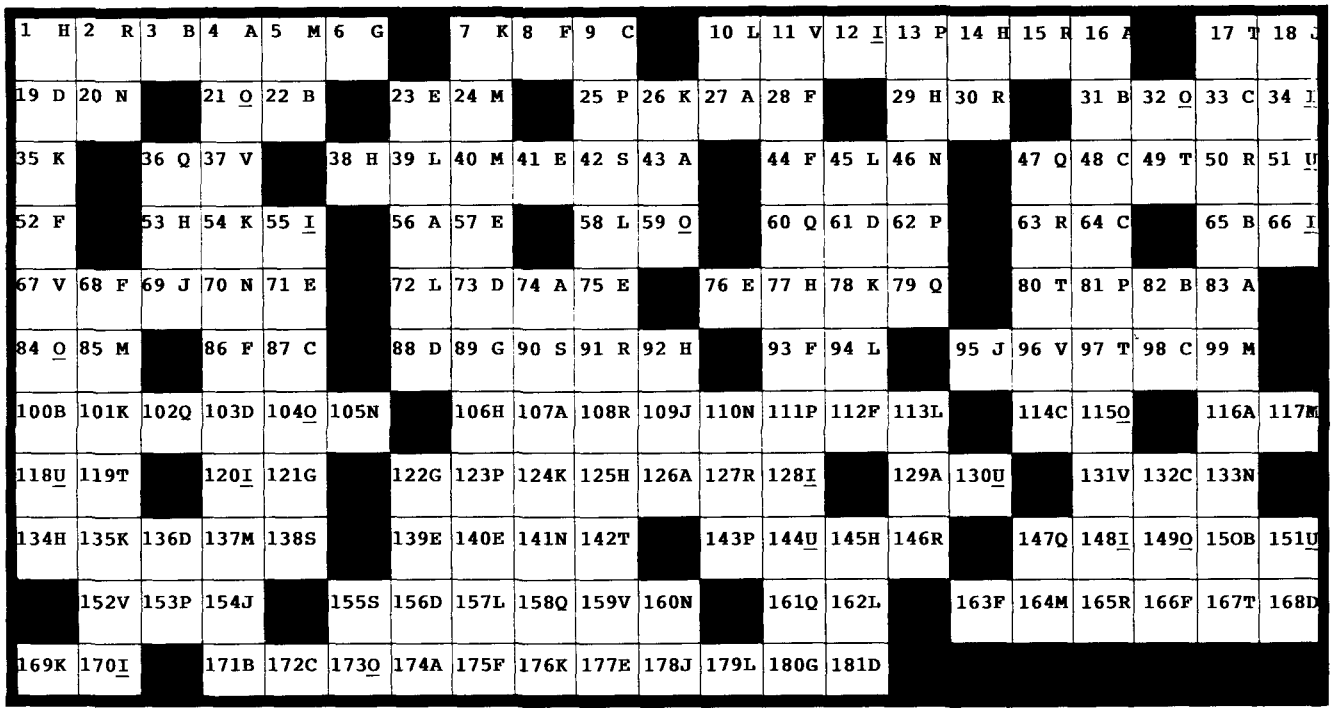
TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney



DEFINITIONS

A. Child-support cheats (2 words) — 126 43 27 83 129 4 107 174 56 74 / 116 16

B. Democratic institution — 150 100 82 65 31 171 22 3

C. Barnhart's lexicographical forerunner — 48 132 98 64 172 9 114 33 87

D. Rig worker — 136 61 156 103 73 181 19 168 88

E. Got the better of — 57 177 139 76 140 75 41 71 23

F. Insoluble — 175 8 44 166 93 68 28 163 86 112 / 52

G. Larger than villages — 121 180 122 89 6

H. In style — 134 53 38 77 29 1 92 145 106 125 / 14

I. Like gasoline during WW II — 148 12 128 120 66 170 34 55

J. Respect — 109 154 178 69 18 95

K. Genus of which Kevorkianism is a species — 101 124 176 26 169 54 7 35 135 78

L. *Uncultured* — 10 45 157 113 58 94 72 179 162 39

M. Welcome sight after a long drive — 99 117 137 40 5 24 85 164

N. Firmly placed — 105 141 110 133 70 20 46 160

O. Laws — 173 84 32 59 104 21 149 115

P. High-seas freeloader — 81 143 123 25 153 62 111 13

Q. Unmoving — 47 79 161 147 158 102 60 36

R. Sears's, in the Loop (2 words) — 146 91 50 127 30 63 2 165 15 108

S. Arabic unit of weight — 155 90 138 42

T. On the disabled list — 167 17 97 80 49 142 119

U. Malaysian state — 51 130 151 118 144

V. Gasoline additive — 159 131 152 96 67 37 11

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram. MARGARET STONE: *On abortion*: "People claim that a woman's body is her own and that she should have complete control over what happens to it. However, if the life that is being aborted is a female, where is that future woman's right concerning her body?"

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No, Jesse, No

NEW YORK, MARCH 24

Senator Helms has withdrawn his rider on the defense bill, but he promises that the measure will be reintroduced, and we ought at least to know what we are up to. The measure is designed to tighten the hold on Castro's Cuba and goes so far as to forbid the importation of agricultural products from any country that buys Cuban sugar.

For the record (as the tergiversators usually begin), I have probably minted as many anti-Castro columns, speeches, articles, and books as anyone else alive. I think it important to say about Castro that he is a genuinely evil man, probably a sadist, certainly someone whose tortures, even of former companions, make for reading as lurid as the autobiography of Armando Valladares, who described his 22 years in prison for the offense of questioning his old comrade's judgment on some matter or another.

There'd have been plenty of justification over the years for launching an armed invasion of Cuba to replace Castro. The Bay of Pigs venture should have been forcefully backed by the government that initiated it. The series of exploding cigars and poisoned wet-suits we sent to Cuba (Operation Mongoose) makes the stuff of opéra bouffe, but the idea was in context defensible; when the nuclear missiles arrived in Cuba the consensus within the JFK White House was in favor of a military operation.

But in those days Cuba was a salient of a global effort to stamp out freedom all over the world and to terrorize the United States into submission to Moscow.

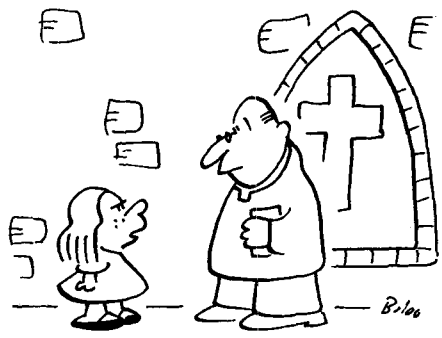
That has ended. Fidel Castro is now simply the bloody curator of a museum still running the old Marxist–Leninist script. The result is the protraction of very considerable suffering by ten million Cubans. Senator Helms, whose judgments are normally dead-on, advises us that his hope is that his boycott "will hasten an end to the brutal Castro dictatorship and make Cuba free once more." Well yes. There is the problem that boycotts of this kind don't seem to work. Four years ago heavy thinkers on the geopolitical front were begging Mr. Bush not to move against Saddam Hussein—we should give the boycotts a chance to work . . . No country was ever more thoroughly boycotted than Albania under Hoxha, who died in his bed. As did Kim Il Sung. But respecting all these countries, we were armed with the defensive license that permits, indeed encourages, strenuous activity on all fronts. But—again—the Cold War is over. North Korea presents the special challenge of nuclear mischief; but Cuba does not.

It is ironic that the Helms measure would impose penalties on trading with Cuba that we never dared to impose on our allies who, pretty soon after the Cold War began, started in trading with the Soviet Union. When the Marshall Plan was established, Senator James Kem of Missouri proposed a rider I'd have voted for at the time, and so would Jesse Helms, namely: No country trading with the Soviet Union would qualify for American aid. What happened was 1) the Kem Amendment was defeated; 2) our European allies proceeded to trade with Moscow; and 3) pretty soon we joined in and merrily traded with the country dedicated to our destruction.

People ask: When do you think Castro will go down? That was first heard soon after the Berlin Wall came down. That was six years ago. If Castro is significantly weaker today, it is because his vital organs are aging. He finds no difficulty whatever in sublimating the impoverishment of the Cuban people in the name of his own majestic survival.

Oh God how fine it would be to see him arrested and tried by a Cuban court and then just plain shot, assuming Cuban executioners would have the time to train to shoot without first torturing. Republican Representative Ileana Ros-Lehtinen, who represents a heavily Cuban-American district in South Florida, comments on the Helms amendment, "These measures have been effective and successful, and it would be wrong to do away with them."

They have not been successful. Meanwhile, Castro has become no more effective an enemy of the United States than Papa Doc Duvalier was. Huffing and puffing about bringing him down is sheer onanism, and we should be too grown up for that business. □



"This whole Noah's Ark business sounds like a quota system to me!"

Academic License

NEW YORK, MARCH 21

What just now happened at Yale raises problems which one really ought to develop the wit to solve. Lots of problems (the homeless, AIDS, the *New York Times*) we can't do anything about, but there ought to be a way to reconcile the principles of autonomy with purposive philanthropy.

What happened is that a wealthy young alumnus of Yale University, having heard a *cri de coeur* from Yale's provost about the neglect of Western Civilization courses, came forward with a gift of $20 million. The idea was to hire three or four professors well equipped to teach various aspects of Western Civilization and perhaps lightly to refashion the curriculum in such a way as to put a corporate imprimatur on the whole arrangement.

The faculty evidently thought the whole idea presumptuous—an alumnus comes charging in with $20 million and asks us to showcase Western Civilization, who the hell does he think he is? And then, of course, multiculturalism raised its egocentric head, and one gathers that some members of the faculty concluded that a subsidy of such a size for Western Civilization had the effect of putting other civilizations in the back of the bus.

A Yale undergraduate got hold of the story and the result was a barrage from the *Wall Street Journal* and others who wondered whether Yale should maybe forget Western Civ. and set up a course on fiduciary obligations.

Mr. Lee Bass of Fort Worth does not give out information, but one gathers that he then advised Yale that he should be consulted on whom the money was going to be spent on. For instance, feeling

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as he did on the question, he would not want to learn that a Marxist had been hired to teach the experiences of Greece and Rome or, for that matter, those of Elizabethan England and the Continent.

A couple of hectic months went by and finally Yale announced that it was returning the gift to Mr. Bass—on the grounds that a university can't demean itself by agreeing to consult an outsider on the qualifications of its faculty.

But of course, the donor had no intention of passing on the academic qualifications of the Bass professors. He wasn't about to suggest that Yale hire a couple of people from the National Association of Manufacturers. But he did want professors who would acknowledge the achievements of Western Civilization, which among other things include academic freedom.

Now it should here be stressed that universities are normally happy to get the judgments of others on their work. Committees of all kinds are routinely set up to pass judgment on the quality of entire departments of universities. And after all, the trustees of Yale are not PhDs, yet they "govern" Yale. The question before the house is, Can a university, without demeaning itself, agree to give a donor a veto right if presented with the name of a prospective professor?

What would a grateful beneficiary of Western Civilization want to know about a prospective teacher whose salary he would be paying? He'd want to know the obvious things, but then the administration would have looked after those concerns: the professor would have to be academically qualified. But beyond that, should the philanthropist be entitled to cavil if the administration nominates someone who is known for his adversarial position on Western Civilization? A lot of very prominent people declined to celebrate the 500th anniversary of Columbus's discovery of America on the grounds that by introducing Western Civilization into the New World he had brought slavery, corruption, torture, and pestilence.

These things of course are matters of perspective, but it was nowhere suggested that Mr. Bass be given the right to deputize the professors who would be teaching the courses he endowed. The idea was to come up with a professor welcomed by Yale and okayed by Bass. Why is that undignified? If the philanthropist had way-out views and persisted in vetoing university choices then the benefaction would lie idle in some trust account until the sponsor—or Yale—sobered up.

I don't know the gentleman, but my guess is that he could, if asked, point to 25 professors active in the major universities, teaching aspects of Western Civilization in ways thoroughly agreeable to him. Yale could use the money; pride is expensive, a false pride is wickedly expensive. □

Watch Your Language

NEW YORK, MARCH 17

My friend is streetwise, he served many years in the fire department of New York City, he is patient with the cant of politicians and moralists, but always on the understanding that they don't expect *him* to believe that which is not believable, all of which brought on his statement this morning, "The Bailey guy, he didn't touch Fuhrman, you agree?"

"Yes."

"But I mean, this business . . . that in ten years he hadn't once used the word . . ." His point is that an act of continence so saintly is, well, unlikely.

I pointed out to him that in the ten (and more) years I've known him, I've never heard him use the word. And in the ten years he's known me, has he heard me use the word?

No, was the answer.

But did that mean he hadn't used it in ten years? He shrugged his shoulders: ridiculous, he was saying in body language.

Then attention turns to the importance of the act of self-abnegation. Suppose Mr. Bailey comes up with somebody who says, "Yes, I was having a drink at the bar and . . . oh, must have been two, three years ago . . . and that fellow Fuhrman said after watching a television roundup of the riots after the Rodney King conviction, 'There go the n-----s, one more reason to riot . . .'" Then what? Then Bailey turns to the judge and says: "Your honor, the credibility of the witness has been impeached. That means he is a liar. Since he is a liar, I wish you to instruct the jury that he is not to be believed when he says that he didn't sneak the bloody glove up from the site of the crime to the residence of O. J. Simpson."

That of course is the direction in which Mr. Bailey is headed. If he can prove that Mark Fuhrman uttered the word "nigger," then the syllogism is in place: O. J. Simpson did not murder Nicole.

My friend's point is that ethnic animadversions are a part of real life, and that the language used every now and again by people who really would not hurt a fly is sometimes derogatory. And of course it is not lost on Mr. Bailey that the defendant is black, as are the majority of the jury. It is a tribute to the skill of the defense counsel that we are left with the impression that the N-word is a unique affront in ethnic language.

Which of course it is not. I have here *A Dictionary of International Slurs* by A. A. Roback, published by Sci-Art Publishers, Harvard Square, Cambridge. If those of African extraction feel that their lot is unique, the dictionary relieves them with proverbs at the expense of 28 national stocks.

Granted, there has been an evolution in usage. A reporter overheard a conversation in a men's room in 1968, Richard Nixon and Hubert Humphrey in adjacent urinals on the eve of the Democratic Convention in Chicago. Nixon: "Hubert, you guys going to nigger it up in Chicago?" Humphrey: "We sure are, boy, we're going for 100 per cent of the vote." That is barracks talk between two politicians, 25 years ago. To reason from it that either Nixon or Humphrey was less than acquiescent/enthusiastic on the subject of civil rights is to reveal an ignorance of human nature.

We are uninstructed why the judge in Los Angeles permits so heavy a load to be carried on the back of this protocol. It is one thing to say that people ought not to use language that is paternalistic or abusive, quite another to reason from occasional use to the character of the user. If the term in question were absolutely to be outlawed, probably the greatest American novel of the past century would be banned, given that *Huckleberry Finn* could not be published using "African American" as a substitute for the term in general use at the time Mark Twain wrote. That the language of race and ethnicity should evolve in the direction of gentility is welcome, but it is also true that this evolution sometimes imposes idiomatic burdens many people are unwilling to accept. Thus Dartmouth College lost the use of the Indian symbol, and in some quarters we are supposed to use "African American," where "black" was for a generation sanctified, replacing "Negro," a term that came without any sense of strain to the lips of such as Martin Luther King.

Such is the involution of the day that Mark Fuhrman would presumably be impeached if ever it were known that he had recited to his 5-year-old child the nursery rhyme that begins, Eeenie meenie mynie moe . . . And will it turn out that the pivotal figure in the case of *The People* v. *O. J. Simpson* will be the librarian who testifies that she was asked by the witness ten years ago for a copy of *The Nigger of the Narcissus*? □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Very Unimportant Person

A FEW weeks ago I found myself tagging along with an earth-moving VIP as he went about his daily duties. He was busy. It is his business to be busy. We went from meeting to meeting, ducked in at social gatherings, greeted countless strangers, ate on the run. Late in the evening, however, there was a momentary lull in his schedule. He took me into a conference room and pointed to a telephone.

"We've been running around so much, you'll probably need some phone time," he said. He picked up another phone and began dialing. I understood at once that I was supposed to do the same—to fill these precious, unbusy minutes allotted to us by making urgent phone calls. The problem was, I didn't have anyone to call, urgently or otherwise. It was 10:30 at night. I called my wife.

"Everything's going fine," I told her, nodding and smiling to the VIP across the room. He seemed happy I was making efficient use of phone time.

"Good," said my wife.

"So I'll be home some time later," I said.

"Great," she said.

"So."

"So," she said.

"I guess I'll talk to you later."

"Good," she said.

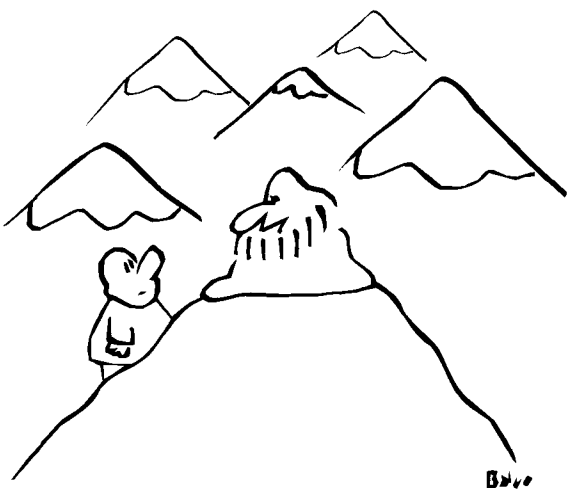
I rang off and shifted in my seat. The VIP spoke into the phone in hushed tones, hung up, dialed again, resumed speaking in hushed tones. He repeated the pattern for several minutes, while I stared at my phone. He glanced my way only occasionally, with a puzzled look, as though I had taken off my pants. And I did feel naked, in a way. Before this extraordinarily powerful man I sat exposed as a VUP, a very unimportant person, a loser—a guy who, granted the privilege of phone time, couldn't hack it. Eventually I picked up the phone again and called my office, listening to my voice-mail greeting over and over. "That's good," I said at irregular intervals, in hushed tones.

Over the next few days my feelings of inadequacy hardened into indignation, and a warm sense of superiority returned. I'm proud to be unmoved by this thoroughly modern need to be in constant touch. The ultimate trophy is the fax machine that some communication addicts are said to have in their cars; but the more commonplace cellular phone will do just as well. You see the guys and gals walking down the boulevards of every major city, these yuppies with the portable phones attached to their ears, stopping traffic, tripping over hydrants, bumping into lampposts. There are 25 million cellular-phone users in the United States today, displaying (I've decided) an infantile yearning for incessant stimulation, a pathetic play for self-validation, a quest for identity in quicksand: I talk on the phone, therefore I am.

I'm not sure what the point of it all is—and I wonder, sometimes, whether the communication addicts know, either. And cellular phones are just the beginning. Last summer, I signed up with an on-line computer service to enjoy at last the benefits of e-mail. Instant communication with anyone, anytime, anywhere in the world! To inaugurate my new life on-line, I e-mailed a friend in California who had been cajoling me for months to join him in cyberspace. "I'm finally on-line!!!" I e-mailed. (E-mail is a blunt, vigorous medium, demanding overuse of exclamation points.) I waited for his reply. After three weeks I called him. "Oh," he said, "I haven't checked my mail for a while. Let me read it." Ten minutes later he called back. "It's about time you got on-line," he said. "These are the Nineties. How are the kids?" We had a nice long chat.

YOU don't have to be a latterday Henry David Thoreau—and who would want to be?—to note the central irony of the Information Age: As our means of communication accelerate, there are fewer things of interest to talk about and fewer interesting people to talk about them with. Anyone who doubts this need only sign on to one of the "chat rooms" offered by CompuServe or America Online. "Megadeath rules!" one communicator will argue. "Megadeath sucks!" another will counter, and thus the conversation will develop, for hours and hours. So little to say, so many ways to say it. See the businessman on the transatlantic flight, with $4,000 of microcosmic hardware resting in his lap, plugging in his fax modem with trembling fingers so he can access . . . at the speed of light! in maxicolor liquid crystal display! . . . the *New York Times* op-ed page.

Oh, but why? One of the attractions of flight used to be the blessed isolation it offered. Now, with a few keystrokes, you can put Anthony Lewis in the seat next to you. I do not think this is progress. Even the most incidental moments of isolation can be avoided—thanks to the fax in the car, the portable phone in the pocket, the modem in the airplane. I'm having none of it. I embrace my VUPness with honor and pride. Like the fruitcake Thoreau, I move through life unencumbered by gadgets, unfettered by the hardware of a heedless age. Unless, of course, someone wants to buy me one of those little handheld portable TVs. (They come with color screens now.) —ANDREW FERGUSON



"Oh, I'm not a guru—I'm an isolationist!"

Mr. Ferguson is a senior writer for The Washingtonian.

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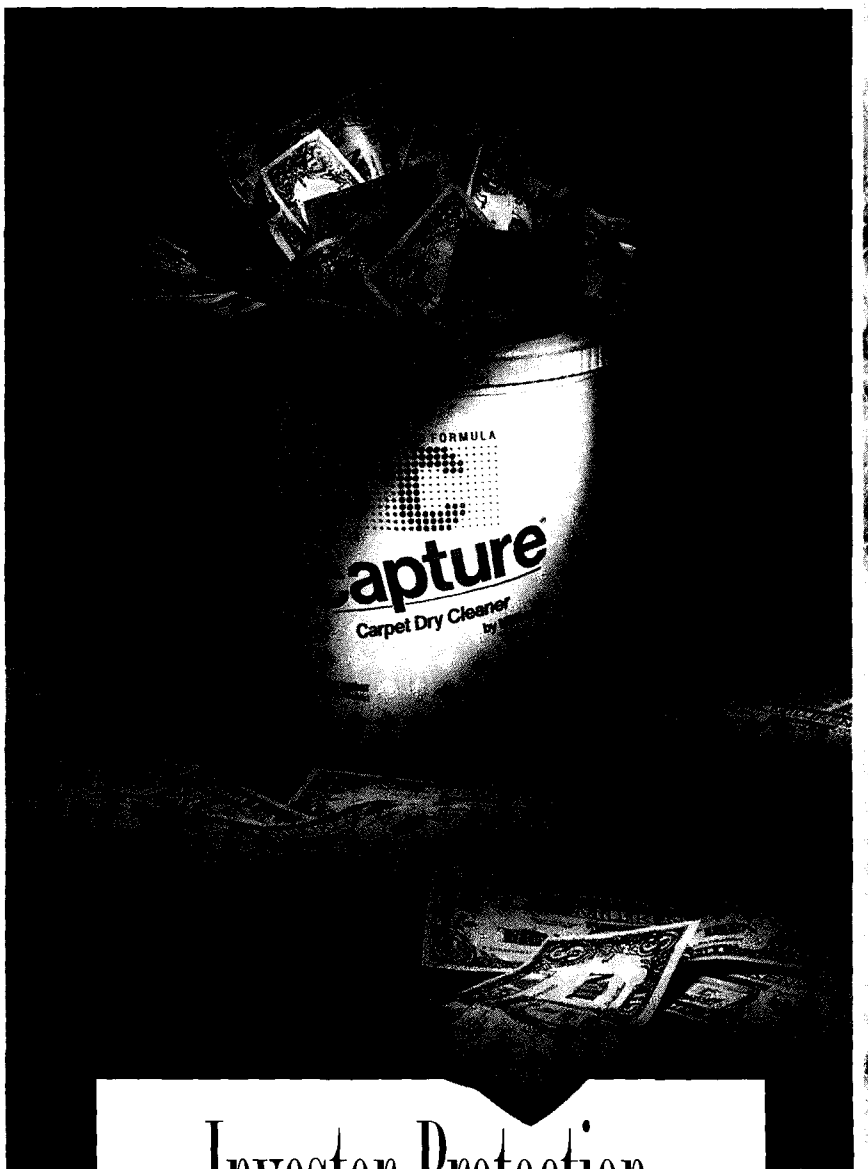

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